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d Bernstein indulged the Black P f the nservative “revolution” have pandered to their lunatic fringe. Oklahoma City shows that ideas really *do* have consequences. By Jacob Weisberg

# THE UN-AMERICANS

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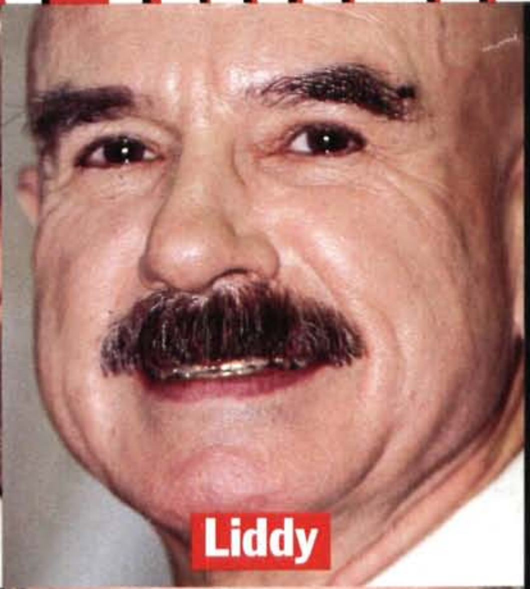
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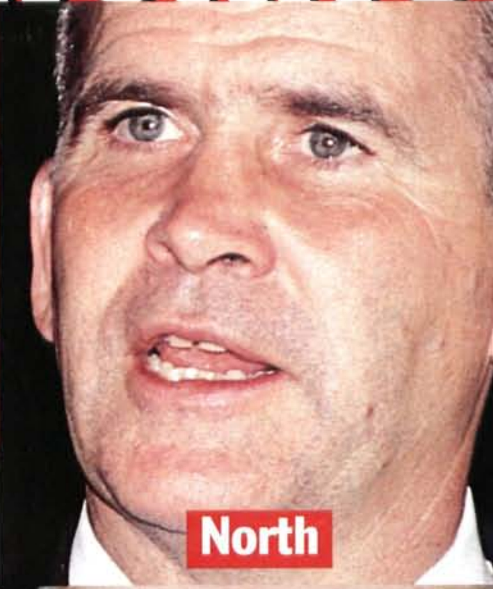
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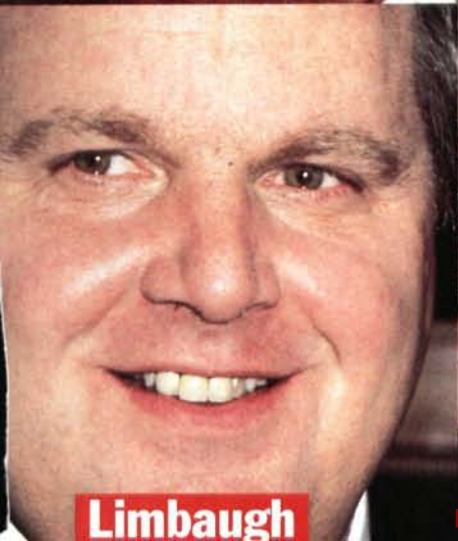
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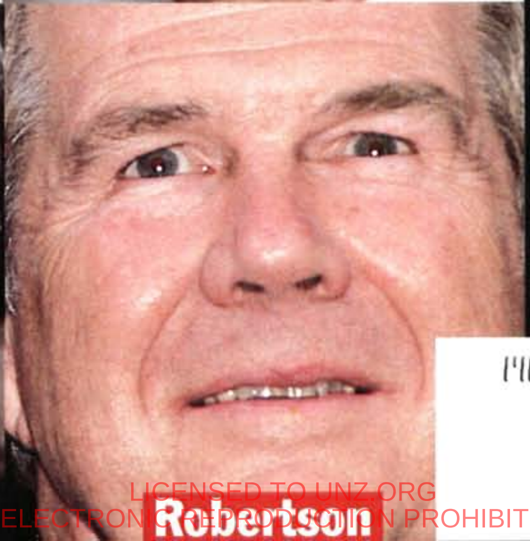
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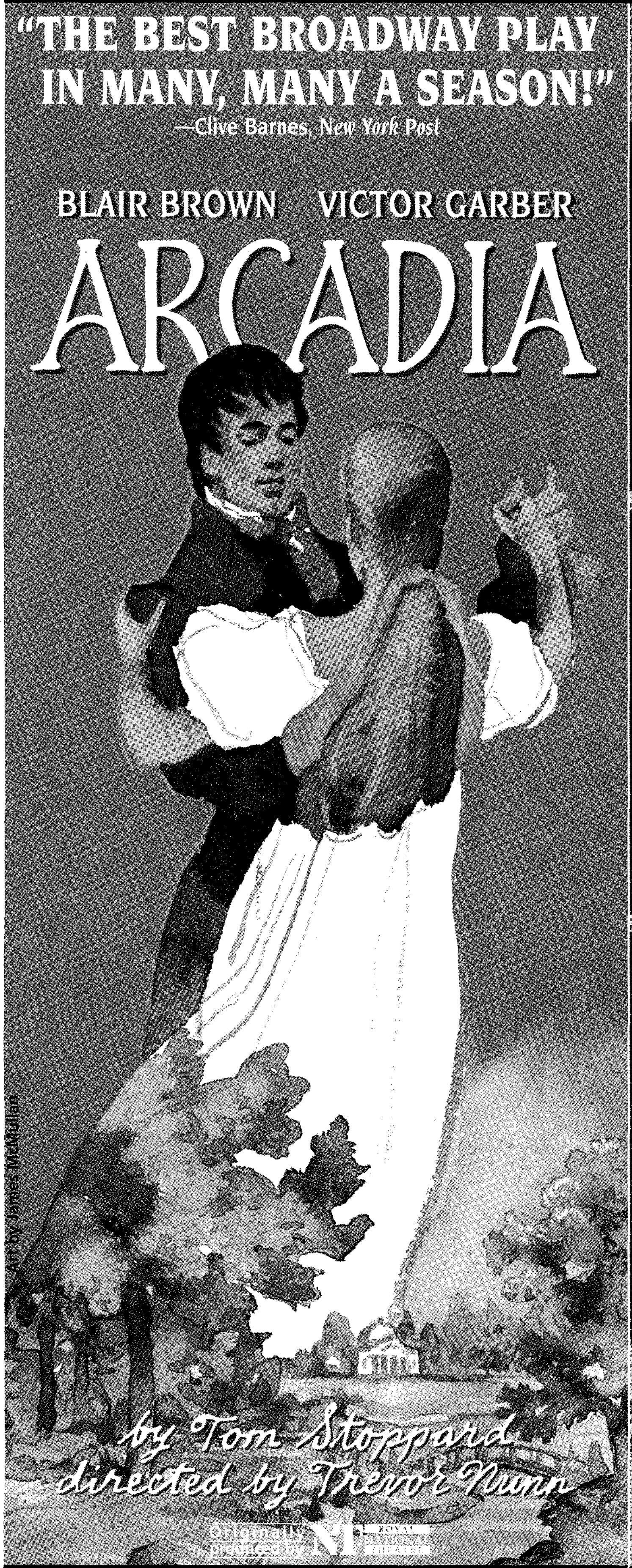

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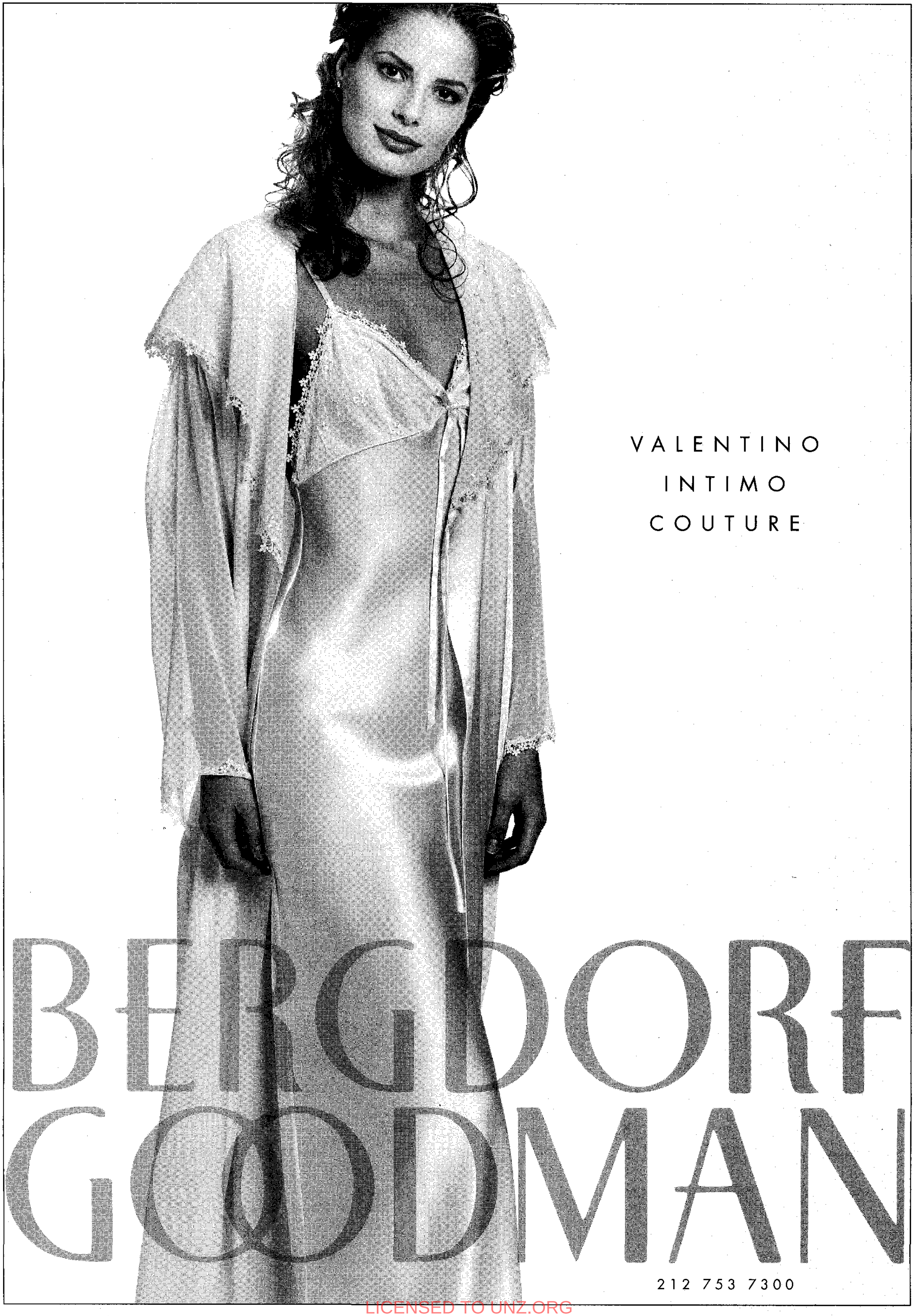
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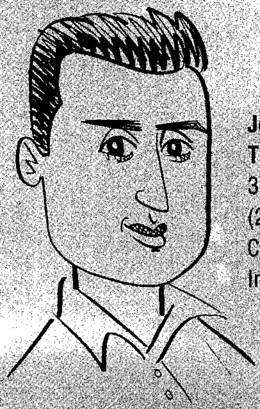

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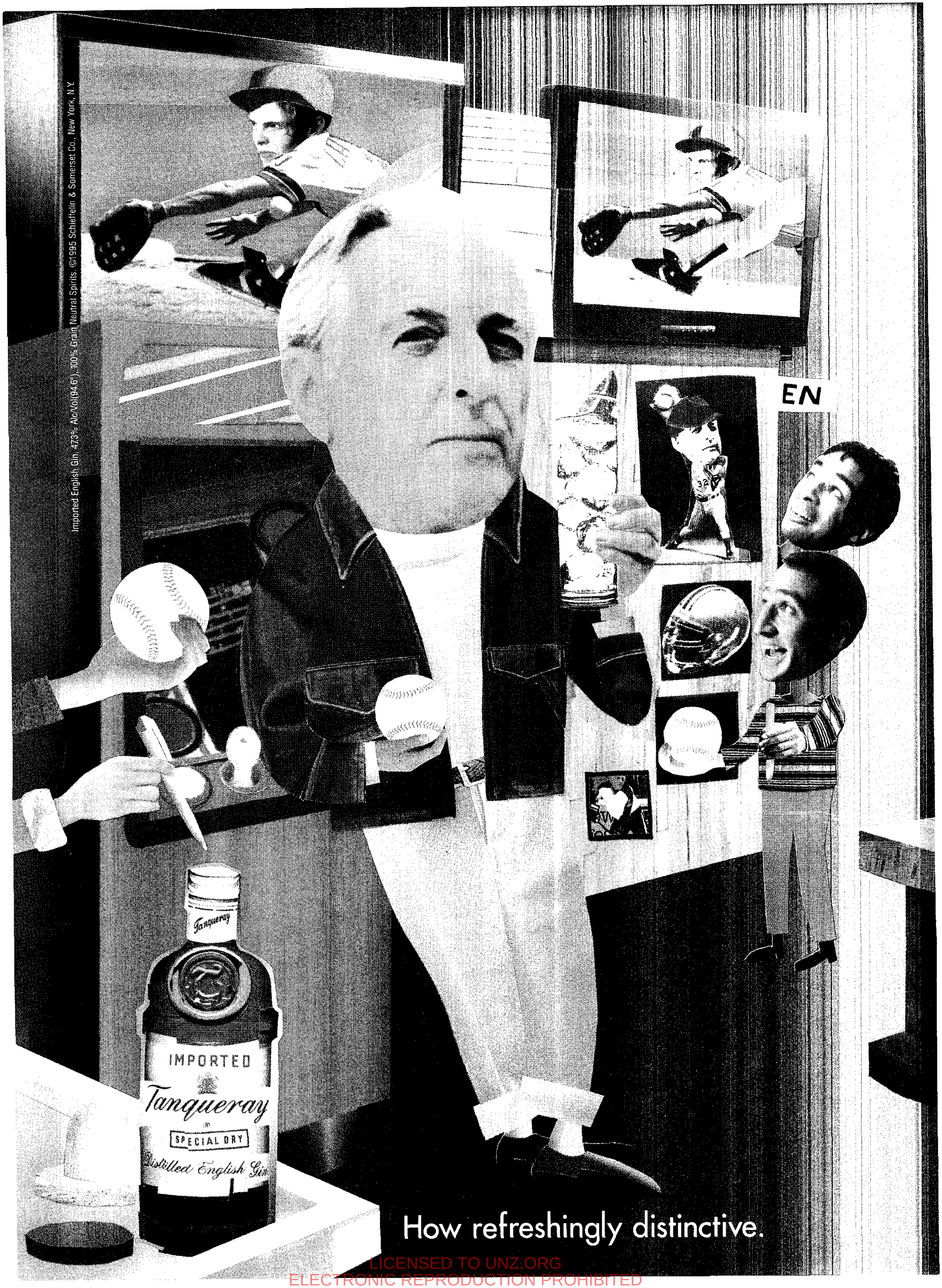
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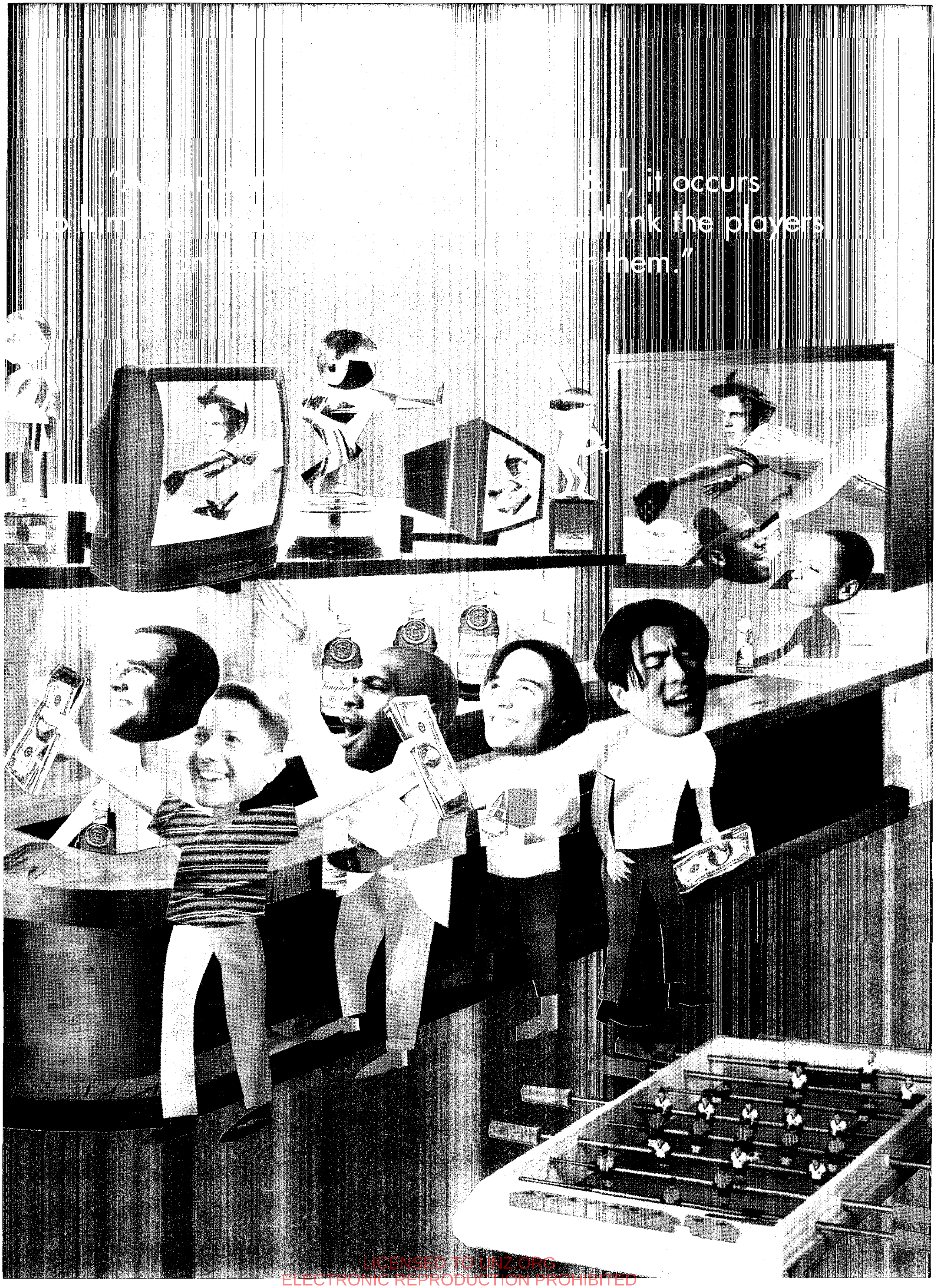
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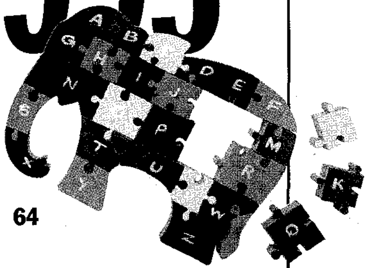
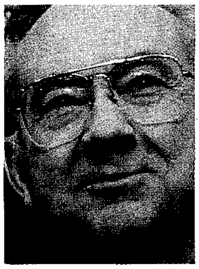


*"The second violent American revolution is just about—I got my fingers a fourth of an inch apart—is just about that far away."*

RUSH LIMBAUGH, PAGE 28

## 28 Whose Lunatic Fringe?

**By Jacob Weisberg**



Sorry, Rush, but the right-wing paranoia exposed by the Oklahoma City bombing *was* fueled by the outrageous rhetoric of mainstream conservative politicians. Also, Jeffrey Goldberg visits Mrs. Hamilton Fish Sr.'s militia in the Catskills.

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**By Malcolm Gladwell**

New York City has the worst housing crisis in the country—everyone can agree on that. But how do you explain the lingering appeal of rent control when it's what caused the problem in the first place? Short answer: You can't. Four big reasons for dumping it, plus Eric Pooley on how it helps make property taxes even more unfair.

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## 50 Critique of Pure Reebok

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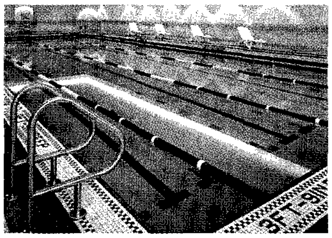

Manhattan's latest superphenomenon is a California-style gym; airily functional and freakishly huge, it may be the purest expression of *gymness* ever built. A philosopher of mind reviews the pleasures of the body, *in modo* Reebok.

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"Most record companies are complete and utter idiots when it comes to music," says Matador Records's Gerard Cosloy. Can alternative music go mainstream without losing its soul? The indie movement's impolitic main man aims to find out, or else irritate a lot of people while trying.

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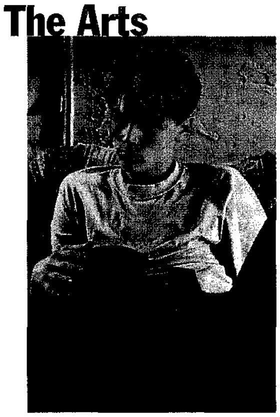

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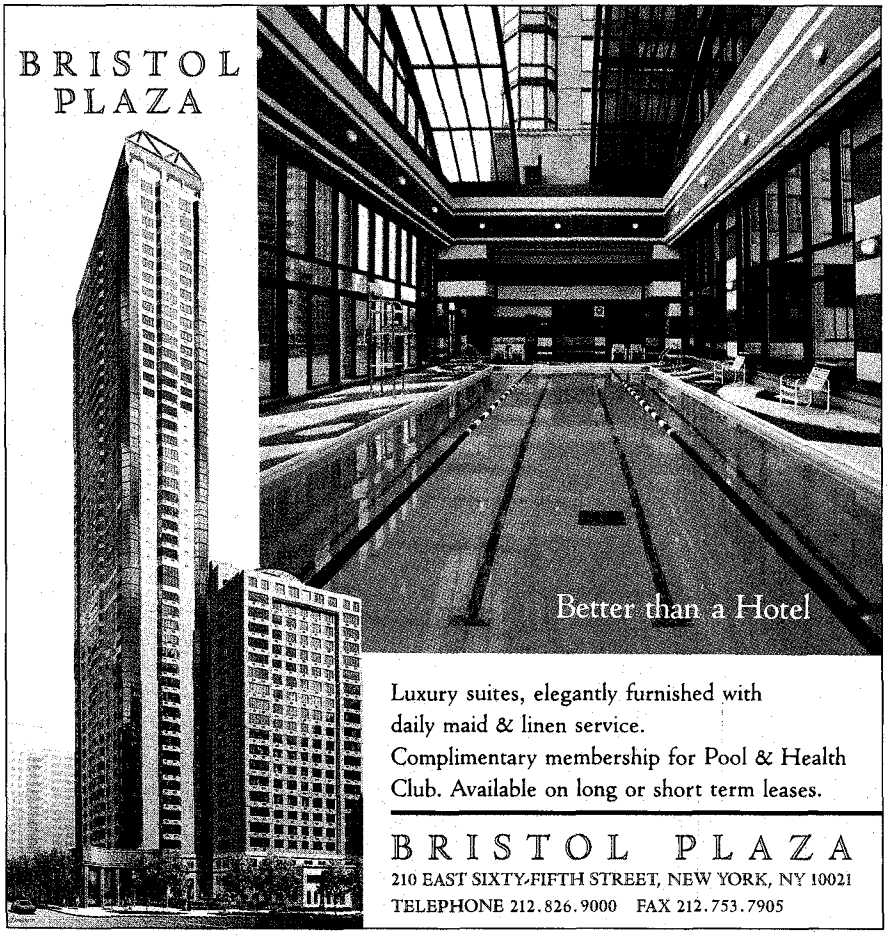
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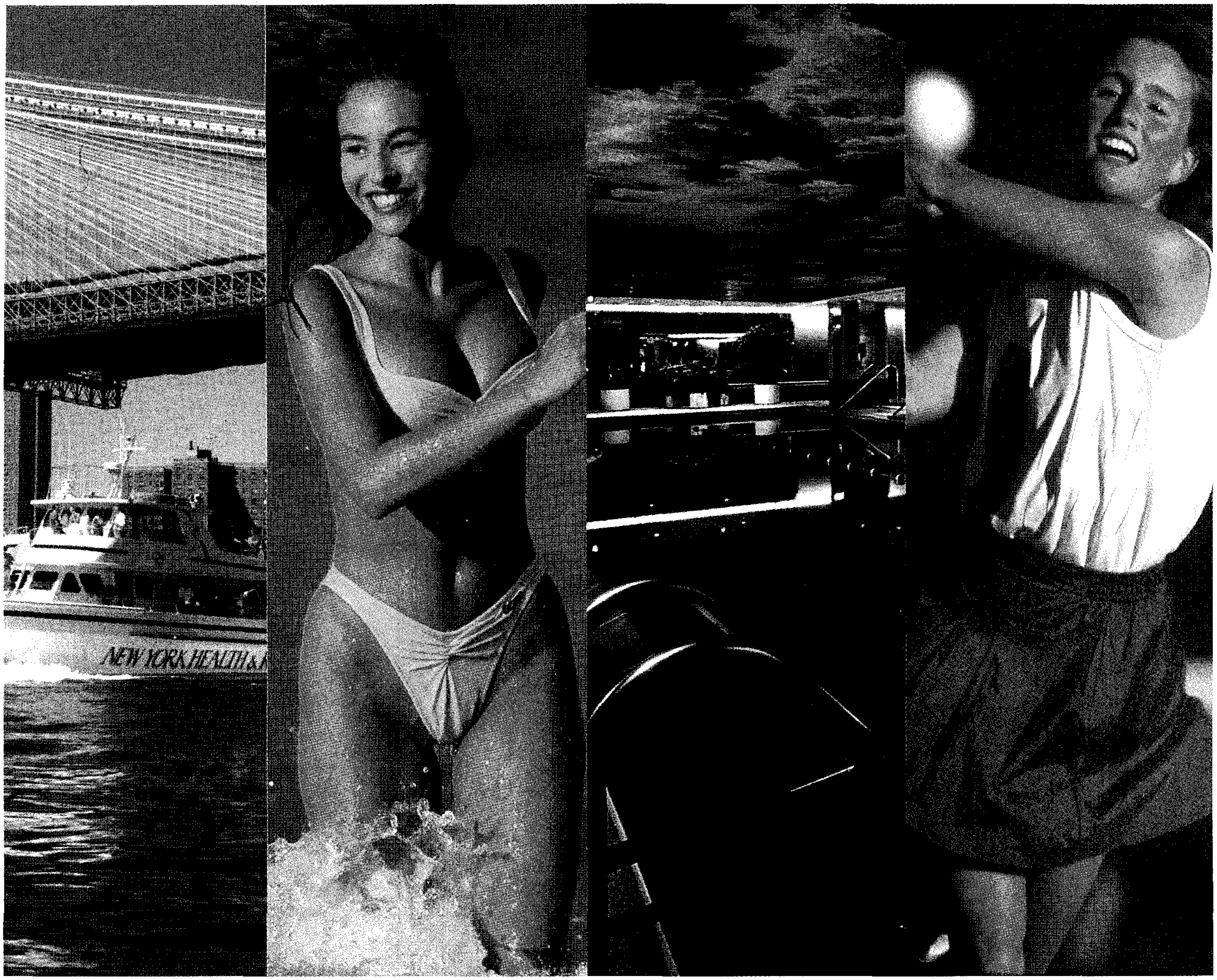

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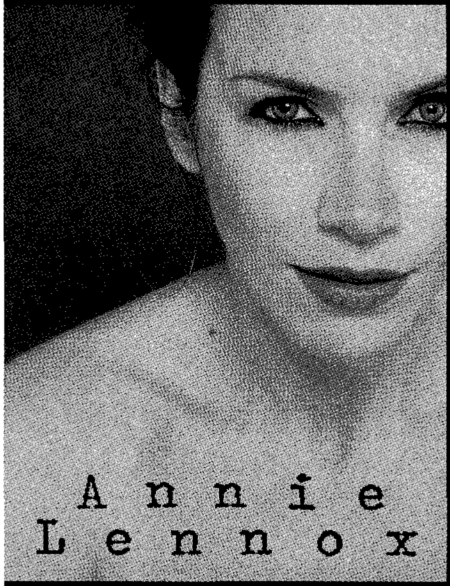

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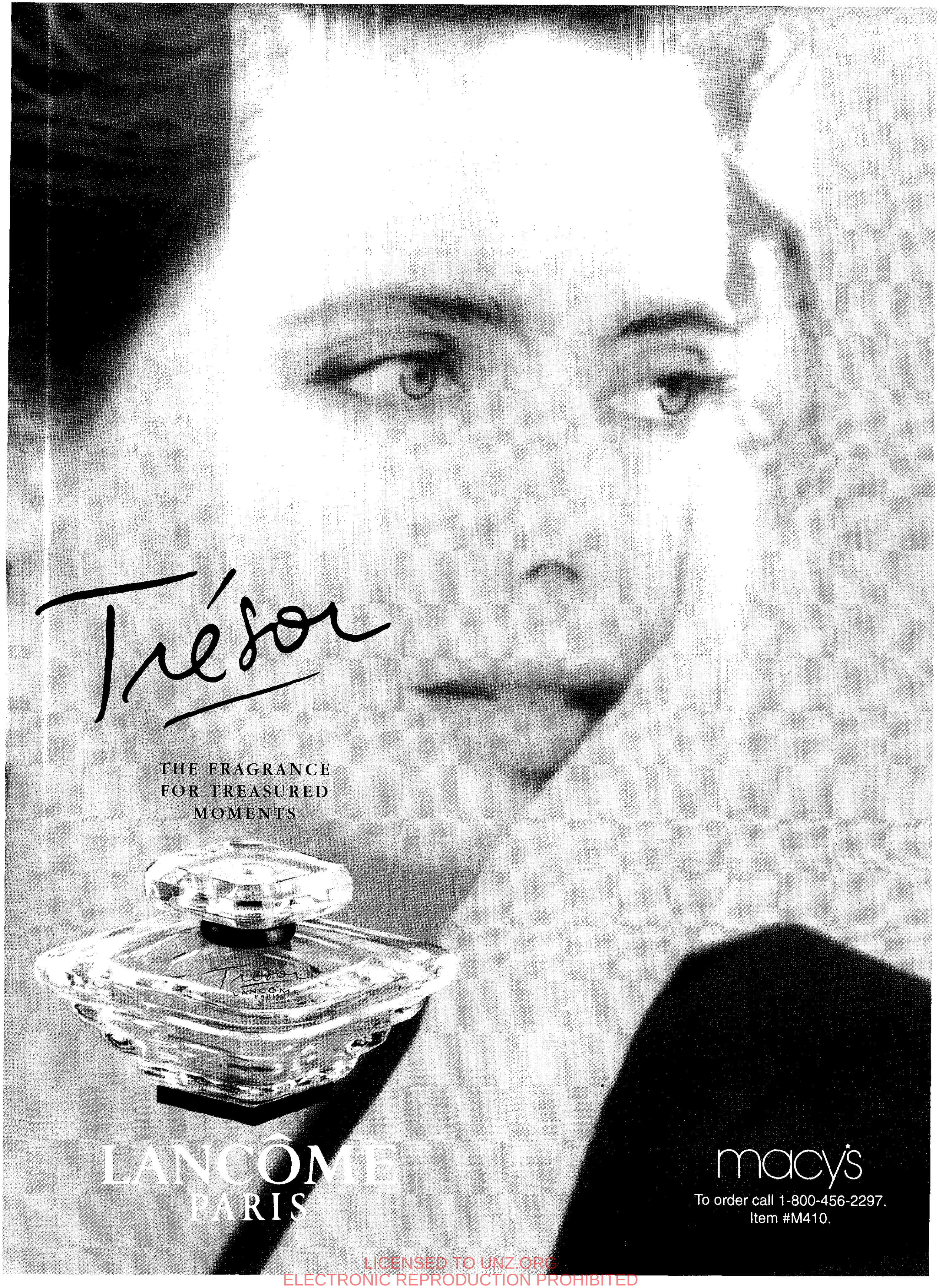
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# The Seoul of New York

*Second thoughts from a second generation; inflated prices from a publisher of pulp; a state agency under the influence.*

JEFFREY GOLDBERG'S ARTICLE "THE Overachievers" [April 10] failed to touch upon the psychological impact of the Korean-Americans' immigration experience. As a first-generation Korean-American woman, I also struggle with the frustrations and irony brought about by "Americanization." The inevitable divergence of values between the children and parents is becoming more visible. As women, we are told that we are invincible in America, that no man can chain us to the kitchen; but then we are expected to marry that doctor or lawyer, "produce healthy sons," and spend our lives washing the feet of our in-laws. Then there is the constant whirlwind of thoughts like these: Do I follow the other Korean-Americans by checking "Republican" and mechanically produce the prize money for the thrill of driving that Mercedes? Or should I continue to explore my options, continue to exercise my brain, and possibly enrich my community? I am not bound by cultural shackles that might force me to become "Ms. Coffee Pourer" but instead enter the anxiety-ridden but challenging world of twentysomethings trying to make some sense of the overwhelming number of choices presented to us today.

*Heej Ko*
MANHATTAN

I WAS INFURIATED AND ASHAMED TO BE A Korean when I read John Min's comment about his skin color being closer to a Jewish shade than a black one. John epitomizes the pathetic small-mindedness that fuels incidents like the L.A. riots. He doesn't deserve to be the president of the Korean Students Association at Columbia University. If anyone is going to represent the culture I'm proud to be a part of, let it be someone worthy of human respect.

*T. Park*
MANHATTAN

JEFFREY GOLDBERG MIGHT HAVE BEEN trying to garner sympathy for the Korean plight in New York. But the message I received was one of pure, unadulterated racism. I am a 27-year-old college-educated black woman of mixed parentage who lives on the Upper West Side. My neighborhood has slowly evolved from being a happy, culturally mixed place to one filled with people who want to live in the fashionable part of town. A majority of the businesses are now Korean-owned. I have frequented these businesses less and less over the years because of the rude treatment I have received. They have made me feel like an outsider in my own community. I refuse to patronize most Korean stores and have very little sympathy for them.

*S. Dela Rosa*
MANHATTAN

*Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

## Dove or Hawk?

FAYE RESNICK WAS NOT PAID A $40,000 book advance for *Nicole Brown Simpson: A Private Diary of a Life Interrupted* ["Intelligencer: The Secrets of Faye Resnick's Success," March 20]. The figure was significantly higher. Robert Shapiro is not a close friend of mine and had nothing to do with this arrangement, as was intimated. The Michael Knox book, *Private Diary of an O.J Juror,* is not being written by Richard Hack ["Intelligencer: Simpson Jury Takes a Write-Off," April 24], although that was one of the options discussed.

*Michael Viner*
*Dove Audio and Dove Books*
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

*Roger Friedman responds:* In our column, we cited Faye Resnick's advance as $60,000, which is indeed a higher number than the $40,000 Viner says we cited. The figure came from a Dove staff member. Several sources have confirmed for us that Viner has often socialized with Shapiro at the home of movie producer Robert Evans. Finally, the information that Dove's upcoming Simpson-juror book was being co-written by Hack in Hawaii also came from someone who works for Viner.

## State of Decay

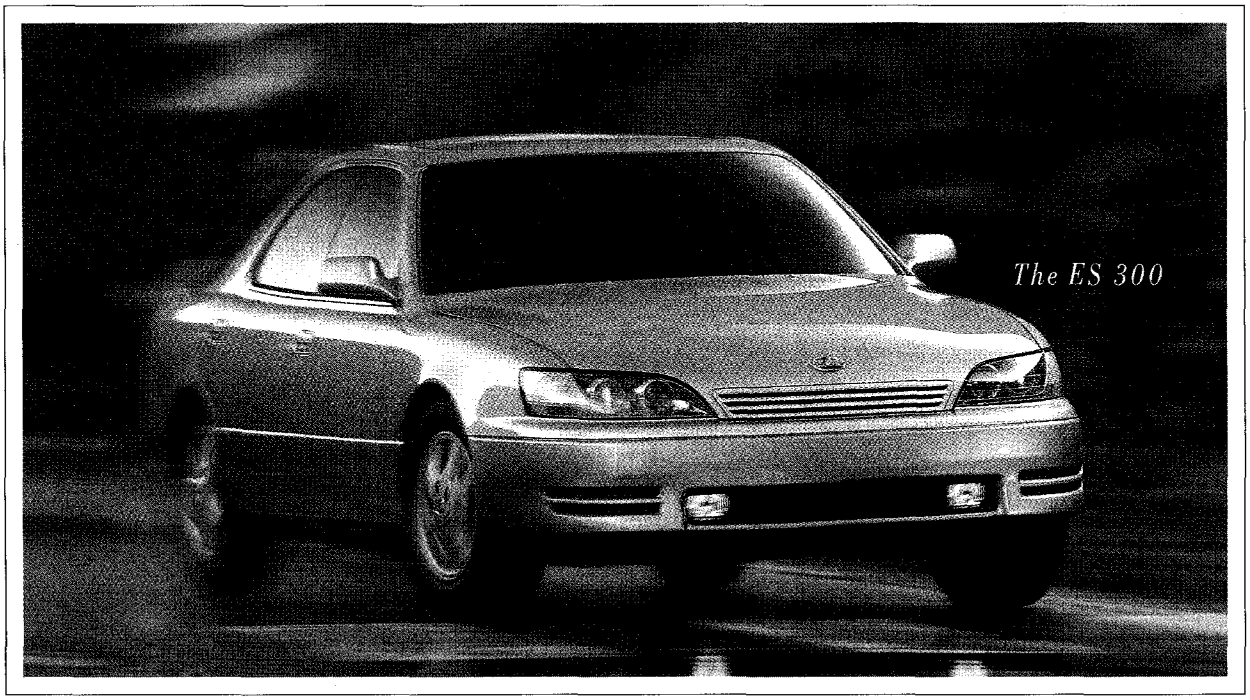
ON THE EVE OF HIS LONG-OVERDUE OUSTER as New York State Liquor Authority public (mis)information officer, Richard Chernela has taken his parting shot ["Gotham: The Keystone Liquor Cops," by Robert I. Friedman, April 3]. A state spokesman should be sensitive to people with disabilities, yet Chernela, who carries the $72,807 title of assistant chief executive officer, tries to blame a "dyslexic file clerk" for misplacing a file. As Friedman points out, Chernela, a member of the SLA management's inner circle, read last fall's *New York* article "The Organizatsiya" [by Robert I. Friedman, November 7, 1994]. Yet even after reading this article exposing Rasputin's organized-crime ties, the SLA management did not direct, or even permit, our staff of investigators, who Chernela admits are "overworked," to develop the evidence necessary to bring charges.

During the past decade, Chernela's boss, SLA chairman Thomas A. Duffy, has eliminated two thirds of the SLA investigators. There are now only 46 investigators responsible for policing the alcoholic-beverage industry in the entire state of New York. His administration's solution, presented to Governor Pataki, was to make matters worse by laying off all SLA investigators. The federal Drug Enforcement Administration, headed by a former superintendent of the New York State Police, has recognized that the SLA has been maneuvered into becoming "the most disorganized agency in the state." It's too bad that Chernela and his political henchmen have to be such sore losers. Even in their last days in power, the Cuomo holdovers took advantage of one final opportunity to soil the image of the SLA. New Yorkers should be gratified that these people will soon be gone, leaving a professional staff to get the job done.

*Jeffrey H. Levy*
*Labor/Management Chair*
*Public Employees Federation*
*State Liquor Authority Division*
MANHATTAN

I WORK FOR A STATE AGENCY, AND THE SITUation described at SLA by Richard Chernela sounds all too familiar. We, too, have dyslexic file clerks, incompetent attorneys, and illiterate investigators, and may surpass SLA as "the most disorganized agency in the state." It is astonishing that Governor Pataki prefers to cut single mothers from the welfare rolls while allowing civil servants to collect as much as $80,000 a year for doing nothing all day except reading newspapers and doing crossword puzzles. The budget could be balanced with just a little civil-service reform.

*Alice Ryen*
BROOKLYN



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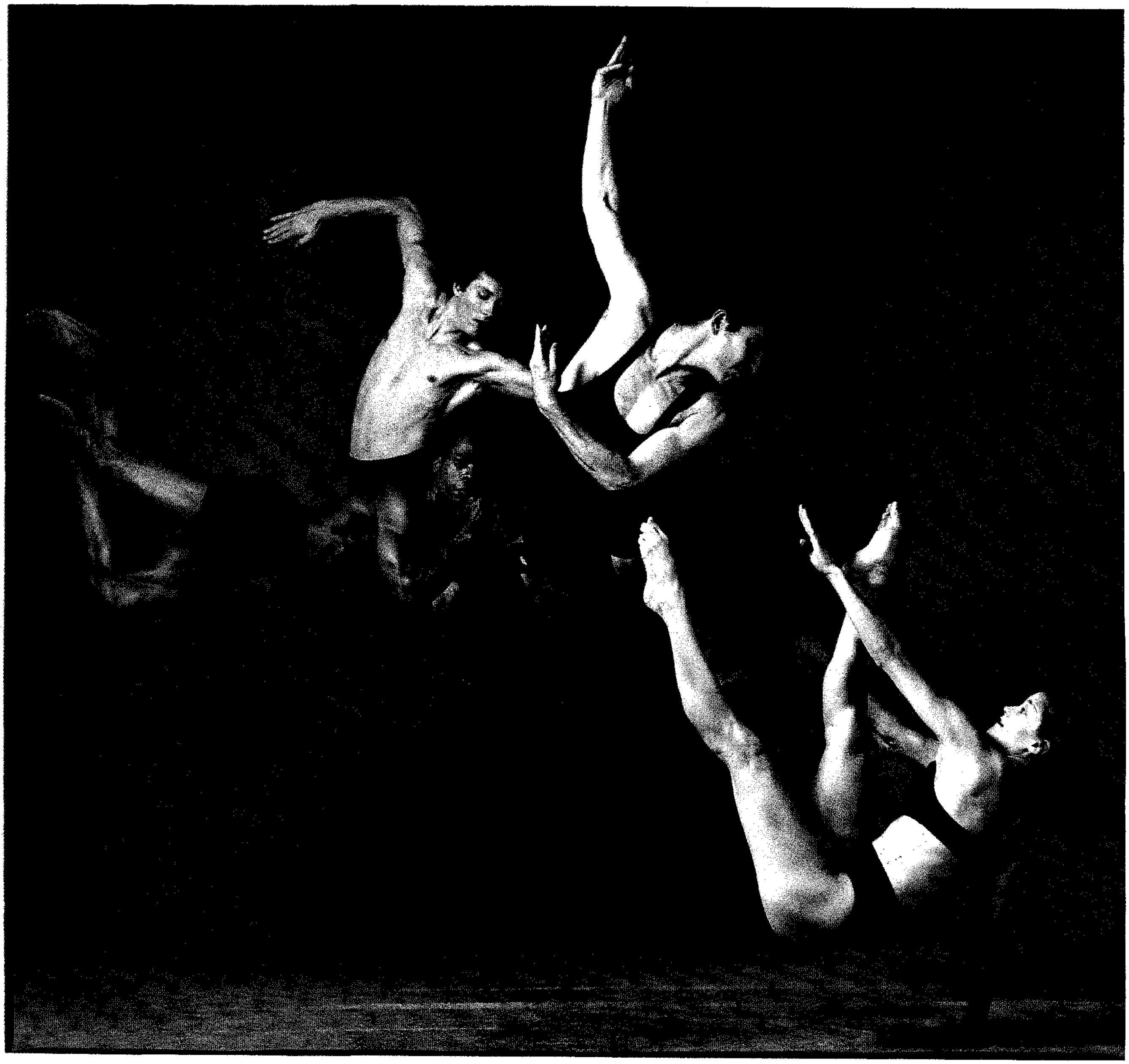

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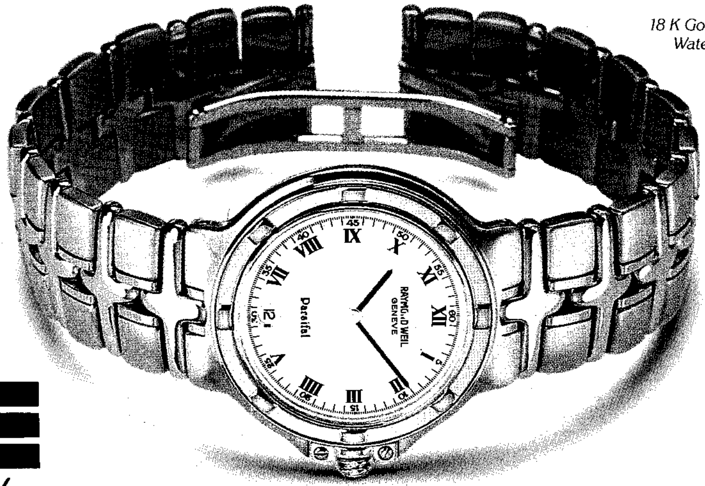
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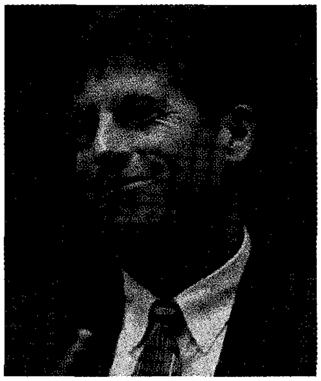
BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

# INTELLIGENCER

## MARK FUHRMAN'S PAST WON'T GO AWAY

**F. Lee Bailey,** who emerged chastened from his last courtroom encounter with L.A. detective **Mark Fuhrman,** is eagerly gearing up for a return match. The combative attorney—conspicuously absent from the defense table during recent forensic testimony—has been traveling across the country interviewing potential witnesses. One witness he is particularly interested in is former United States Marine sergeant **Roderick Hodge,** an African-American who claims that after arresting him in 1987 on trumped-up charges, Fuhrman took him to the West L.A. police station, called him "nigger" several times, and strip-searched him. "While he stood there, naked, Fuhrman said to him, 'All of you look alike,' " says a source close to Hodge, who filed several complaints against the detective following the incident. Fuhrman's attorney did not return calls.



**Mark Fuhrman, mean to Marine?**

## REMAINS OF THE DAY OF THE LOCUST

**Everett Weinberger** won't be eating lunch in Los Angeles again. But then, he doesn't really want to. The New Yorker—who held fifteen grunt jobs in the movie business in 1990 and 1991— has gathered his experiences in a new book called *Wannabe: A Would-Be Player's Misadventures in Hollywood.* Among them: interviewing to become **Alec Baldwin**'s personal assistant. Weinberger did not get the job. Baldwin, it turned out, found himself unable to fire his current assistant. "He said it was a very delicate situation because the guy had worked for Stallone," says Weinberger. "[But] every few weeks he was interviewing replacements. He had no concept of wasting other people's time." Weinberger's most callous experience came while working for Paramount's then-production chief **David Kirkpatrick.** When a Disney producer sent a letter looking for work and requesting confidentiality, Weinberger recalls, Kirkpatrick wrote a note on it in block letters to Disney chief **Jeffrey Katzenberg:** *Jeffrey, please make sure that your employees do not contact me at Paramount.* "I just kept picturing that poor schmuck who wrote the letter being called in to face an irate Katzenberg," writes Weinberger, who is now safely back at work as a trader on more civilized Wall Street.

**Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, personnel consultants**

## THERE WAS MORE THAN ONE SHOOTER

In the race to cover last month's Oklahoma blast, *Time* believed it had outmaneuvered *Newsweek* by obtaining exclusive magazine rights to the heart-wrenching snapshot of lifeless infant Baylee Almon, cradled in the arms of an Oklahoma City firefighter. The photograph was taken by bank teller **Charles H. Porter IV** minutes after the explosion. But what *Time* didn't know was that just a few feet away from Porter was **Lester "Bob" LaRue,** a natural-gas-company worker who also grabbed a camera and several rolls of film and headed to the site of the devastation. As Porter snapped, so did LaRue. That's how *Newsweek*—alerted by the photo store that developed LaRue's work—managed to purchase a photo nearly identical to the one obtained by *Time.* Nevertheless, sources say, *Time*'s photo editors didn't buy that story. They bitterly accused Sygma—the photo agency used by both newsweeklies—of taking a second negative from Porter's roll and sneaking it to *Newsweek.* Sygma was forced to turn over the negatives to prove no such deception occured. In the end, the magazines shared the pictorial icon of the disaster. *Newsweek* ran a blowup of the photo on its cover; *Time* used it as an inset to a larger photo of suspected bomber **Timothy McVeigh.**

Oklahoma City, April 19, 1995
Newsweek

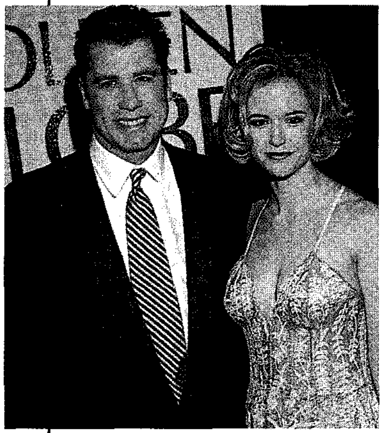
## DON'T TOY WITH THE UPPER EAST SIDE

The tide seems to have turned against a controversial plan to build a giant Toys 'R' Us mega-store at Third Avenue and East 80th Street. Neighborhood opponents of the store just received word that **Rudy Giuliani** strongly objects to the project, which has been under way since last June. "Mayor Giuliani is opposed to the development of a Toys 'R' Us store at this location and has stated so publicly on several occasions," claimed Deputy Mayor **Fran Reiter** in a letter to one opponent. Strangely, none of the neighborhood groups remembers any previous pronouncements from the mayor on the subject. In fact, there's been speculation that Rudy—whose buildings department seemed to expedite the plan—steered clear of the controversy after Toys 'R' Us shrewdly selected the law firm of two close Giuliani allies, **Herman Badillo** and **Raymond Harding,** to guide it through the mess. But the mayor's apparent turnaround may turn out to be less damaging to Toys 'R' Us than the May 16 hearing of the Board of Standards and Appeals. Insiders report that the company will be compelled—via subpoena if necessary—to produce evidence that the information it provided to the Department of Buildings to secure its initial permit was accurate and truthful. So far, it has refused to do so.

## *A CURRENT AFFAIR* IN NEED OF *RESCUE 911*

*Whoosh!* IS TABLOID TV RUNNING OUT OF GAS? A recent *Variety* reported that more people now tune into *Journeys of Hercules* and World Wrestling

Photographs: top right, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Globe Photos.



**John Travolta and Kelly Preston, missionaries with pulp(it)**

**Mayor Rudy Giuliani, requires assembling**

Federation bouts than watch Fox's once-indomitable *A Current Affair*. Now sources claim chairman **Rupert Murdoch** is so desperate to save his limping tabloid-news show that he's pitting two teams of producers against each other. **Peter Brennan,** the show's creator and its original producer, was just rehired for the May-sweeps period, along with co-producer **Burt Kerns** and nasal British correspondent **Alison Holloway,** who anchored Brennan's defunct *Premier Story*. Brennan—who also created *Hard Copy*—has a predictable plan of action: He's going to focus on Simpson stories during his six-week run. Then on June 1, sources say, Brennan and company will step aside for the former *Inside Edition* team of **Bob Young** and **John Tomlin,** who will get *their* chance to tinker with the show. "The team with the highest ratings," insists a source, "wins." (Brennan insists he only agreed to a six-week contract.) Where all this leaves current managing editor **Rob Feldman** is anyone's guess. "For the time being," says Brennan enigmatically, "the show is being produced out of L.A. and Bill assembles it in New York." But asked about Feldman, neither of his new bosses even knew who he was.

## NEXT: A DIANETICS THEME RESTAURANT?

Scientology, the California-based religion with ties to the entertainment world, seems to be making a push for even greater mainstream acceptance. In the past few weeks, both Fox News and *Hard Copy,* the Paramount-produced tabloid news show, have run strangely upbeat pieces about the new Scientology center in Kansas and the group's recent benefit concert at Isaac Tigrett's House of Blues in Hollywood. The hooks for both pieces were the newly accessible Scientologized celebrities **John Travolta** and wife **Kelly Preston** and **Kirstie Alley** and hubby **Parker Stevenson.** In the *Hard Copy* piece, correspondent **Barry Nolan** interviewed the group's leader, **Heber Jentzsch**—whom he described to us as "the pope of Scientology"—on camera for the first time. Though Nolan's piece dismissed all negative feelings about the group as "prejudice," he now concedes that he's taken a lot of flak for the spot and regrets not including criticisms of the group from the Cult Awareness Network. "I'm a Zen Quaker with no religious background," the *Hard Copy* man admits. "But I [understand] that addictive or inadequate personalities may need some kind of attachment." Nolan goes on to equate the Scientologists' notoriously successful fund-raising among its members with his wife's job as a steward in the Episcopal church. "All religions ask for money," he says. As for the stars involved in Scientology, Nolan grudgingly admits, "There's no question they're using these celebrities."

## SHE PUT THE SERVER IN THE *OBSERVER*

**MOIRA ON THE GREEN**: A restaurant, by our definition, is any place that serves food. Not so at the New York *Observer,* where according to restaurant reviewer **Moira Hodgson,** Tavern on the Green isn't really a restaurant at all. "It's more like the Empire State Building," she says. "It's an institution! It's not like any other restaurant in New York." So for that reason, Hodgson has no qualms about taking on an additional job as Tavern-owner **Warner LeRoy's** food consultant. "I don't plan to review Tavern on the Green," Hodgson says reassuringly. "So I don't really see a conflict of interest. Are you writing about the other restaurant reviewers doing consulting, too?" We'll leave that to the *Observer*.

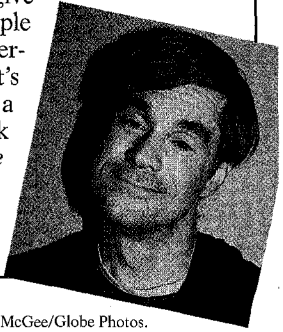
**PHOTOPHOBIA?** Grammy winner **Mary Chapin Carpenter,** the darling of feminists everywhere, has issued a curious proviso for her latest concert tour—absolutely no photographers and no television cameras will be allowed. Why? Even Carpenter's representatives don't know for sure—one suggested she finds the paparazzi distracting. But since she has never panicked over strobe flashes in the past, speculation is that it's because the never-svelte singer is now even less so. "A lot of people are really bummed," says one Carpenter crony. "But Mary's sticking by her decision."

**BUFFALOED:** Editors at the New York *Times* were hiding under desks when last Tuesday's national edition came off the presses. In the middle of the front page, under a photo of two men carrying the coffin of one of the youngest victims of the Oklahoma City bomb blast was the caption "In 1907, above, members of the New York Zoological Society—now the Wildlife Conservation Society—loaded a bison into a cage for shipment to Oklahoma." The run was stopped midway through, and the caption was corrected. But not quickly enough for the alarmed readers of Orange County, California, who were left to puzzle over the buffalo reference.

## GUS VAN SANT GETS THE BLUES, AGAIN

Was director **Gus Van Sant** a flash in the pan? *Drugstore Cowboy* was a hit in 1989, but while *My Own Private Idaho* received some critical acclaim, it flopped at the box office, and *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* was a disaster on every front. Now Van Sant's ostensible comeback, *To Die For*—based on the Pamela Smart murder case—may be in trouble, too. The film's release date was just pushed back from June 2 to July 21. According to a source, Columbia Pictures initially wanted to release the film after *Batman Forever* to capitalize on its star **Nicole Kidman,** who also plays the adulterous schoolteacher/murderer in *To Die For*. But *Batman* is now opening five weeks earlier, which will give even the most devoted Kidman fans ample time to get ready. What's going on? Veteran screenwriter **Buck Henry** admits, "It's been taken apart and put back together a couple of times. I've lost a huge chunk from the first half." Meanwhile, *To Die For* is headed to the Cannes Film Festival later this month, to be shown out of competition.

**Director Gus Van Sant, please release him**



Photographs: top left, Ted Soqui/Sygma; center left, Rick Maiman/Sygma; center right, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

On October 28, 1858, Rowland H. Macy opened a small fancy dry goods store in New York City, on the street floor of a four-story building at Sixth Avenue and 14th Street. Seven years later, on February 14th—Valentine's Day—1865, 22-year-old Abraham Abraham along with three clerks opened their doors at 285 Fulton Street in Brooklyn. Both stores were built on honesty, thoughtful service, and the right merchandise. Little did these men dream that more than a century later, their achievements would come together to create the most unparalleled department store in the world.

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**april 30, 1995: two great stores become one**

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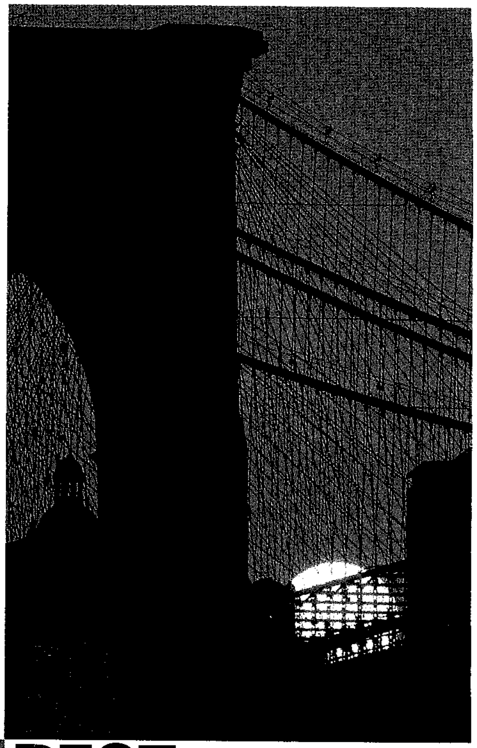

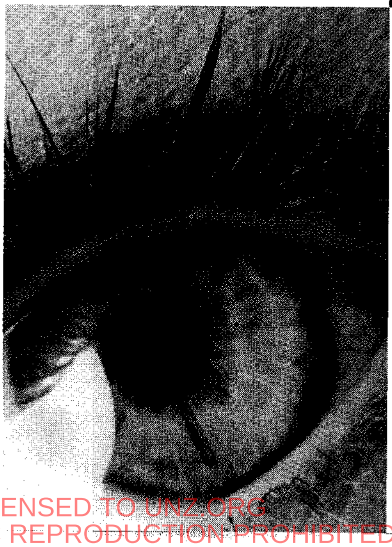

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So join in the festivities.
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# GOTHAM

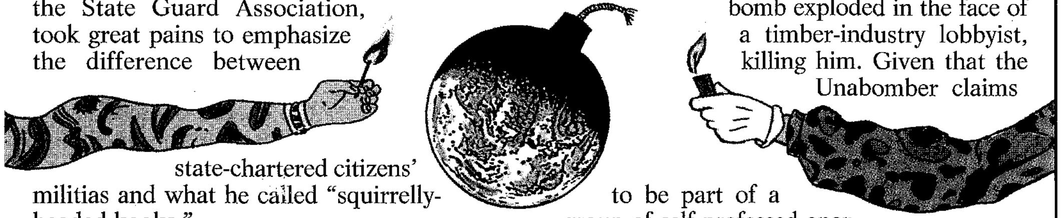
The present in New York is so powerful the past is lost —John Jay Chapman

THE FRONT PAGE

# From Kooks to Nuts

*Whether right or left, lunatics all write letters to the editor*

As politicians and pundits polemicked mightily last week to determine who was to blame for the Oklahoma City bombing (see "Playing with Fire," page 28), there was one point on which all could agree: The people who did this were nuts. Respectable mainstream conservative commentator Rush Limbaugh called the suspects "these nuts" and "these bunch of looney tunes"; radio homicide swami G. Gordon Liddy referred to them as "the lunatic fringe"; and even the megalomaniac liar Oliver North went so far as to call any would-be baby-bombers part of "a fringe element." Retired Army colonel Paul McHenry, executive director of the State Guard Association, took great pains to emphasize the difference between state-chartered citizens' militias and what he called "squirrelly-headed kooks."



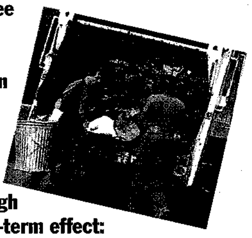
*Kook* is the wrong word, of course, since the rules of political discourse limit its use to describing lunatics of the left. The proper term—Limbaugh was correct—is *nut,* as in paranoid right-wing paramilitary gun nuts. This, it seems, is a perfectly serviceable description for bomb suspect Timothy McVeigh and his wacko buddies, one of whom refused to sign a statement acknowledging he had been read his Miranda rights because, he said, it reminded him of Nazi Germany. McVeigh, though currently exercising his right to remain silent, made his nut leanings clear in two letters he wrote a couple of years ago to the *Union-Sun & Journal,* an 18,500-circulation daily in upstate Lockport, N.Y. "Crime is so out of control. Criminals have no fear of punishment," a February 11, 1992, letter began, before rounding up the usual subjects: "Taxes are a joke. Regardless of what a political candidate 'promises,' they will increase"; "Politicians are out of control. Their yearly salaries are more than an average person will see in a lifetime"; "Racism on the rise? You had better believe it! . . . Is it a valid frustration?"; "Remember, government-sponsored health care was a Communist idea"; and "We have no proverbial tea to dump; should we instead sink a ship full of Japanese imports?" The second letter was about how good and pure hunting is.

Probably not coincidentally, last week also saw a bombing and a loony letter written by a left-wing kook. On Monday, the same day the *Times* ran a story wondering why we hadn't heard from the Unabomber lately, a Unabomber bomb exploded in the face of a timber-industry lobbyist, killing him. Given that the Unabomber claims to be part of a group of self-professed anarchists—*left-wing* militants who believe in destroying the government—and that he hates industry and often equips his bombs with hand-carved wood parts and occasionally twigs, it's rather surprising Limbaugh didn't jump all over it. Particularly after the *Times* published a letter from the Unabomber in which he claimed that he attacked a Young & Rubicam executive last December because his firm "helped Exxon clean up its public image after the Exxon Valdez incident," and that he only attacked academics in technical fields and would never "hurt professors who study archaeology, history, literature or harmless stuff like that."

In the end, though, the Unabomber only seemed to want what the Oklahoma bombers had already gotten: to have his lunacy taken seriously. "The FBI has tried to portray these bombings as the work of an isolated nut," he wrote. "We won't waste our time arguing about whether we are nuts, but we are not isolated."

The crucial difference between right-wing nuts and left-wing kooks, it seems, is that nuts write to their hometown papers and kooks read the New York *Times.*

**MORE RUDY MATH** **Last year, Rudy Giuliani got sanitation workers to agree to extend their routes in exchange for an 8.25 percent pay increase. Long-term goal: cutting 600 jobs through attrition. Short-term effect: Garbage-related overtime went up $8.4 million last year, from $45.4 million to $53.8 million.**



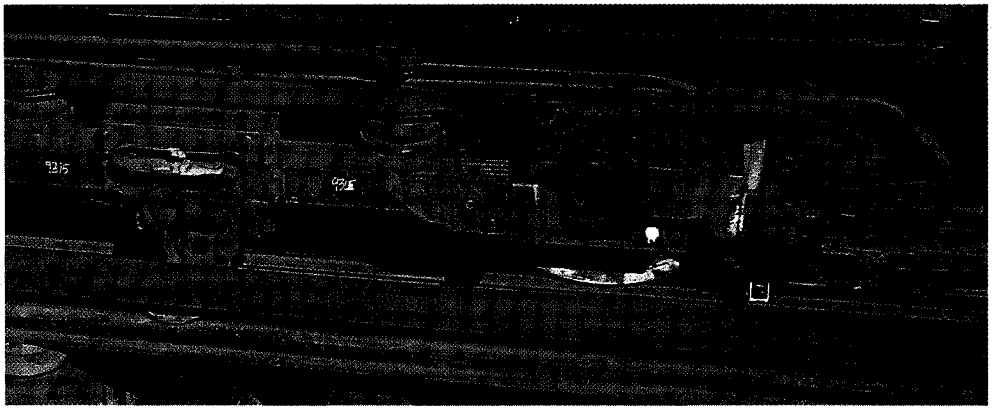
**DITTOHEAD FODDER** **"Congress attendees are requested to be mindful of attendees who have fragrance allergies."—from registration materials for the upcoming International Congress on Hazardous Waste, sponsored by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services**

***PRAVDA* IN ADVERTISING** **"I would be able to figure out the headline, maybe, and I can count to ten and figure out the Cyrillic, but it was really just the newspaper on the top of the pile."—writer and Gap model Peggy Noonan, asked if she really reads Russian newspapers, as she appears to be doing in an Avedon photo for the "Do Your Best. Work in Khakis" campaign**

**THE WINNER** **" 'A team of 35 Arab terrorists are in the U.S. *and they are going to make the* World Trade Center bombing look like child's play. They're going to bomb federal buildings all over the country.' "—*Daily News* columnist Sidney Zion, breathlessly quoting an informant who "called me a week *before* Wednesday's blast," on the day a white American from Michigan was charged with the bombing**

**BAD IDEA** **"How to Open a Coffee Bar"—from the New School's summer course catalogue**

Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



City

## RUSH-HOUR ROULETTE

THE TRANSIT AUTHORITY NEVER LEARNS.

On December 12, 1978, a wheel of an IND train, heated to more than 1,300 degrees by friction from a badly designed brake, cracked. As the train approached Columbus Circle, two passenger cars jumped the tracks and smashed against the tunnel wall; the side of one was peeled back like a sardine-can lid, and 22 people were injured. Over the next four months, three other New York subway trains derailed when overheated wheels cracked.

On September 22, 1981, a National Transportation Safety Board investigation concluded that four fires in the subway had been caused by "the introduction of untried equipment into passenger service without prior testing . . . in effect, in a field test of the equipment on NYCTA passengers." The NTSB told the TA not to do that kind of thing anymore.

But in December 1993, the TA quietly began testing new lightweight wheels for use on all its subway lines. The agency believes that if the wheels work, it will save money in energy costs. If they don't, you probably don't want to be riding one of the N trains on which they're currently being field-tested.

In a report to be released this week—an early draft of which was obtained by *New York*—Public Advocate Mark Green charges that the TA began using the untried wheels in passenger service without adequately testing them, and that inspections designed to monitor the wheels' safety have been conducted in a slipshod manner. The TA's response has been to say that since it has no specific information that the wheels are unsafe, "we intend to continue our testing program at this time."

"We're not saying the wheels are dangerous, but neither can the TA say they *are* safe," Green responds. "These wheels should be adequately tested in prototype before they are tested on guinea pigs called straphangers."

The route by which untested Kuruma 5500 corrugated wheels made their way onto one whole train on the N/Q line and selected cars from four other N/Q trains is a Byzantine one, littered with more than the usual municipal ineptitude.

In 1992, the TA began negotiating with Sumitomo Metal Industries in Japan to supply its 5,794 subway cars with "corrugated" wheels weighing about 100 pounds less than the standard 800 pounds. While more energy-efficient, the wheels are also more complicated and have less metal to absorb heat generated by brake and track friction, and they are therefore theoretically more susceptible to heat stress and cracking. So in July 1993, Sumitomo and the TA tested 30 Kuruma 5422 wheels on a not-in-service train. However, according to Green's report, half the instruments designed to measure the wheels' temperature and stress failed almost immediately, and the planned seven-day test was suspended after two days.

The TA nevertheless went ahead with plans to use the wheels—which, to complicate matters further, had to be redesigned to fit all of the TA's fleet. In a letter to Green's office, the TA described the Kuruma 5500—it has a repositioned wheel hub—as a "very minor modification" of the 5422.

Green's office says other engineers described such a change as "very significant," and noted that the TA's own engineer originally had said "minor modification" before someone in the TA's public-relations office further softened it.

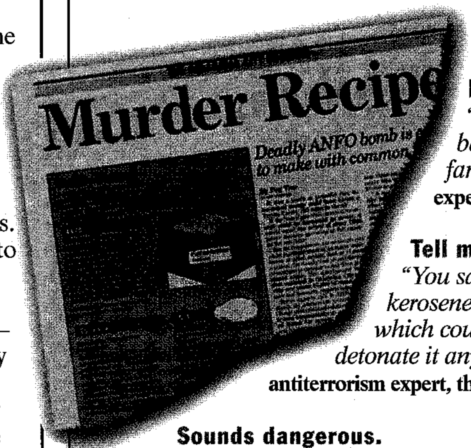
"They don't have a *tenth* of the information they need to know whether this is dangerous or not," says Jonathan Bennett, who conducted the public-advocate's-office investigation. "It's like if you have a rope that is supposed to hold 100 pounds, and you test it by putting 10 pounds on it.

"It's not dangerous because we know it's dangerous; it's dangerous because nobody knows it's safe," Bennett says. "That's not good enough. Not if people's lives depend on it."

After Green's office began voicing its objections last summer, the TA allowed

MEDIA

## Terrorism Made Easy



Murder Recipe

Deadly ANFO bomb is e

to make with common

**Let's say I wanted to bomb something.**

*"It's not that difficult. The materials are fairly basic. The knowledge is out there in things as far back as the* Anarchist Cookbook.*"*—**Security expert Jeffrey Beatty, CNN, 4/20/95**

**Tell me more.**

*"You saturate [ammonium nitrate fertilizer] with kerosene. Then you have to put a booster charge in it, which could be a simple stick of dynamite. You can detonate it any way you want."*—**Charles Mattingly, antiterrorism expert, the Rocky Mountain *News*, 4/21/95**

**Sounds dangerous.**

*"So stable that it cannot explode spontaneously, ANFO [ammonium nitrate fuel oil] is considerably safer than dynamite, which contains volatile nitroglycerin. You can light a match to ANFO, jump up and down on it, even shoot a bullet at it, but it isn't likely to blow up."*—***Time*, 5/1/95**

**Okay, but I'm not sure I can afford it.**

*"At 17 cents a pound, the deadly fuel oil and fertilizer mixture is cheaper to buy than granulated sugar."*—**New York *Newsday*, 4/24/95**

**I'm wavering. Any other suggestions?**

*"A small, private airplane with 220 pounds of anthrax spores could fly over Washington on a north-south route, engage in no notably odd behavior . . . [and] trail an invisible mist that would kill a million people on a day with moderate wind."*—***The New Republic*, 5/1/95**

ALEX WILLIAMS

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

# Positive Model Roles

**"It's one thing if the Head & Shoulders model doesn't have dandruff," says Keith Lewis. "It's another if someone selling an AIDS product doesn't have AIDS." Spurred by a request from Ross Laboratories for an HIV-positive spokesperson for Advera, an AIDS-related nutritional supplement, last year the president of the California-based Morgan Agency created Proof Positive, the nation's first HIV-positive-modeling division. In Manhattan this week seeking to establish an East Coast presence for the fledgling agency, Lewis advertises, "We don't just want cute boys." Of Proof Positive's 51 models so far (including the three New York models below), many have been new to the business, which has made letting down hopefuls easier. "People don't submit because modeling is a lifelong ambition," Lewis says. "They want to show that AIDS isn't just about dying." That said, Lewis says he signs only those who have made peace with their disease. "We're not a coming-out service."**

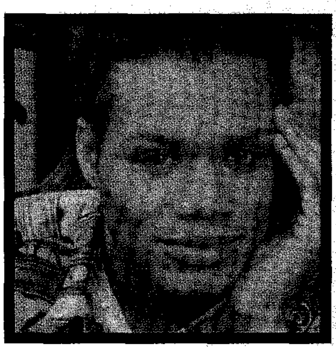
**JENNIFER WOLFF**

**Teddy Kali Das,**
35, bodybuilder
**HT:** 5'11" **WT:** 195
**Hair:** Brown **Eyes:** Hazel/Green

*"I'm using the disease to create a career, and why shouldn't I? The truth is, I'm a good-looking guy with a great body who happens to have Kaposi's sarcoma and a catheter in my chest. It's anyone's choice what they decide to focus on."*

**Stan Stoj,**
46, art director
**HT:** 5'10" **WT:** 180
**Hair:** Brown **Eyes:** Gray/Green

*"I don't really like the idea of noninfected models selling AIDS products, because they can't know what the disease is about. I've had so many friends who have died, and my phone doesn't ring a lot anymore."*



**Tod Roulette,**
28, writer
**HT:** 5'9" **WT:** 138
**Hair:** Brown **Eyes:** Green

*"My aunt used to say, 'Right before they put you in that box, you'll ask yourself: What did I contribute?' My work as a model will be part of my answer: that I helped to educate the next generation while also giving myself the chance to fulfill my beauty-pageant dreams."*

Bennett to accompany TA engineers on a routine inspection of the new wheels. He noted that, for starters, the engineers had to borrow his flashlight to examine the wheels adequately. The lighting was so bad, Bennett said, that at one point a TA inspector walked right past two corrugated wheels ("each of them two feet from his head, at eye level"), mistaking them for standard wheels. The inspectors also failed to notice a two-and-a-half inch area of surface cracks on one of the wheels, which had to be pointed out by Bennett.

Meanwhile, the TA keeps revising how much money the new wheels will save. Originally, the TA estimated its savings at $100 per wheel per year, based on a rule of thumb that every extra pound uses $1 in energy annually. The TA later revised that rule of thumb to 50 cents per pound per year. Confronted with a *New York* analysis showing the actual savings to be closer to 10 cents per pound per year, the TA re-revised its rule of thumb in half once again, to 24 cents per year.

The TA seems fairly undeterred by all this. Letters to the public advocate's office have a consistent, rather peevish tone, and the agency has gone ahead and purchased 320 of the new wheels. In a faxed response to *New York's* inquiries, a TA spokesman says that results from its testing were forwarded to its safety department on April 14, and "pending System Safety's positive response, 30 more trains are slated for in-service use of the corrugated wheels."

STEVE ROSS

### Publishing

## MYSTERY MEET

THE COLLECTIVE POWERS OF SEVERAL hundred members of the Mystery Writers of America have failed to decipher what's nestling in the endive at their fiftieth-anniversary blowout. Or why there's no liquor.

"What do you think is the scariest sound in the world?" Mary Higgins Clark stands in the middle of the Celest Bartos Forum, surrounded by black tablecloths. "Warren Murphy told us, 'You're alone. In an isolated house. It's dark. Thoroughly locked up. All ready for bed. And the toilet flushes.' "

MWA president Walter Mosley—one of Bill Clinton's favorite authors—is unable to quiet the 100 or so writers and agents in the room to read a commendation from the Oval Office, and after he steps down from the podium, he mumbles darkly of murdering "the *Zeitgeist* of this room that makes people make so much noise." Later, he cheers up a bit when he is called on to brandish a knife over a sheet cake decorated with a prostrate figure on a bloodstained floor.

"There's a woman here who's caused me great anger," says Walter Wager (*Otto's Boy* and *Telefon*) ominously. "I'd like to push her down a flight of stone stairs. Anyone can slip down a flight of stairs. Besides, they make such a nice sound when their heads hit the floor. And wild butterflies could not drag from me who that is."

Mickey Spillane is in the corner, a crew-cut fireplug in a blue suit, happily swaggering in place. Even though he will be inducted as an MWA grand master at the annual Edgar Awards banquet the next night, many of the present company consider the tough guy passé. Modern character-driven "soft-boilers," they insist, have made mysteries respectably mainstream. "More cash than angst," says Wager of Mike Hammer's creator.

What's Mickey's favorite crime? "I'm too old for that kind of stuff. If I have a fight with a woman, I just punch her right in the mouth. With my lips. And I lose. You want to know the world's best opening line? Fred Brown wrote it—'The last man in the world sat alone in his room. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.' You know who it was? A woman!"

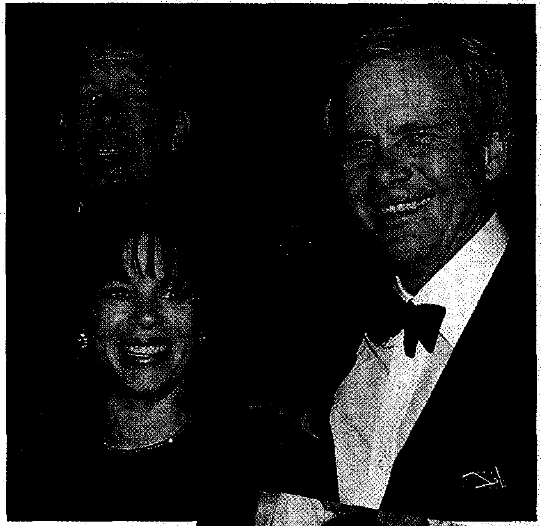
THOMAS VINCIGUERRA

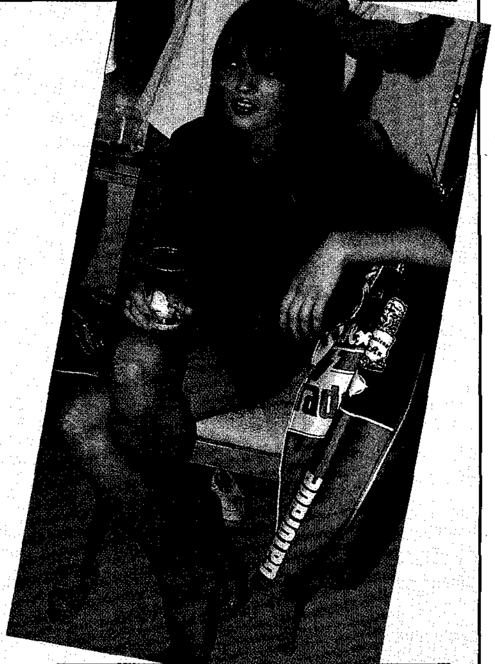
Photograph: top left, Andrew Melick.

# Recover the Waterfront

**By Alex Williams**
**Photographs by Patrick McMullan**

**At the Chelsea Piers, for the fifteenth Annual Awards Dinner benefiting the Parks Council, from left: Event chair Karen Lauder with Laurence and Billie Tisch; Roland Betts with daughter Maggie; Governor George Pataki with Lauder and NBC's Tom Brokaw. Below: Kate Moss tries on Stephen Sprouse's new line at the downtown Barneys. Bottom right: Pino Luongo at his new Il Toscanaccio as Arista Records gives the Red Hot Organization $1 million for AIDS relief.**



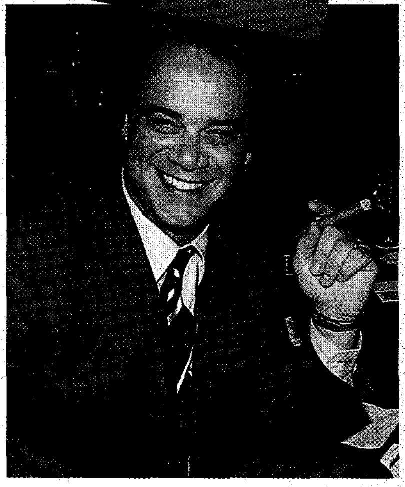


"THE BIGGEST TURNAROUND SINCE FILM AND TELEVISION FLED NEW York, all because one guy had a daughter who wanted a place to ice-skate," says actor Jerry Orbach, circulating the favored myth of the Chelsea Piers project. Last Wednesday, the Parks Council went black-tie-industrial under the corrugated tin and cinder blocks of the hulking, once-shabby piers jutting out into the Hudson (imagine Laurence Tisch and Arthur Liman walking in on, say, a Williamsburg warehouse party). The fête, fittingly massive, honored Roland Betts's massively ambitious sports-and-entertainment complex, which will eventually include ice and in-line-skating rinks, basketball courts, restaurants, TV and movie studios, a driving range, and a marina.

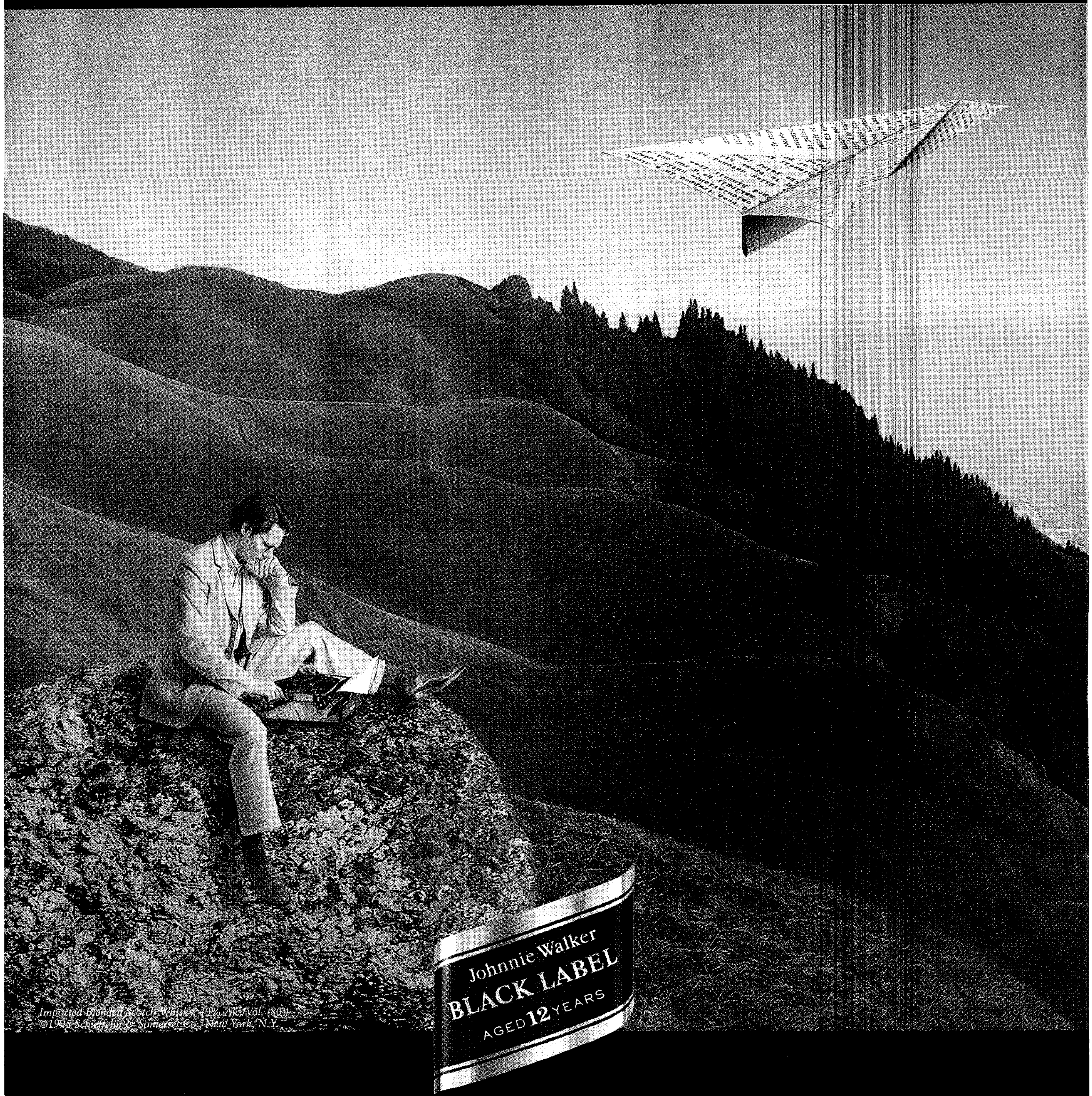
"Thirty square acres, 1.7 million square feet," says Betts, the schoolteacher turned power broker who, with partner Tom Bernstein, is just back from watching their Texas Rangers lose in the Bronx. He turns modest. "It's just a place to recreate, especially for kids, instead of the mean streets."

"The most exciting development project in Manhattan," affirms Borough President Ruth Messinger. Like our own little urban boardwalk? "I'm a Rollerblader," she says, flashing a thumbs-up that's very cowabunga.

**At '21' for the Fashion Targets Breast Cancer Campaign lunch benefiting the Nina Hyde Center. Left: *Vogue's* Anna Wintour and the *Today Show's* Katie Couric. Above: Designer Byron Lars gleefully violates the restaurant's jacket-and-tie dress code.**

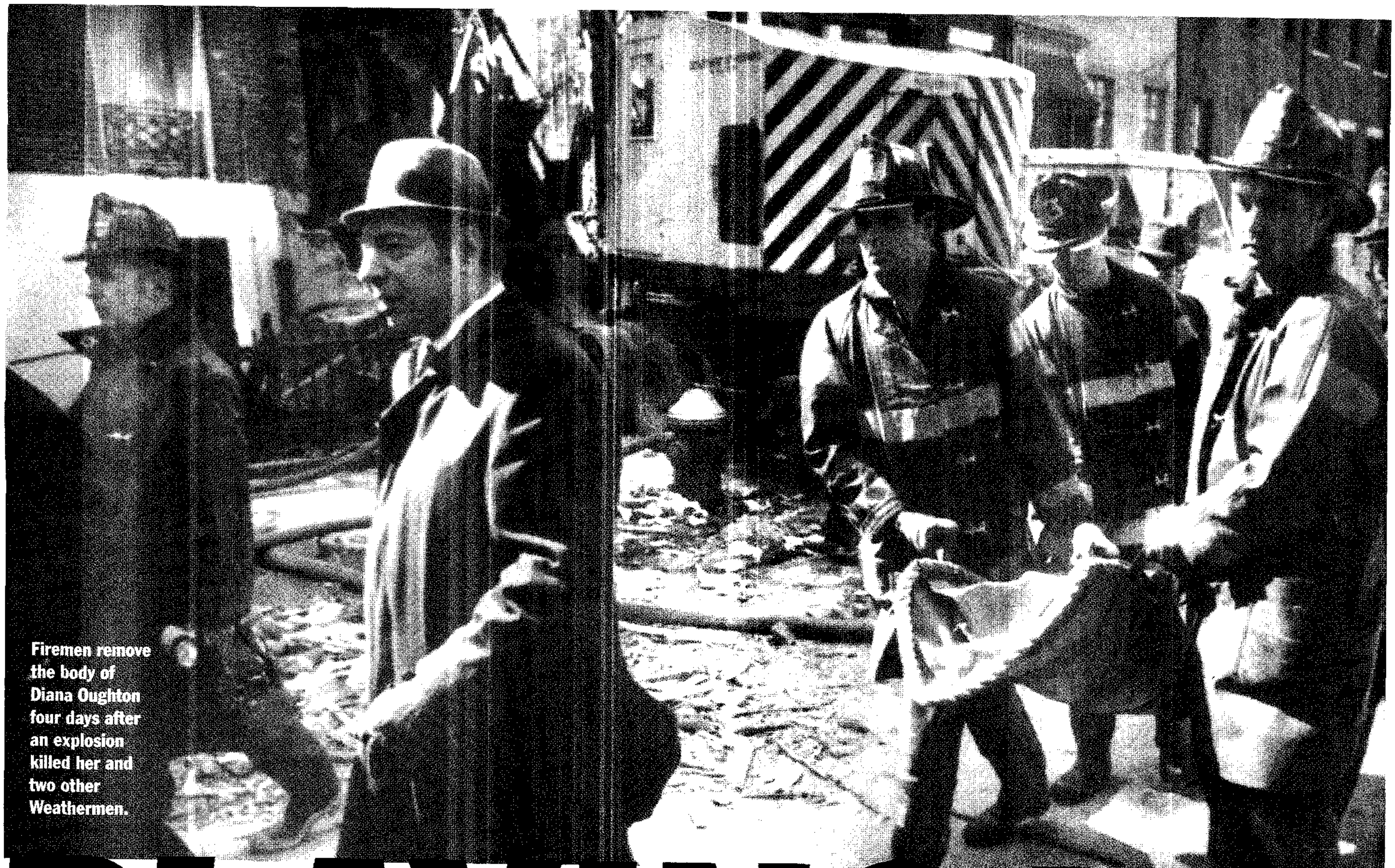


LET YOUR
IMAGINATION
FLY AND THE JOURNEY
BEGINS.


Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Imported Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc/Vol. (80°)
©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

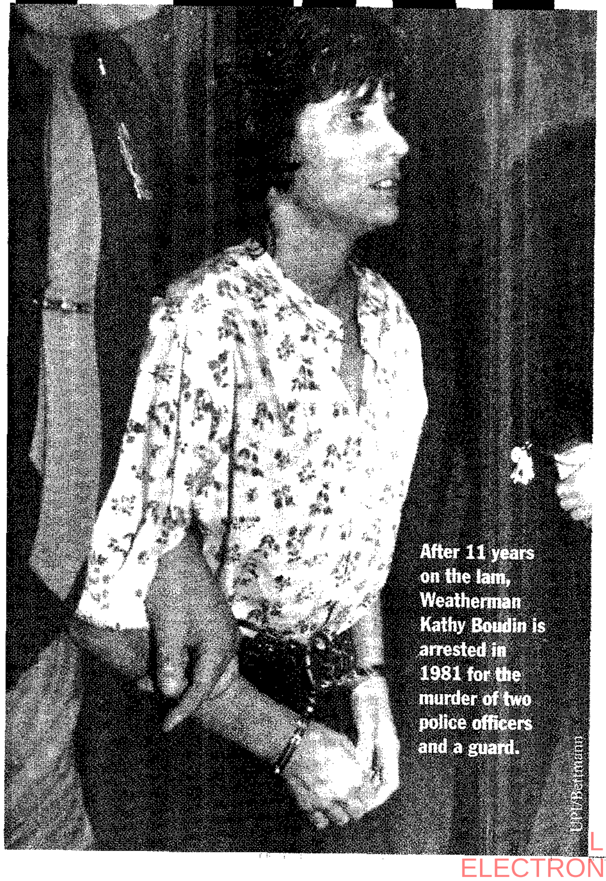
THERE'S MORE TO EXPLORE IN BLACK.

*The intriguing taste slowly unfolds its mysteries.*



Firemen remove the body of Diana Oughton four days after an explosion killed her and two other Weathermen.

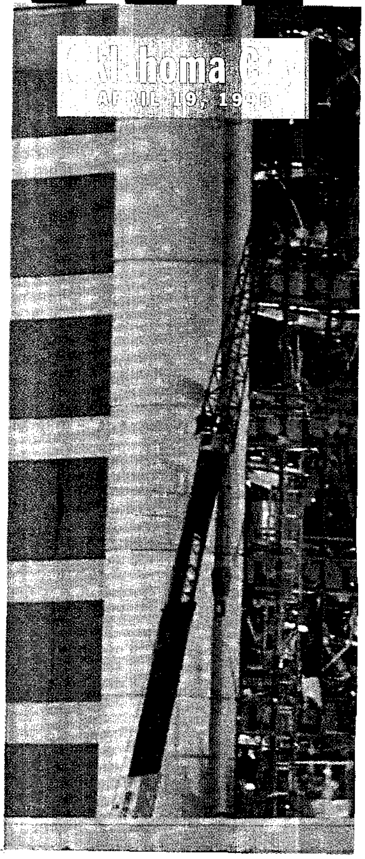
# PLAYING WI



After 11 years on the lam, Weatherman Kathy Boudin is arrested in 1981 for the murder of two police officers and a guard.

UPI/Bettmann

IF THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING HAD NO ideological dimension—were Timothy McVeigh and his partners normal psychopaths trying to extort money or murder people they didn't like—it's a fair bet that the only one trying to make a political issue out of it would be Newt Gingrich. Gingrich is the fellow, remember, who last fall presumed to blame liberals for Susan Smith—the woman in South Carolina who drowned her two sons and claimed they were abducted by a black carjacker. It was Gingrich who said Woody Allen's affair with his quasi-adopted-teenage-daughter Soon-Yi Previn reflected the family values of the Democratic Party. Gingrich has always reveled in these outré politico-cultural connections. He used to love being referred to as "Republican bomb-thrower Newt Gingrich" back before the metaphorical meaning of that phrase was unpacked.

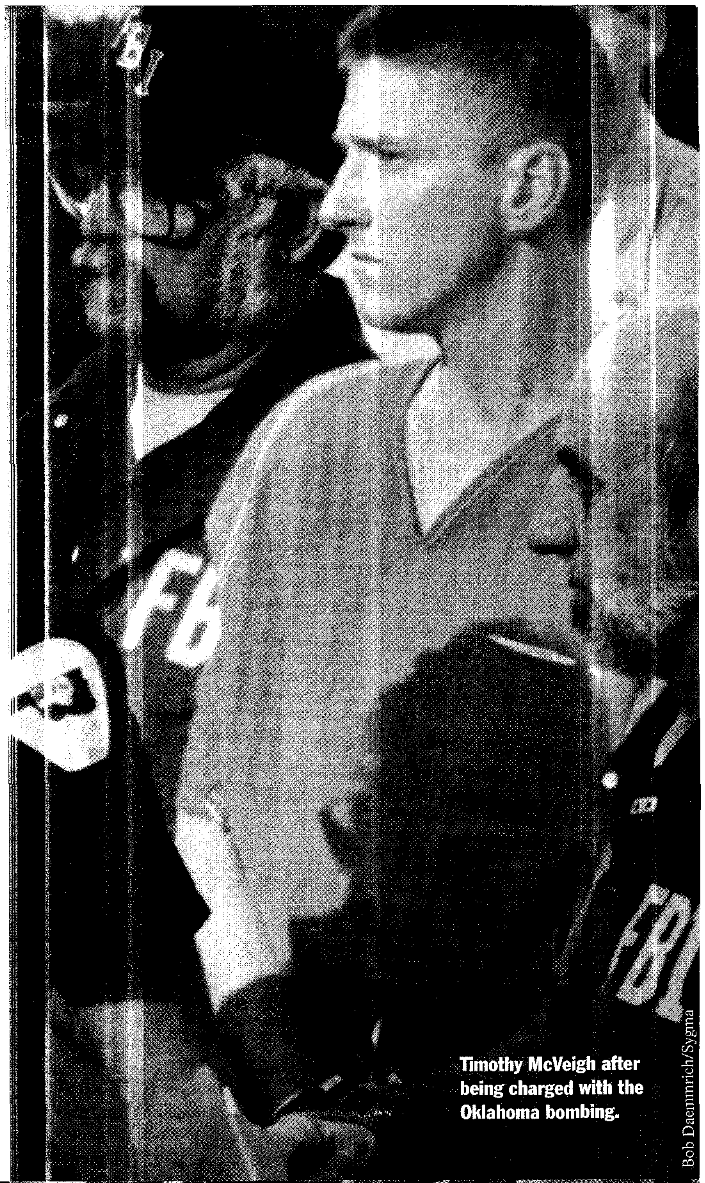


UPI/Bettmann

Republicans have coddled the looney-tunes right. Now Oklahoma City stands to do to Newt's revolution what Kathy Boudin and her friends did to the anti-war left

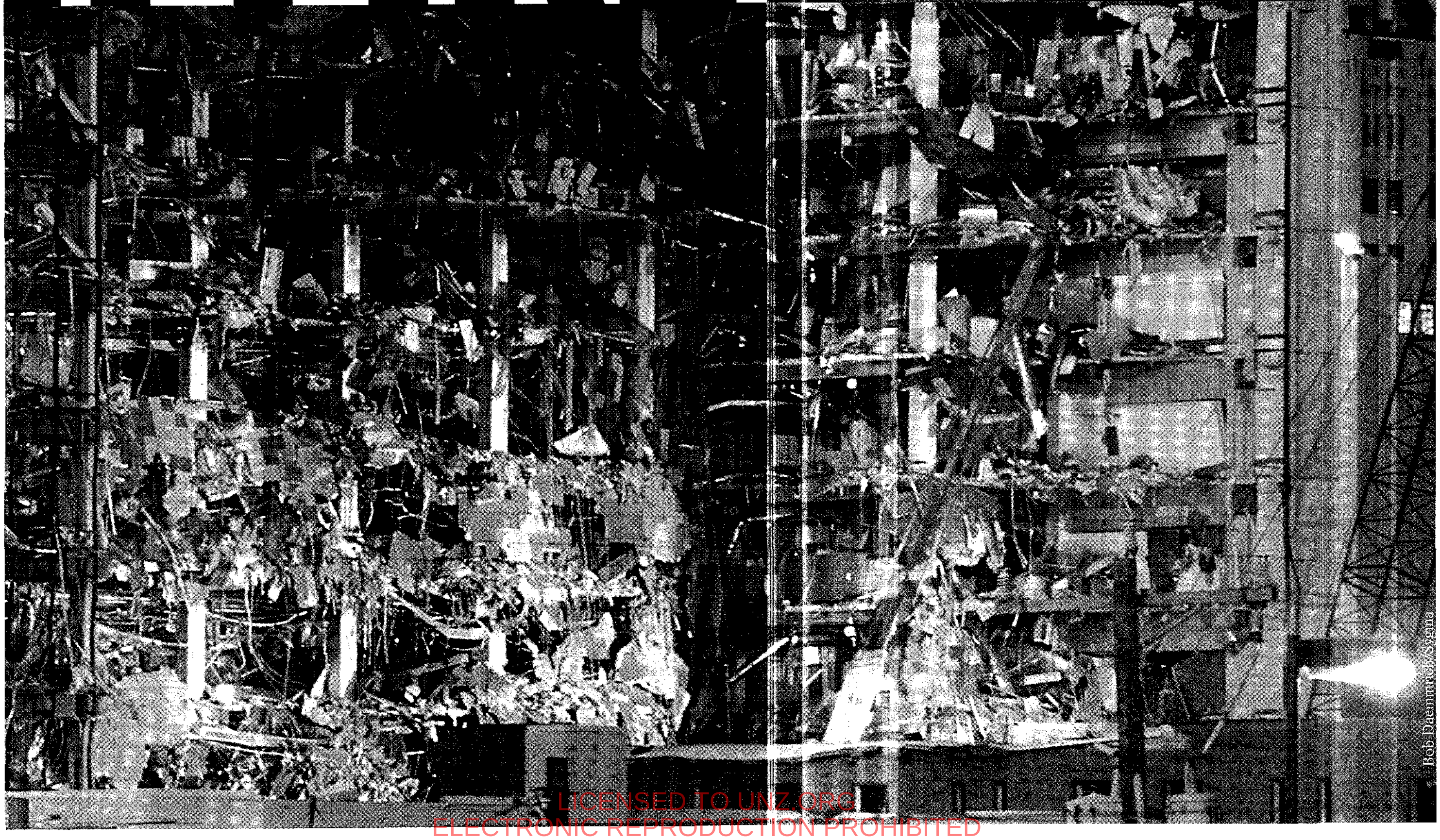
By Jacob Weisberg

# H FIRE



Timothy McVeigh after being charged with the Oklahoma bombing.

Bob Daemmrich/Sygma



Bob Daemmrich/Sygma

This penchant for damning opponents with tenuous and supercharged linkages may explain why Gingrich and his colleagues on the right have taken such umbrage at the suggestion that their rhetoric might have encouraged the likes of the Nichols brothers. They're resisting poetic justice. After visiting the bomb site before dawn one morning, Newt called any connection between the Oklahoma City tragedy and his own anti-government views "grotesque and offensive." Rush Limbaugh said making such connections constituted an "irresponsible" attempt by liberals to whip up "national hysteria." (This a few days after Limbaugh suggested that if we found out Arab countries were responsible, we should bomb the Middle East, starting with Qaddafi, "even if we don't know exactly who did it.") Don Nickles, one of Oklahoma's own Republican senators, said playing politics with the disaster was "almost beyond comprehension." George Will said it was "contemptible." William Safire said blaming talk-radio for the disaster was itself a form of "extremism."

These indignant responses are a bit rich when you consider where they're coming from. The blame game has been a major mode of conservative discourse for years now. It's hard to find a social ill or evil event that some conservative won't try to attribute to the permissiveness and moral relativism taken to be an adjunct of Democratic liberalism. Hence Dan Quayle's criticism of Murphy Brown for contributing to the illegitimacy boom, Rush Limbaugh's blaming AIDS and homelessness on the sixties, and the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page attacking "magazines published by thirtysomething women in New York" for leading midwestern girls to become prostitutes on Eighth Avenue (in an editorial that preposterously attributed blame for the 1993 slaying of abortion doctor David Gunn to the 1968 Democratic convention). Live by the sword, die by it, one is tempted to say . . . so to speak.

We must, however, tread carefully here. Determining the paternity of an idea doesn't in itself establish responsibility for an act. Liberals don't want to accept blame the next time a nut on the left (like the Unabomber) blows something up. Twenty-five years ago, the bombing of the University of Wisconsin math building in Madison and the townhouse explosion in New York—which made Weatherman Kathy Boudin notorious—didn't discredit the work of opponents to the Vietnam War who believed in nonviolent change. (Though many on the right thought it should have.) Likewise, the demented deed of someone who thought

# MARK FROM MICHIGAN, MEET TONY FROM THE CATSKILLS

**By Jeffrey Goldberg**

"HOW MANY PEOPLE HERE HATE JEWS?" TONY RUSSO ASKS the gathered militiamen. Silence. This is a big vote, being conducted largely for my benefit. This isn't Michigan, after all; it's Orange County, New York, and the militia is out to prove its sophistication.

The militiamen shift in their seats. The guy reading *The Spotlight,* the weekly newspaper of the extreme-right Liberty Lobby, scratches his knuckles. The guy with the tie clip in the shape of a revolver scratches his knuckles. Everybody's scratching his knuckles.

"Don't all raise your hands at once," Tony says. He winks at me. I wink back. No one raises a hand.

"There's good and bad in all people," Henry Williams announces. Henry is a self-described "consultant," and he's chairing tonight's meeting of the Orange County Committee of Correspondence. The committee was once known as the Orange County Militia, but that was well before the militia movement began experiencing public-relations problems. The former militiamen of the former militia—one of at least three such outfits in New York State—are letting me sit in on their Tuesday-night meeting at Tony Russo's pizza parlor in Goshen, a farming town in the black-dirt region of the Catskill foothills. Goshen is a little more than an hour from New York City, but it might as well be in Idaho.

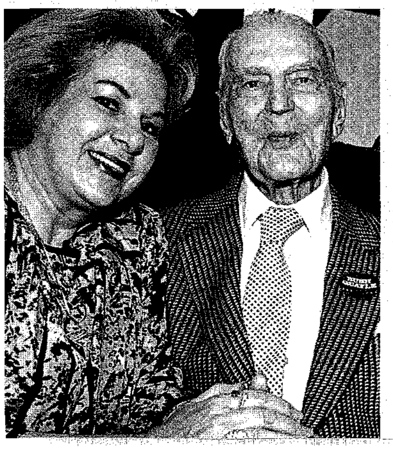
"It's a fact that the Jewish people control the media," Boyd Brewer says. He's the one reading *The Spotlight,* which this week features a laudatory review of the book *Black Helicopters Over America: Strikeforce for the New World Order.*

"*What,* Boyd?" Tony asks, grimacing at this impolitic statement.

"The majority of money in the country is controlled by Jews," Boyd continues. He's five feet six and looks virtually albino. "I know there are a lot of bad elements in the Jewish-Israel nation, but I have an open mind."

"We're giving Jeff some new territory tonight," Henry says, smiling nervously at me.

**Newlyweds Hamilton Fish Sr., 100, and Lydia Fish, 56, in 1988.**



Photograph by UPI/Bettmann.

I suggest to Tony that another vote might be in order.

"How many people agree with Boyd," Tony asks, "that the Jews control the media and the money?"

"Can I abstain?" someone asks, apparently seriously. The air is dense with the smell of pizza grease and, curiously, fertilizer.

"I think they've got about the same money as the Rockefellers," says Lydia Fish. She is the 62-year-old widow of Hamilton Fish Sr., the isolationist ex-congressman who died two years ago and whose grandson Hamilton Fish III is a liberal Democratic politician. Lydia Fish, one of two female members at the meeting, is well known around here as an unorthodox thinker. After the meeting, Lydia will walk me through the current issue of *The Spotlight* in an attempt to prove that it is not anti-Semitic.

"Did you know that Rockefeller was a Jewish person?" Boyd asks. "And Roosevelt."

"Roosevelt was Dutch," Lydia Fish says.

"He was Jewish too," Boyd says.

We're not speeding toward a vote.

"I was watching *Jeopardy!* the other night," says Thomas Kroll, a truck driver who has a piece of cotton wedged into his ear, "and the question was, what was the country that had the most foreign investment in America, and it wasn't Great Britain. It was *Israel.*" He's wrong.

"That's all anti-Semitic lies," Tony Russo says. "The committee," he says of the group's P.R. ambitions, "is trying to prove itself credible."

"We have two or three black members," Lydia tells me.

One of the black members, in fact, is sitting behind us. His name is John Hollis, and he works at Home Depot. He has thoughts on Oklahoma that he shares with the group. "Every action gets a reaction," John says. "We're going to be screwed by the power of the federal government." Later, John is told that the slaves were never freed, just transferred to federal ownership. How does he feel about this? "I feel miserable about it," he says, to laughter.

I ask John whether he thinks the Orange County Committee of Correspondence is racist. "I don't think any individual in this room is racist," he says.

Before the meeting, Tony and I sit at a table by the window, talking about the committee and how it's different from a militia. His wife, Laura, was behind the counter, slicing watermelon. "Get me some o' dat soul food," he yells to his wife. She brings the Army had implanted a microchip in his butt in no way invalidates arguments for a smaller, less powerful federal government. Such guilt-by-intellectual-association quickly becomes a trivializing game that poisons reasoned political debate.

But that said, drawing out connections between political ideology and events unforeseen by the ideologues isn't simply absurd. Ideas have consequences, as conservatives like to repeat, quoting the title of a book by Richard Weaver. The infamous *New York Review of Books* Molotov-cocktail cover of 1967 and Leonard Bernstein's "Radical Chic" party for the Black Panthers in 1970 *did* help to create the climate in which the Weathermen and the Symbionese Liberation Army flourished during the sixties and seventies. There was a connection between inflammatory left-wing rhetoric uttered by nonviolent people and the pathetic but nonetheless real efforts at violent revolution that took place during that era. Likewise, there is a link between the revolutionism of "Mark from Michigan" and the "revolution" demanded by Newt Gingrich. Violent lunatics are bound to appear at the fringes of any powerful radical movement for change. It is how the outriders are handled that reveals the moral character of the movement as a whole.

And it is here that the Republicans are due for a little soul-searching. Discussion of the Oklahoma bombing last week took place on such an abstract plane, one would think that all McVeigh and Newt shared was generalized distaste for broad federal authority. If that were the extent of the affinity, Safire and Will would be absolutely right. In fact, the connection is far more specific and disturbing. The fringe right has been a welcome guest at Newt Gingrich's party just as the Black Panthers were at Lenny's. Some on the not-so-far right have come close to encouraging violence, both in specific concerns they have adopted as their own and in the tone they have taken in demonizing their opponents. Much of their rhetoric amounts to, as Orwell wrote of the pro-Stalin left in thirties Britain, "a kind of playing with fire by people who don't even know that fire is hot."

There are plenty of people on the right who have legitimate causes, but there are also some who don't: protesters who think it's okay to harass patients exercising their constitutional rights to have abortions (as sixties anti-war protesters harassed professors and students exercising their constitutional rights to speak and assemble); western agriculturalists who flout government regulations on public land. Another false issue is the allegation that the Alcohol, To-

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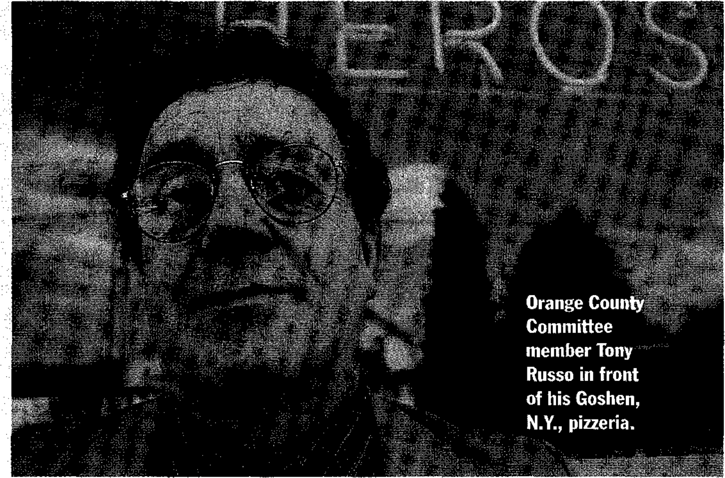
over a slice of watermelon. "Why is it a black food?" he asks me. "I guess I'm gonna get dark."

OF THE SEVENTEEN PEOPLE WHO SHOW UP TO THE MEETING, IT IS TONY and Henry who are the most eager to portray the committee not as armed, feverish conspiracists but rather as a collection of independent thinkers fed up with big government. Before the Oklahoma bombing, they even expelled from the group a member with particularly radical anti-government ideas named Walter Reddy, who, like so many militia types around the country, has been telling all who will listen that the CIA was behind the bombing. "I think it was just too pat the way this thing happened," Reddy says.

But the remaining members of the committee eat from the same stew of paranoia and fear that feeds Reddy and the militias in Arizona and Michigan. They obsess about Waco no less than the Internet revolutionaries, and they have similarly unusual, Pat Robertsonian views about the Federal Reserve. They dream of discarding their Social Security numbers and living like true American patriots.


Orange County Committee member Tony Russo in front of his Goshen, N.Y., pizzeria.

Not that they support the Oklahoma bombing. They start the meeting with a resolution to raise money for its victims. They plan to place donation boxes in stores.

"Should we say on the boxes that the militia is doing it?" Boyd asks.

"*What* militia?" Tony Russo barks, his neck reddening. Boyd can be such a troublemaker. "We're not a militia; we're a *committee*."

"Well, we're all in the militia, the unorganized militia," says Henry, flashing Boyd his teeth. "Even Jeff is in the militia."

Henry is referring to a root belief of far-right thinking, that ordinary citizens are compelled to take up arms when called to defend their county by their sheriff. Though the Orange County Committee members say they don't drill the way other militias do—"We're an educational committee," Tony repeats—they assure me that they are ready to grab their shotguns to protect even *my* property rights. "If the government is trying to dispossess you from your land," member Hayes McCardall tells me, "I'll come to your aid, and I have guns." Fortunately, I rent.

Though they claim no military function, the committee members do have links to the wider militia movement. Tony Russo says he's been in telephone contact with Mark Koernke, the newly infamous leader of the Michigan militia. Tony says he told Koernke to lay off the militaristic talk.

"I don't think he's paranoid—just overly concerned," Tony says. "Waco made a lot of people paranoid. If you want to take precautions, get a good inside dog. But you can't beat the ATF. They've got sophisticated weapons. I told him that."

How did Koernke respond?

"He called me an asshole."

Local authorities might not think Russo's group is entirely moderate, though. One source says an Internet message from a Texas militia leader is circulating among members of the Orange County group. It's the text of a handbook called *How to Activate the Constitutional Militia in Your Area*. "Set up an alert system. If feasible, set up neighborhood sirens or other sonic alert signals," it says. "Secure entire areas against attack." The document also recommends: "Do some fun things. Parties, picnics, and other events for the entire family."

By 10 P.M., most of the committee members have vented their emotions about the IRS and the ATF. In the corners, though, sit two men who haven't spoken at all. They are silent in that he-always-kept-to-himself sort of way. They slip out quietly when the meeting breaks up.

As it does, a thin, sun-baked man with dirt in his beard makes his way to where I'm sitting. He is the source of that sweet fertilizer smell. He says his name is Roger Smith. I ask him if he's a farmer. He laughs, realizing that I'm picking up his odor. "Actually, I'm a landscaper."

He tells me about his problems with the local government. They want him to clean up his front lawn, he says. It's covered with topsoil and wood and old lawnmowers, but so what? It's his land, and he'll do as he pleases. "Sometimes I get so mad at them," he says.

I guess you work with a lot of fertilizer, I say.

"Yep, but none of that chemical stuff. I raise my own rabbits, so I use mostly rabbit manure." He pauses for a moment and catches me staring at him.

"I don't think rabbit manure would make a very good bomb," he says earnestly, "if that's what you're thinking." ■

Photograph by Susan Harris.

bacco and Firearms division of the Treasury Department, by enforcing gun laws, is waging war on American citizens. What these disparate populist campaigns have in common is the deranged conviction that democratic means are not sufficient to change things and that extra-legal action is warranted. Rightists can try to repeal the assault-weapons ban and the Brady Bill through the political process (though it seems a little mad). But when they try to render them null by dismantling or intimidating the body that enforces them, they become vigilantes, a mob.

What is remarkable is the extent to which mainstream Republicans have been willing to make these fringe issues their own. One hour before the Oklahoma City bombing, Phil Gramm was at a campaign appearance in Council Bluffs, Iowa, lambasting the ATF in response to a question from an NRA-nik. “I want to take away their enforcement authority,” he said, according to the Omaha *World Herald.*

Felicia and Leonard Bernstein with their guest Don Cox in 1970.

Gramm is not the only nationally powerful Republican to lend his imprimatur to the enterprise of demonizing the ATF. The National Rifle Association caucus in the House has a quadruple obsession with gun-control laws, the ATF, Waco, and the 1992 shoot-out in which two members of Randy Weaver’s family were killed, along with a federal agent, in Idaho. Congresswoman Helen Chenoweth, a freshman who represents the Weaver district and who campaigned on the slogan “It’s the Anglo-Saxon male that’s endangered today,” is probably the most extreme member of the House gun club. Last month, Chenoweth held a hearing in Boise where she assailed “excessive force” by federal law enforcement. Present were more than fifteen members of the United States Militia Association, which had worked on Chenoweth’s campaign. Present also was the group’s leader, Samuel Sherwood, who a month later urged a crowd to “go up and look legislators in the face because someday you may have to blow it off.” According to the Idaho *Spokesman-Review,* one attendee at Chenoweth’s hearing praised Claude Dallas, an Idahoan now in jail for the assassination of two game wardens in 1981.

Chenoweth plans to introduce a bill requiring federal agents to obtain written permission from local sheriffs to carry weapons; but first she plans to introduce another one saying they need local permission to conduct searches and seizures. This is an issue only meaningful to extremists associated with the “county supremacy” movement and the Posse Comitatus, who believe that sheriffs are the highest legal authority in the country. Chenoweth’s legislation would provide a legal defense for people who follow G. Gordon Liddy’s well-publicized tips on how to properly gun down an ATF agent. Rush Limbaugh said on Monday that there was “absolutely no connection between these [militia] nuts and mainstream conservatism in America today.” He should have a chat with Representative Chenoweth, who last week said that we “must begin to look at the public policies that may be pushing people too far.”

Chenoweth’s ultra-devolutionist views are shared by many of those Newt appointed to a Republican task force to examine (repeal of) gun-control laws. The seven-member committee includes not only Chenoweth but Steve Stockman, a Texas freshman who was once homeless. It was Stockman who received the oblique warning about the Oklahoma bombing over his fax, which makes sense if you know a little about him. On the NRA Internet site, one can find the chilling March 22 letter from Stockman to Attorney General Janet Reno: “It has come to my attention through a number of reliable sources that an impending raid, by several Federal agencies, against the ‘citizen’s militias’ groups, is scheduled for March 25 or 26 at 4:00 A.M.” The notion was patently absurd and the “reliable” sources were obviously the militiamen themselves.

Stockman goes on to warn Reno of the consequences of “a paramilitary style attack against Americans who pose no risk to others, even if violations of criminal law might be imputed to them.” In other words, declares the congressman, we shouldn’t arrest these people even if they’re breaking the law! Another letter warning against the raids was sent to Reno by Senators Larry Craig (Idaho) and Lauch Faircloth (North Carolina). The NRA-Republican pipeline is apparent to anyone who frequents the Capitol. At a hearing in February, Rep. Ernest Istook of Oklahoma shouted at a Treasury official who oversees the ATF. He was furious that the ATF was computerizing its records of arms-dealer-license holders. “Why in God’s name wouldn’t we want these records?” the Treasury official barked back. Why indeed?

In fact, the entire current gun debate is suffused with crackpottery. The case for relegalizing assault weapons is absurd—unless, that is, you believe you’re preparing for imminent government occupation or civil war. There are a lot of people out there who in varying degrees subscribe to this millenarian paranoia, and conservative politicians clearly want their support. In a March meeting with the NRA, Gingrich himself promised to investigate Waco and the Weaver shoot-out. He also said he would hold hearings on how gun laws are used, as he put it, “to hassle the innocent while violent criminals go free,” according to the Arizona *Republic.*

Guns are not the only issue. The conservative fringe is obsessed, for instance, with paranoid theories about the death of Vince Foster. Like the obsession with the ATF, this fixation betrays an unsettling wackiness. Several investigations have now concluded that Foster killed himself. Efforts to show that he may have been murdered as part of some shadowy Clintonite conspiracy do not testify to a healthy skepticism. Republicans like Alfonse D’Amato who continue to harp on this issue are simply providing red meat for Oliver Stone’s equivalents on the delusional right. Likewise, few Republicans have distanced themselves from Pat Robertson’s anti-Semitic theorizings or from Jerry Falwell’s vending of books and videotapes about murders Clinton has allegedly committed (a staple of militia literature). Orange County Congressman Bob Dornan, Republican candidate for president, even endorsed them. When Oliver North said during his Virginia

Photograph by Steve Salmieri.

Senate campaign that Clinton was not his commander-in-chief, the party apparat stood by him. When Jesse Helms advised the president to steer clear of North Carolina if he cared for his own safety, most Republicans flinched from decrying the remark as incendiary and unpatriotic. Nor was there any great hue and cry from the right when Gingrich called the Clintons "the enemies of normal Americans." This even though there have been two attempts by deranged people on the president's life: one by plane, the other by assault weapon.

If conservatives must answer for their dabbling in the phony issues of the looney-tunes right, they also need to consider the tone of their anti-government rhetoric. This February, Limbaugh prophesied: "The second violent American revolution is just about—I got my fingers about a fourth of an inch apart—is just about that far away. Because these people are sick and tired of a bunch of bureaucrats in Washington driving into town and telling them what they can and can't do." A few months ago, a memo from GOP political consultant Frank Luntz advised Republicans to "focus the general rhetorical attack on the Washington bureaucracy," because bureaucrats don't have friends.

To be fair, much of this is unthinking rather than actively vicious. But such rhetoric can be dangerous in certain literal-minded sectors of the West, where the lack of friends has become acutely risky to federal employees. As a New York *Times* story related last week, officials of the various agencies of the Interior Department are treated like an army of occupation in parts of Nevada, Montana, and Idaho; they work in fear of being shot by "Wise Use" radicals who want to exploit public lands and of being illegally arrested by latter-day Buford T. Pussers. In this climate, demonizing "bureaucrats" amounts to a shout of "fire" in a crowded theater. Republicans can say that they didn't know the theater was crowded. Well, now they know. On *This Week With David Brinkley* a few days after the bombing, George Will noted that suspicion of the federal power is our oldest tradition, one that goes back to Jefferson and Madison. Of course it does. But Gramm and Gingrich and the others now have an obligation to express their views in a more Madisonian—a more *American*—manner.

The conservative economist Herbert Stein had a prescient column in the *Wall Street Journal* just before the bombing, in which he tweaked his fellow Republicans for demagogically championing "the people" against a demonic government. "The government is an instrument by which people organize to conduct their relations with one another," Stein wrote. If we don't like it, we can change it. We can make it smaller, we can hand powers back to the states. But all of us, Republicans included, owe the government our respect. The alternative, as we have just seen, is too horrible to contemplate. ■

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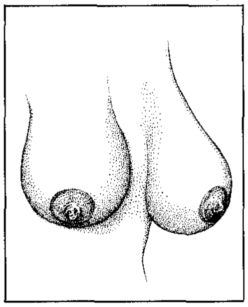
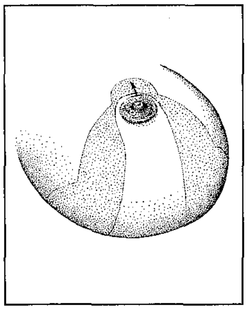
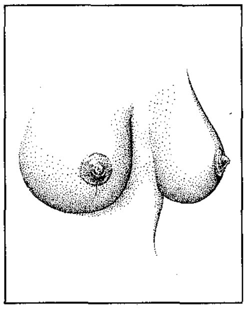


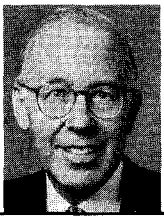
*Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.*



*Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.*



*The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.*



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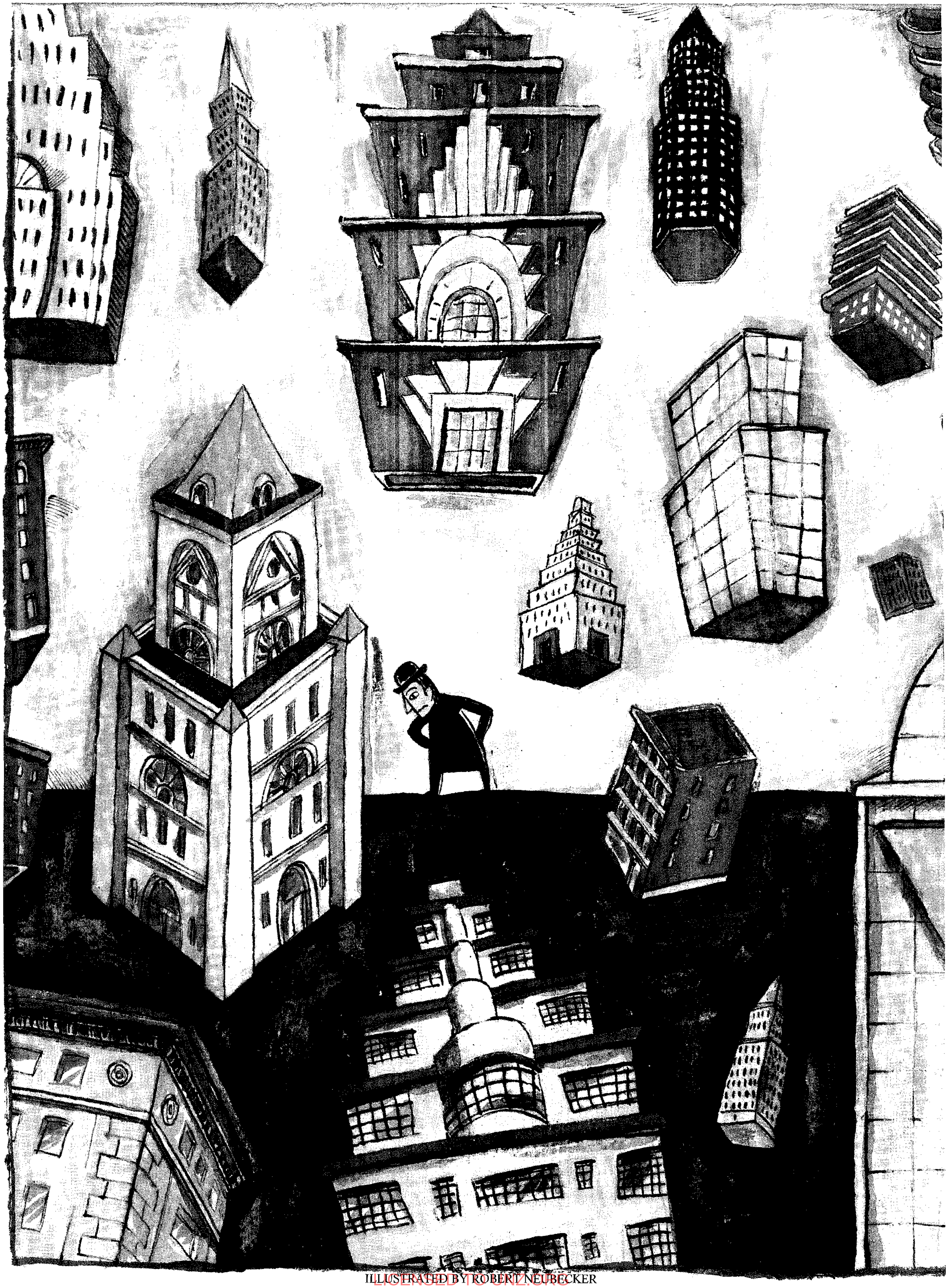

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT NEUBECKER
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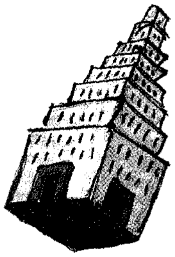


# Why We Must End Rent Control Now

*New York City has the most unfair, overpriced, byzantine housing market in the country. There's a simple solution. By Malcolm Gladwell*

JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT ON JULY 7, 1993, IN ONE OF THOSE RARE MOMENTS WHEN THE INTENTIONS OF GOVERNMENT ARE REVEALED in perfect clarity, the Legislature in Albany passed the Rent Regulation Reform Act. For weeks before, Republicans in the Senate and Democrats in the Assembly had argued back and forth over New York City's notoriously convoluted system of rent control. The Republicans wanted to limit the number of people covered by the system. The Democrats wanted to preserve affordable housing. Finally, they compromised. Henceforth, the Legislature declared, all apartments renting for more than $2,000 a month to households making more than $250,000 a year would lose their rent protections.

**IT'S A SYSTEM WHERE PEOPLE WITH REALLY GREAT DEALS ON THEIR APARTMENTS PROTECT THE INTERESTS OF OTHER PEOPLE WITH REALLY GREAT DEALS ON THEIR APARTMENTS.**

Luxury decontrol, as it is known, was billed as the most profound change in New York's rent system in 25 years, an attempt to make sure that the very richest New Yorkers did not benefit from a system designed to help the poor. But that is not what it was at all, which is why the 1993 act serves as such a wonderful introduction to the grotesqueries of New York City rent regulation.

The law—to restate what the Legislature did its best to downplay—*de*controlled only those apartments renting to rich people for *more than* $2,000 a month. In other words, millionaires lucky enough to have, say, a $450-a-month three-bedroom on Central Park West are fine. The same is true for an investment banker paying, say, $600 for two floors of a West Village townhouse or $1,200 a month for an entire floor of a Park Avenue prewar. In a stroke of matchless cynicism, the Legislature passed a law with the exact opposite effect of its stated intention. After all, if you truly wanted to make rent control more fair, wouldn't you abolish it for rich people who pay *less than* $2,000 a month in rent?

In the next few years, the new administration of Governor Pataki—and perhaps even the Republican-controlled Congress—is likely to make a real attempt to reform New York's rent system. Pataki, in fact, is scheduled to make his first major address on the subject this week before a group of New York landlords. Any reform efforts will no doubt occasion a great hue and cry from one end of the city to the other. Widows and welfare moms will be trotted out for the television cameras. Every renter in the city will be warned by tenant groups of crippling rent increases and eviction. Don't be fooled. Remember the lesson of luxury decontrol. Rent regulation is not about fairness or about protecting the poor. It is a system where people with really great deals on their apartments protect the interests of other people with really great deals on their apartments.

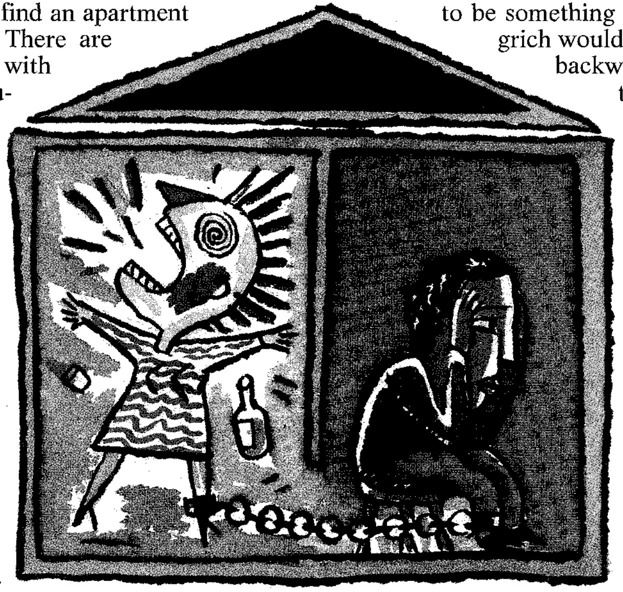
NEW YORK CITY HAS THE WORST HOUSING CRISIS in the country. This is one thing that everyone involved in the fight over rent regulation can agree on. It has one of the country's largest and most affluent concentrations of professionals, yet virtually the only way the city can get middle-class housing built is by offering huge tax breaks. For years, it has spent more on building and subsidizing low-income housing than every other city in the country *combined*, yet it is probably harder for a poor person to find an apartment here than it is anywhere else. There are 375,000 households in the city with "worst-case housing needs": doubled up in apartments, or paying at least half their income in rent, or desperate to move out of run-down or dangerous buildings. Even at the high end of the market, apartments are so scarce that a one-bedroom that would go for $1,000 in Philadelphia can easily fetch twice that in Manhattan. And the shortage has created an enormously expensive and convoluted real-estate brokerage system in which prospective tenants pay upwards of 15 percent of a year's rent for the privilege of having someone else find them an overpriced apartment. Today, with the rental market tighter than at any point since the late eighties, New York's vacancy rate—the proportion of the city's apartments officially empty and up for rent—is 3.44 percent and dropping. For purposes of comparison, any city with a vacancy rate below 5 percent is considered by economists to be in a housing emergency. Boston is at 6.6 percent. The Chicago area is at 7.3 percent. The Philadelphia area is at 8.7 percent. The national average is 7.6 percent, more than twice that of New York. Somehow, virtually alone among major American cities, New York City has managed to screw up its apartment market.

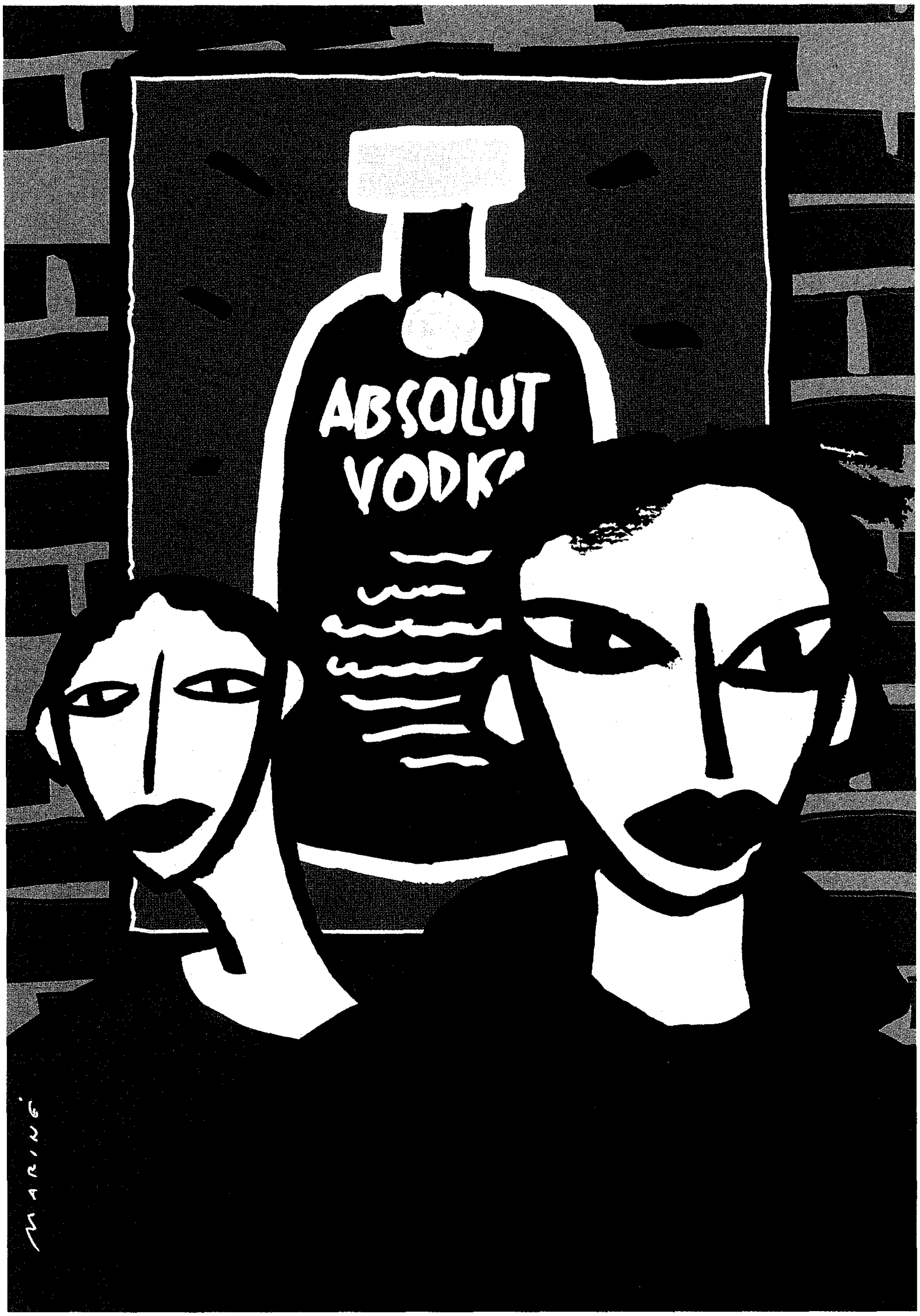
Why? The argument that has been made for years in New York is that rent regulation is not the cause of New York's housing problems but rather a response to them. The reason rent control was first imposed in New York City in 1943, for instance, was because World War II had created a serious housing shortage and landlords were jacking up rents. The state said at the time—and it is still the case—that if the vacancy rate in New York City ever rose above 5 percent, rent control would be discarded entirely. And it was only because rents were once more out of control in the city's newer, unregulated apartment buildings that the city stepped in again in 1969, creating the even broader regulatory scheme known as rent stabilization.

It is not always self-evident how these two rent schemes—taken together—could mess up the city's housing market. Rent control, the more Draconian of the systems, covers only about 100,000 of the city's 2 million apartments: prewar flats where the tenant has been residing continuously since the beginning of the seventies. The law permits rent increases of 7.5 percent a year, and when a tenant moves or dies, the landlord is permitted to raise the rent on the apartment to fairly close to market levels. How bad can that be?

Stabilization, which covers 900,000 apartments, actually sounds on paper like an intelligent way of balancing the competing interests of landlords and tenants. Every year, the state calculates what it thinks a fair rent increase is, and landlords pass that on to their tenants. (Last year it was 2 percent.) If an apartment turns over, the landlord is permitted what is called a vacancy increase of 5 percent to cover repainting and renting costs. If a landlord wants to renovate an unoccupied apartment, he gets to raise his rents in order to cover the costs of the work. Again, what's wrong with this?

The presumption in this city in favor of rent regulation is so strong that reforming the system is automatically assumed to be something only outsiders like Pataki and Gingrich would want. But this is almost completely backward. Rent regulation isn't a solution to the city's housing crisis. It's the *cause* of the city's housing crisis. New Yorkers may think that they are beneficiaries of the system. But if they understood what rent regulation does, they would realize that they are actually its victims. Rent reform, in fact, is seemingly one of those Rich Conservative White Guy political issues that really should transcend class and ideology—almost everyone in town stands to benefit. Everyone, that is, except the people with really great deals on their apartments who have so far managed to rig the system in favor of other people with really great deals on their apartments.





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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

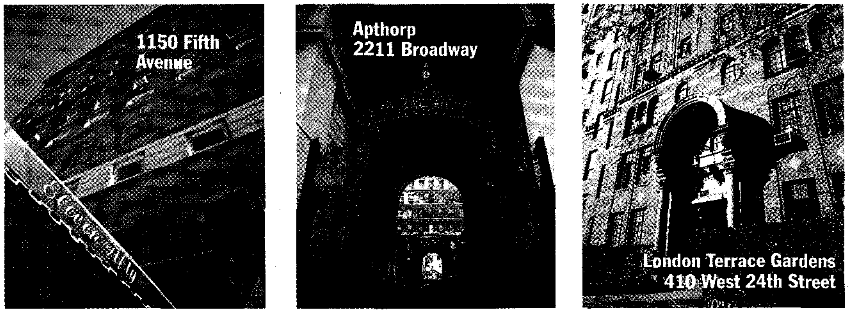
THE FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT THING THAT ditching rent regulation would do is lower rents. Not all rents, of course. But most rents.

Consider the example of the London Terrace Gardens in Chelsea, the gorgeous, block-long prewar building with 1,000 apartments, most of them one-bedrooms. Right now, about 300 of them are controlled, with rents in the $400-to-$700 range, and another 100 or so are stabilized, renting in the $500-to-$700 range. The balance of the one-bedrooms go for market rates—anywhere up to $1,800 a month.

If New York were decontrolled tomorrow, the $600 one-bedrooms would obviously become pricier overnight. But the cost wouldn't rise to $1,800. Why? Because just as deregulation raises the lowest rents, it also lowers the highest rents. Right now, the average rent in the London Terrace is $1,000 a month. According to the estimate of the building's general manager, Andrew Hoffman, that average would more or less stay the same if rent regulation were abolished. This means that people with the cushiest deals would pay more, but the suckers now shelling out the artificially inflated $1,800 rent would get a much-deserved windfall.

“If market forces came into play, things would change dramatically,” says Hoffman. “But I can't imagine the bottom line for us changing. . . . The rents would be shifted more than anything.”

## RENT-CONTROL NIRVANA



*In* The Bonfire of the Vanities, *Tom Wolfe made a legend of the rent-controlled love nest. In fact, many buildings in prime locations feature rent-controlled apartments.*

**Upper East Side**
*12, 14, 16, 18 East 62nd Street*
*30, 32, 34 East 68th Street*
*12 East 72nd Street*
*14, 16 East 77th Street*
*59 East 79th Street*
*11 East 80th Street*
*530 Park Avenue*
*737 Park Avenue*
*820 Park Avenue*
*823 Park Avenue*
*890 Park Avenue*
*957 Park Avenue*
*1175 Park Avenue*
*965 Fifth Avenue*
*1049 Fifth Avenue*
*1160 Fifth Avenue*

**Midtown/Downtown**
*37 Beekman Place*
*2 Sutton Place South*
*4 Gramercy Park North*
*38 Gramercy Park*

**Upper West Side**
*13–16 Central Park West*
*17–21 Central Park West*
*241 Central Park West*
*275 Central Park West*
*291 Central Park West*
*257 Central Park West*
*295 Central Park West*
*300 Central Park West*
*25, 35 West 81st Street*
*14, 16 West 86th Street*

Source: New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal. Figures are from 1993, the most recent year for which data are available.

If this seems hard to believe, think about it another way. The cardinal rule of New York real estate is that anyone with a great deal never gives up his apartment. He hangs on to it. He passes it on to sons and daughters. He sublets it illegally. He keeps it for weekends, even if he moves out of the city. For example, fewer than 5 percent of apartments renting for less than $400 a month turn over in a given year. And most of that turnover is sub rosa, conducted privately through family members or friends. The percentage of apartments in this price range that actually make it on the market—that are vacant even for a day—is even lower, a little more than one percent, or just a few dozen apartments a week throughout the city. The annual turnover rate for apartments renting for more than $800 a month, by contrast, tops 20 percent, and the average vacancy rate there is more than 5 percent.

Do the math. There are roughly 250,000 rent-controlled and -stabilized apartments in New York renting for less than $400 a month that virtually never come on the market. There are another 400,000 apartments renting for between $400 and $600 that almost never come on the market. That means that everyone looking for a new apartment, then, is fighting for leftovers: the subset of much more expensive apartments that aren't nearly as desirable. This scramble for sloppy seconds, in turn, pushes the rents even higher, which is why the few one-bedrooms that do regularly turn over in the London Terrace go for nearly twice their presumed free-market value.

If, on the other hand, New York eliminated regulation, all sorts of interesting things would start happening. There are, for example, more than 230,000 households in New York City that spend less than 15 percent of their income on rent—people who make, say, $75,000 a year and pay $800 a month for their apartments. In every other city in the country, nearly all the people in this income class own their own homes. But in New York, an awful lot of well-to-do people have such great apartment deals that they don't bother to become owners. They hang on to their cheap apartments in the city and spend their extra money on summer houses in the Hamptons. If rent regulation were lifted—and rents at the low end of the scale went up $300 or $400 or $500 a month overnight—a lot of those 230,000 would do what upper-middle-class people are supposed to do: leave the rental market. They would buy co-ops on West End Avenue or houses in Queens.

Others who hold their cheap Manhattan apartments as pieds-à-terre would simply give them up. Then there would be people who couldn't afford the new rents. They would have to move out of the choicest neighborhoods in Manhattan to cheaper parts of town, or to New Jersey, or to smaller apartments down the street.

As a result, many of those apartments at the bottom—the 400 London Terrace one-bedrooms now renting at $500 and $700 a month, for example—would start to come on the market with the same frequency as more-expensive apartments. This sudden rise in the number of available apartments would dramatically ease the city's apartment shortage, and rents would fall precipitously.

New York City had a little taste of this bounty in the late eighties, when a rash of new apartment buildings were built (mostly on Manhattan's East Side) at the same time the city's economy began to falter.

“We had a kind of bulge of 27,000, 28,000 new units, compared to the usual absorption of 5,000 units a year, and that produced a lot of softness in the market,” says Arthur Zabarkes, director of the Real Estate Institute at NYU.

How soft? Between 1987 and 1990, rents plummeted in the neighborhoods where the new buildings went up. For example, Upper East Side non-doorman studios dropped 35 percent. One-bedrooms in the non-doorman buildings dropped from an average of $1,400 month to $1,100 a month, and two-bedrooms that used to go for $2,300 dropped to $1,625. And all because an extra 30,000 units came on the market. Some economists predict that in the first few years of deregulation, 200,000 apartments might flood the market. Imagine the softness then.

In a massive 1992 study, Henry Pollakowski of Harvard University's Joint Center for Housing Studies tried to put a figure on just what the effect would be of decontrolling everything in Manhattan below 96th Street. His estimate was that real free-market rents in Manhattan would be just above the midpoint between the great deals of rent control and stabilization and the ridiculously high rents at the other end. By his calculations, for example, one-bedrooms in a building like London Terrace would now all go for about $1,100, which means that half the tenants

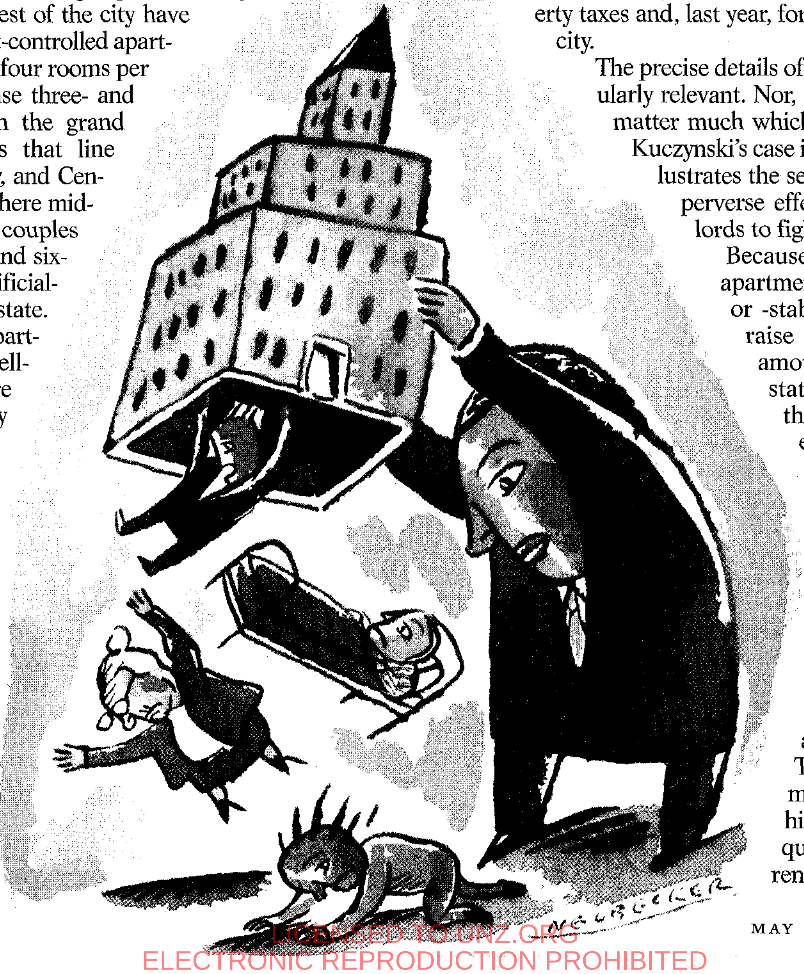
Photographs by Greg Miller.

**AS UNIMAGINABLE AS IT SOUNDS, AFTER DEREGULATION IT WOULD BE JUST AS CHEAP TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN AS IT IS TO LIVE IN BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO, OR CHICAGO.**

in the building would pay significantly more rent and half would pay significantly less. In some neighborhoods, this effect would be more pronounced than in others. The highest rents would come down a little less—and bottom rents would come up a little more—on the Upper East Side. On the Lower East Side, the average rent, according to the Harvard scenario, would fall by about $30 a month. The overall effect, however, would be the same. Gone would be the days when some New Yorkers enjoyed the cheapest urban housing in the country and others were forced to hock their futures just to put a roof over their heads. After deregulation, Manhattan would end up with rents comparable to those in middle-class areas of other major U.S. cities. As unimaginable as it sounds, it would be just as cheap to live in Manhattan as it is to live in Boston, San Francisco, or Chicago.

This kind of "big bang" would cause enormous social upheaval in New York. But it wouldn't be as disruptive as people think. First of all, few people think that an end to rent regulation would have any real impact on rents in Harlem or in the other boroughs (outside of, say, Brooklyn Heights). Most rents in the outer boroughs are already pretty close to what they would be in a free market. In fact, in some neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Queens, landlords don't even take the rent increases to which they are entitled. The market simply isn't strong enough to charge more.

So deregulation would have by far the most effect in middle and lower Manhattan. Who are the people who would lose the most? First of all, they are old. The median age of the rent-*controlled* tenant in New York is 70, compared with 40 for all of New York's apartments. Three quarters are white. They live overwhelmingly in Manhattan, and they have—by New York standards—huge apartments. A quarter of all rent-controlled tenants have apartments with at least four rooms per person—only one in twelve people in the rest of the city have places that big. Half of all rent-controlled apartments have between two and four rooms per tenant. These are the immense three- and four-bedroom apartments in the grand prewar apartment buildings that line West End Avenue, Broadway, and Central Park West: apartments where middle- and upper-middle-class couples raised children in the fifties and sixties and then stayed, their artificially low rents protected by the state. A lot of people with great apartment deals are also quite well-off—in fact, many of them are well-off precisely because they pay so little rent.



Of course, some of the elderly who would be affected are not at all wealthy. They would be forced to move if rents were deregulated. The process of finding them new, affordable apartments, however, doesn't have to be either painful or sudden. The city could give the poorest or the oldest of protected tenants extra time and help to find somewhere else to live. The city could also give financial assistance to those among the displaced who couldn't afford even a smaller apartment. In fact, such a program already exists. Any New Yorker over 62 making less than $15,000 a year pays no more than a third of his or her income in rent. The city, through tax breaks to the landlord, picks up the rest.

The fact is, though, there is nothing intolerably mean-spirited about asking a 70-year-old widow in a seven-room apartment on Central Park West to move into something smaller and cheaper. That's what old folks do everywhere else in the country. And whatever pain might be caused by that move is more than offset by the pain now inflicted on younger working families, who find themselves priced out of the housing market in New York by a system that lets one class of Manhattanites lucky enough to have landed fabulous apartments in the forties, fifties, and sixties screw over everyone else.

"It's ridiculous," says London Terrace's Hoffman. "A person is spending $600 for an apartment, it's not that they deserve it. They're just lucky. They won the apartment lottery."

TEN YEARS AGO, SLAWOMIR KUCZYNSKI, A POLISH IMMIGRANT, bought an elegant prewar building at the corner of 110th Street and Seventh Avenue. The property has spectacular views of the park, and high ceilings and spacious three- and four-bedroom apartments that, during the period Kuczynski owned the building, rented for somewhere between $150 and $450 a month.

With that kind of rent roll, Kuczynski broke even only if every one of his tenants paid his or her rent in full. They seldom did. The tenants claimed that Kuczynski wasn't doing the necessary repairs and was trying to force them out. He said they were trying to get out of paying their rent. After housing court cut back Kuczynski's rents, he fell behind on his property taxes and, last year, forfeited his building to the city.

The precise details of the dispute aren't particularly relevant. Nor, for our purposes, does it matter much which party was in the right. Kuczynski's case is interesting because it illustrates the second of rent regulation's perverse effects: It encourages landlords to fight with their tenants.

Because all of the building's apartments were rent-controlled or -stabilized, Kuczynski could raise rents above the legal amount permitted by the state only if the tenants in those units moved. And, except in rare cases, only if his tenants left could Kuczynski step in and renovate the apartments, thereby winning the right to permanently raise rents to cover the cost of construction.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out how absurd this system is. The more a landlord can move tenants in and out of his apartments, the more quickly he can raise his rents. Take, for example,

**ONLY NEW YORK IS STUPID ENOUGH TO HAVE CREATED A RENT-REGULATION SYSTEM IN WHICH LANDLORDS CAN THRIVE ONLY BY DRIVING THEIR TENANTS AWAY.**

one of Kuczynski's rent-stabilized $300-a-month three-bedrooms. If the apartment was occupied in 1990 and the tenant never moved, then the most the rent could be today—given the stabilization increases of the past five years—is $352 a month. But say the tenant in that apartment left in 1990, and each subsequent tenant stayed only a year. And say Kuczynski took the opportunity of the vacancy in 1990 to renovate the kitchen, at a cost of $10,000. Five years of annual vacancy allowances plus the monthly renovation allowance means that same apartment today rents for almost $800 a month.

Under those circumstances, what landlord in his right mind wouldn't want to push his tenants out?

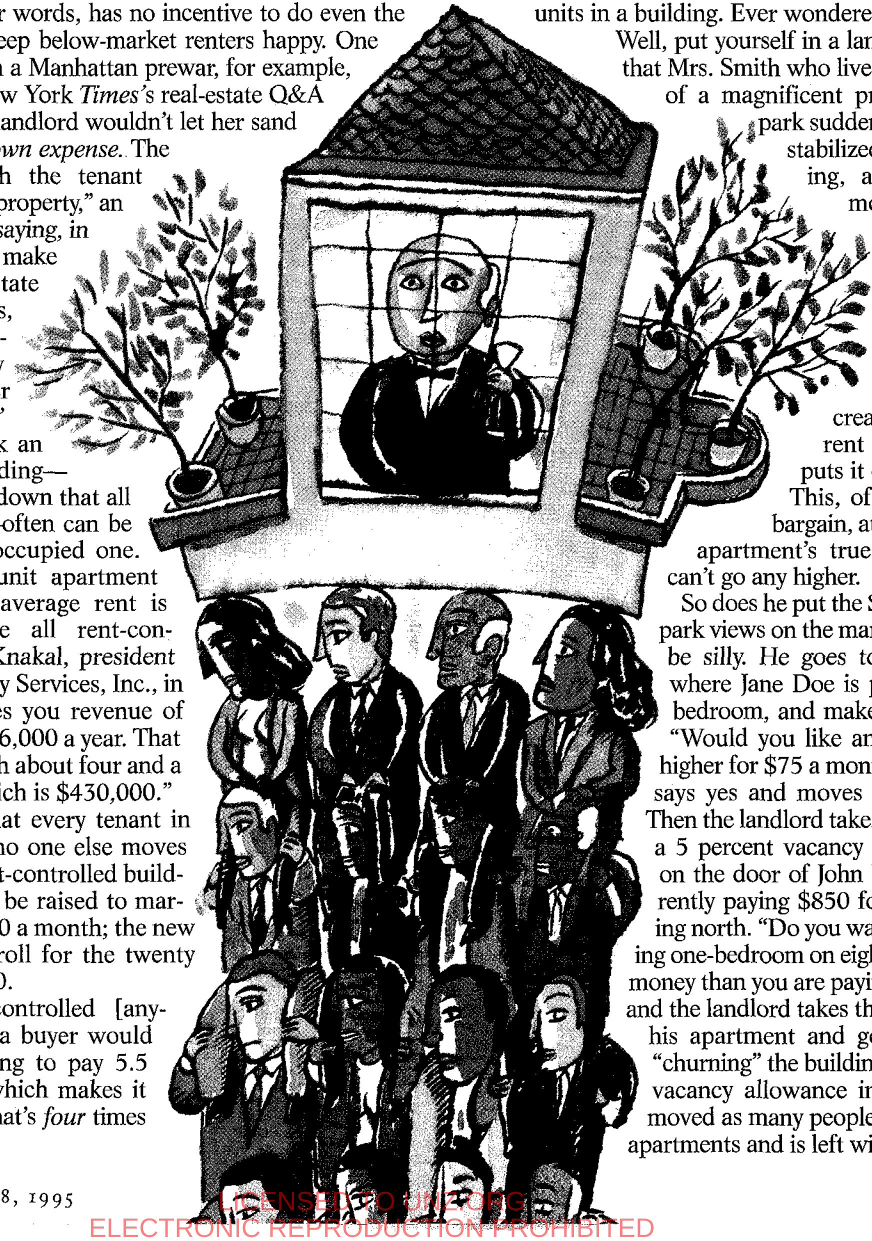
"One of the perverse aspects of rent regulation is that the buildings that are miserable, that have a lot of turnover, are the ones that get frequent vacancy allowances," says Frank Braconi, executive director of the Citizens Housing and Planning Council in Manhattan. "But in the buildings that are well run, where the owner does a good job and doesn't hassle tenants, the tenants hang on and the owner doesn't get any vacancy allowances. If you look at a block in New York, the best buildings will have the lowest rent rolls and the worst buildings will have the highest rent rolls."

The landlord, in other words, has no incentive to do even the smallest courtesies to keep below-market renters happy. One rent-controlled tenant in a Manhattan prewar, for example, recently wrote to the New York *Times*'s real-estate Q&A column to ask why her landlord wouldn't let her sand her wood floors *at her own expense*. The answer? "Even though the tenant might be improving the property," an attorney was quoted as saying, in a statement that would make no sense in any real-estate market other than this, "landlords of rent-controlled tenants usually don't want to make their tenants all that content."

In fact, in New York an empty apartment building—even a building so run-down that all the tenants have fled—often can be worth more than an occupied one. "Let's take a twenty-unit apartment building where your average rent is $400 because they're all rent-controlled," says Robert Knakal, president of Massey Knakal Realty Services, Inc., in Manhattan. "That gives you revenue of $8,000 a month and $96,000 a year. That building would be worth about four and a half times its gross, which is $430,000."

But now, imagine that every tenant in the building dies and no one else moves in. Because it was a rent-controlled building, the rents can now be raised to market levels of, say, $1,300 a month; the new potential annual rent roll for the twenty apartments is $312,000.

"Because it isn't controlled [anymore]," Knakal says, "a buyer would now probably be willing to pay 5.5 times gross, not 4.5, which makes it worth $1.7 million." That's *four* times as valuable.



This is the explanation for why landlords in New York City have perhaps the worst reputations of any group of owners in the country. It's not because they are more evil than property owners elsewhere and delight in capricious evictions and derelict services. It's because only New York is stupid enough to have created a system in which landlords like Kuczynski can thrive only by driving their tenants away.

Now imagine the scenario facing Kuczynski with rent regulation removed. First of all, he raises his rents, since, even in Harlem, three-bedroom apartments with south park views are worth more than $300 a month. But once he has done that, all of his incentives change. Under the current system, Kuczynski went bankrupt because his tenants stayed. In a free market, the only way he can now go bankrupt is if they leave. And if he can keep his building well run and fully occupied, the resale value of the property will actually increase. Wow. A system in which a landlord is rewarded for being a good landlord.

The ridiculousness of the vacancy incentives also helps to explain the most frustrating and perplexing of Manhattan phenomena, namely that the only apartments that ever seem to go on the market are the ugliest, darkest, smallest, and most expensive units in a building. Ever wondered why?

Well, put yourself in a landlord's shoes. Suppose that Mrs. Smith who lives on the twentieth floor of a magnificent prewar overlooking the park suddenly dies. She was a rent-stabilized tenant who was paying, at her death, $400 a month for a huge one-bedroom. The landlord, as is his right, steps in right away and does $10,000 worth of work on the kitchen. That and the 5 percent vacancy increase means that the new rent for the unit, when he puts it on the market, is $675. This, of course, is still a huge bargain, at least $1,000 below the apartment's true value. But legally he can't go any higher.

So does he put the $675 one-bedroom with park views on the market? Oh no, that would be silly. He goes to the eighteenth floor, where Jane Doe is paying $750 for a one-bedroom, and makes her a delicious offer: "Would you like an apartment two floors higher for $75 a month less?" Jane, naturally, says yes and moves to the twentieth floor. Then the landlord takes Jane's $750 rent, adds a 5 percent vacancy allowance, and knocks on the door of John Doe on seventeen, currently paying $850 for a one-bedroom looking north. "Do you want Jane Doe's south-facing one-bedroom on eighteen," he asks, "for less money than you are paying now?" John says yes, and the landlord takes the vacancy allowance on his apartment and goes on down the line, "churning" the building, turning one 5 percent vacancy allowance into a dozen, until he's moved as many people as possible out of their apartments and is left with only the most expensive and least desirable unit in the building. That's the apartment he advertises in the paper. If you're already in the building, of course, this is a wonderful arrangement. But that's just the point. Who got the worst deal? The poor soul looking for an apartment, who wasn't inside the system at all. And who got the very best deal? Jane Doe, who already had a great deal on her apartment. Thus do the rich, under rent regulation, get richer.

THERE IS ANOTHER PROBLEM WITH RENT REGULATION: New York City does not have real leases. In virtually every other city in America, when a renter signs, say, a two-year lease, it means that at the end of that period the landlord has the right to evict the tenant without going to court and without showing cause. The lease is a contract, a specific term of occupancy. Not in New York. With rent regulation, you can't have real leases. Otherwise, landlords would simply evict rent-regulated tenants every time the lease ran out, so they could get the vacancy allowance. Rent control would become a pointless and anarchic exercise—landlords would keep kicking everyone out of those cheapo one-bedrooms and raise rents until they hit market levels. Thus in New York are leases, according to the local jargon of the real-estate world, "statutory": You can stay as long as you want in a regulated apartment in New York City, so long as you don't break the law or stop paying your rent.

Like rent regulation, this sounds like a fairly benign system, a well-meaning attempt to provide tenants with a sense of security. After all, even if you remove the economic incentive for landlords to drive away low-rent tenants, some landlords are still jerks. Why not give tenants protection against capricious eviction? This is a valid concern. But the truth is that for most New Yorkers—particularly in poorer areas—their problem isn't with their landlord, it's with other tenants who are drug dealers, addicts, thugs, vandals, or simply loud and abusive neighbors. In virtually every other city in the country, landlords use eviction to crack down on this kind of behavior. In New York City, they can't, which is why a lot of housing in poorer neighborhoods is unlivable.

An even bigger problem with not having real leases, however, is how that affects the construction of new housing. New York City in recent years has averaged 5,000 to 10,000 new units of rental housing a year, which is barely enough to replace the apartments

## SPEAKING OF UNFAIR, IT'S PROPERTY-TAX POKER

### BY ERIC POOLEY

**INEVITABLY, RENT CONTROL'S PECULIAR MADNESS HAS infected other areas of real-estate policy—most notably, the city's property-tax system. Thanks to rent regulations, some high-end co-op owners in prime Manhattan locations enjoy an effective property-tax rate *six times* lower than that of renters (who get their property taxes passed to them as rent). Yet many other co-op owners are socked with rates as high as those of the longest-suffering suburban homeowner.**

**How can this happen? It's another case of well-intentioned public policy turning surreal, then pernicious. Instead of basing a co-op building's assessment on the actual market value of its units, the city (by state law) must assess co-ops and condos in relation to comparable *rental* buildings in the same neighborhoods. In areas such as the Upper East Side, where controlled and stabilized apartments are legion, many co-ops have the good fortune of being surrounded by artificially low-priced rentals, and get below-market assessments as a result. "It's an awkward business because it's founded on a fiction—assigning value based on what a building is *not,*" says Dick Netzer, a professor of economics at NYU. "It ends up being a great deal for high-end co-ops, because their unit's market value may be twenty times higher than that of a similar rental unit. But it hurts co-ops at the low end, and ones surrounded by market-rate rentals."**

**The result is enormous disparity within a single class of property taxpayer. Some co-op apartments are taxed at an effective rate of less than one percent of their value (so that the owner of a $400,000 apartment might pay $3,000 in annual tax—no more than half what the owner of a comparably priced house in the suburbs would pay). Other co-op owners are often hit arbitrarily with effective rates two or three times as high, while those who rent really take it on the chin, because property-tax rates for rental buildings can go as high as 4.5 percent. "Most renters don't realize that 20 cents out of every dollar in the rent they pay goes to the city as property tax," says Dan Margulies, executive director of the Community Housing Improvement Program. "If they did, they'd probably mount a tax revolt. But renters don't think or vote as a taxpaying bloc, the way homeowners do. So they get screwed."**

**The crazy-quilt property-tax system was designed to subsidize one class above all: owners of one-, two-, and three-family homes, who pay taxes that average just *0.7 percent* of their property value—a third of what many suburban homeowners pay. Defenders of this arrangement argue that city homeowners pay other levies, such as the city's personal-income tax, that suburbanites aren't subject to; they point out that low taxes for single-family homes were meant to further a sound public-policy goal: keeping middle-class owners from moving out of town. (Taxes on a house in Queens are so much lower than taxes on a comparable house in Westchester that the savings could cover a parochial-school tuition. Of course, Westchester taxes pay for *good* public schools.) The result has been a tax system that's both unfair and overreliant on sky-high commercial-property taxes—which drives businesses out of town and inordinately subjects municipal revenues to the vagaries of the boom-and-bust cycle.**

**This year, the mayor and City Council floated a plan they said would address property-tax inequities—they want to cut co-op and condo taxes while doing nothing to relieve the burden on renters and commercial-property owners. The proposed tax cut (requiring action by the state Legislature, it would increase from $70 million in 1997 to $700 million in 2005) would give relief to some who don't need it—those lucky co-op owners with low assessments—while helping only some of those who do need it. "The plan expands the protected class but continues to screw renters," says Margulies.**

**Rudy Giuliani and council speaker Peter Vallone wanted the tax cut to kick in next year; with the city's budget gap still growing, the mayor has put it off until 1997. Giuliani would do better to seize the chance for real reform—replacing the crazy quilt with a simple, two-class system: one for residential properties, another for commercial. After a painful transition, the city would end up with a fairer tax system—and a revenue stream that doesn't dry up when the economy falters. "You can't raise anyone's taxes so precipitously that they lose their investment or flee the city," says Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger. "But a system that's crying out for overhaul is getting a piecemeal rollback for one group. That doesn't move us toward equity." Any serious reform is going to hurt single-family-home owners; true parity among all residential properties would require their taxes to double, which is not going to happen. Even a modest increase—softened by a multiyear phase-in period and safeguards for fixed-income homeowners—seems a political impossibility.**

**That's because the reform would require courage, and New York politicians are too scared of the outer-borough homeowner to take on the issue. (Messinger has been a welcome exception.) Vallone, who represents the households of Astoria, won't face the problem. "It's not that the homes are paying too little," he says. "It's that co-ops are paying too much." Aides to former mayor David Dinkins used to argue that since white ethnic outer-borough types weren't going to vote for him anyway, Dinkins should be the one to straighten out the system. He wouldn't touch it. Neither will his successor.**

**I first saw Giuliani confront the issue during the 1993 campaign. At a town-hall meeting in Queens, a man rose out of the audience. "I own a home here, and the property taxes are killing me," he said. "What are you going to do about it?" Giuliani looked out at the sea of homeowners—all of whom were paying less than their fair share, and all of whom were sure to vote. He weighed his options and did the only sensible thing. He ducked. "You're right," Giuliani said. "Your property taxes *are* far too high."**

the city loses as a matter of course to abandonment, fire, or demolition. The city's housing stock, in other words, is frozen. This is in many ways the strangest fact about New York's housing market.

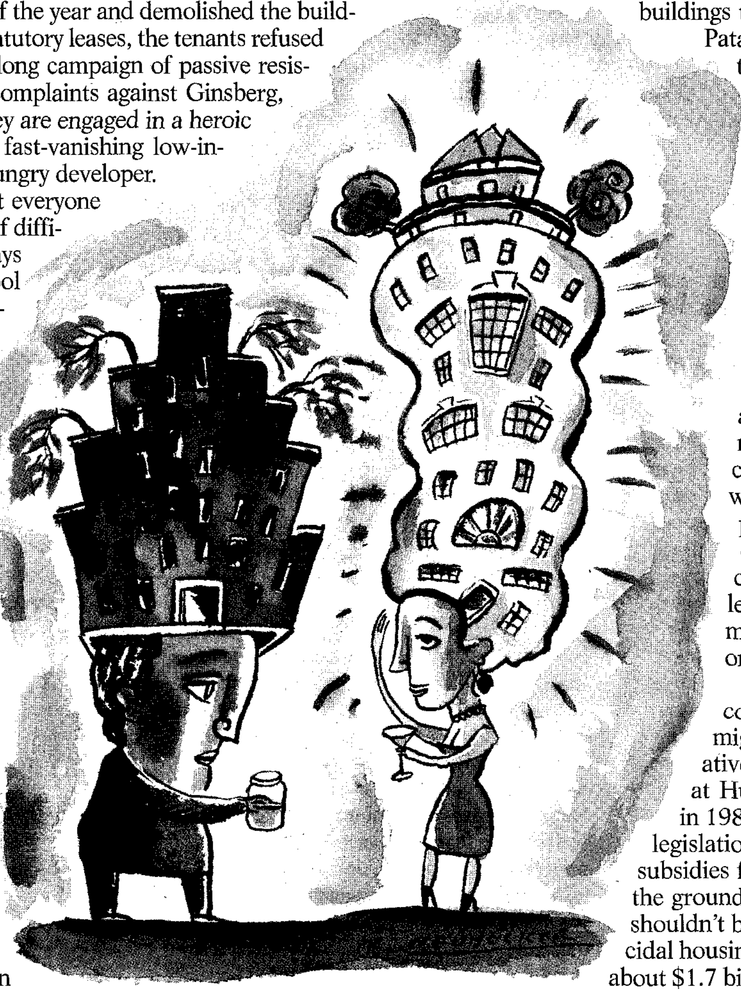
In a city where private developers have no trouble at all building office towers—in fact, overbuilding office towers—for middle-class people to work in, how is it that they have so little desire to build apartment buildings for middle-class people to live in?

This preference for building office space is not entirely due to the lease issue. But the absurdity of the "statutory" lease policy should be clear after a brief look at a tenant battle on East 96th Street, in a row of decrepit 100-year-old tenements between Park and Lexington Avenues.

Twelve years ago, a developer by the name of Larry Ginsberg bought the buildings and announced his intention to tear them down and put up a big apartment building. In any other city, the matter would have ended there. Ginsberg would have let his tenants' leases expire at the end of the year and demolished the building. But here, gripping their statutory leases, the tenants refused to move, launching a decade-long campaign of passive resistance. Twice they have filed complaints against Ginsberg, arguing along the way that they are engaged in a heroic struggle to save Manhattan's fast-vanishing low-income housing from a profit-hungry developer.

"I would say that just about everyone here would have a great deal of difficulty finding another place," says Peter Trigledas, a high-school teacher and leader in the battle, who pays just $131 for his 800-square-foot one-bedroom. "But the second thing is, why should we find another place just because someone bought the building on speculation? The point is that these are our homes. It's not a place that we're renting. It's our homes."

Let us put aside, for a moment, the unusual interpretation of property rights contained in the phrase "why should we move just because someone bought the building" and simply concentrate on the logic of Mr. Trigledas's complaint. Is it really true that demolishing Trigledas's building would rob the city of low-income housing?



There are 68 apartments in the row of tenements, 42 of which are occupied at rents between $100 and $400 a month. Let's assume that Ginsberg intended to build to the maximum that zoning typically allows on the Upper East Side: a 30-story, 250-unit building. That means the city would have a net gain of almost 200 apartments.

But that's only half the story. Virtually the only way that developers can build profitable rental properties in New York is to use some kind of city or federal tax-abatement program, in which they must set aside 20 percent of their units for low-income tenants in exchange for a tax break.

"If you see newly constructed rental housing, or multifamily housing in New York, it's generally safe to assume that there is some sort of affordable housing connected to it," said David J. Wine, president of the Related Management Company in Manhattan. "To put up a new building without some sort of tax abatement in New York is virtually impossible." Ginsberg's inability to evict his tenants, in other words, ended up saving 42 low-rent apartments in a squalid tenement at the expense of 250 brand-new apartments, 50 of which would have been set aside exclusively for the poor.

Multiply the standoff on 96th Street a hundredfold and you can begin to see why some developers will consider only those locations that don't have any tenants at all. Developer Gary Jacob, for example, favors old gas stations, which is the short answer to the question of why—in a city with a housing emergency—the island of Manhattan saw exactly two brand-new moderate-income apartment buildings open last year. Seen many gas stations in good neighborhoods recently?

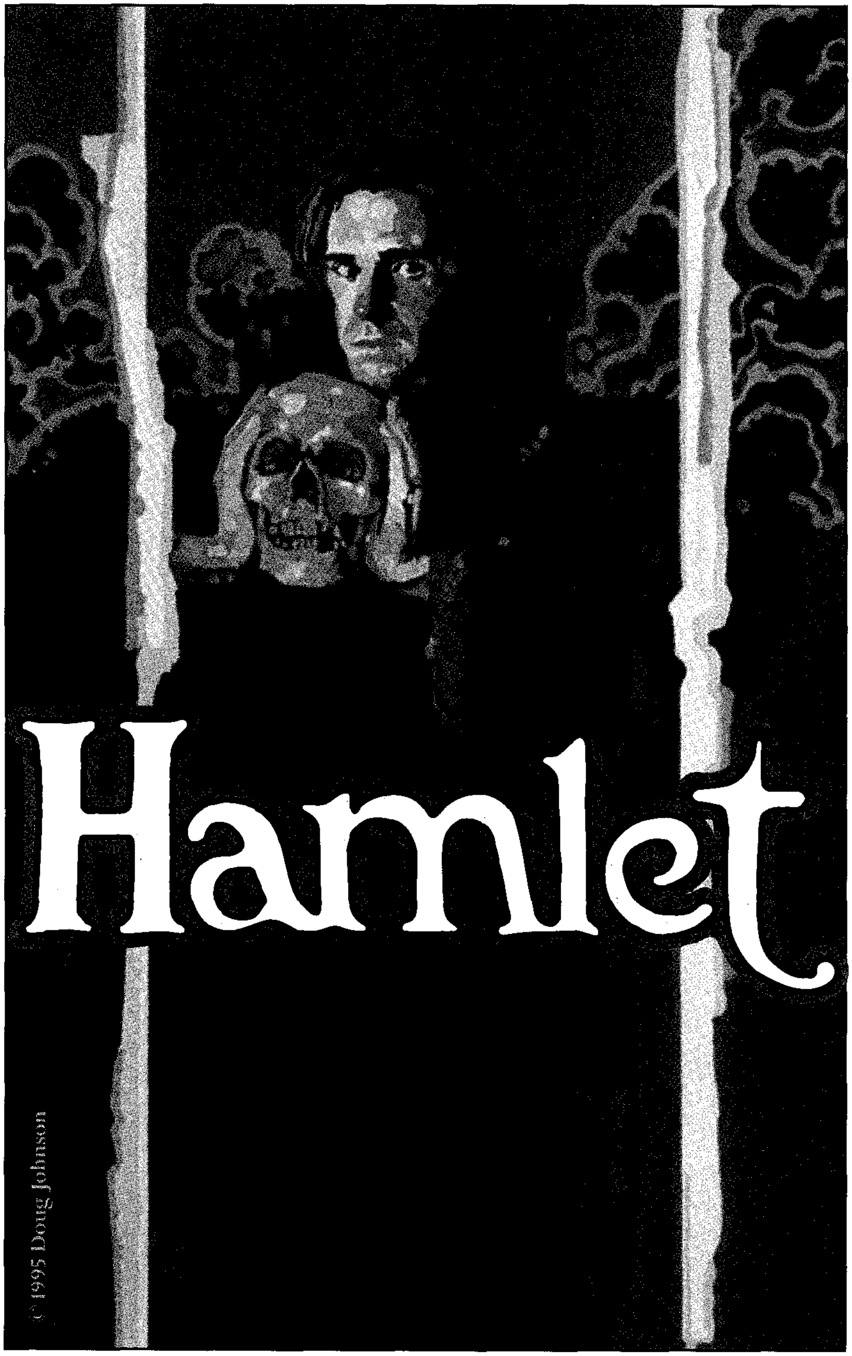
WHAT WILL NOW HAPPEN TO RENT REGULATION IS A LITTLE UNCLEAR. Pataki has not formally declared whether he will take a gutsy stand or engage in the usual temporizing. But at least two ideas are on the table. The first is to increase the number of buildings that are exempt from all rent regulation. Right now, the system exempts buildings that have fewer than six units. Pataki's housing advisors are now talking about exempting buildings with fewer than twenty units. This is a start, particularly since it is often smaller buildings—owned by small-business people or moderate-income families—that are most burdened by the perversities of rent regulation.

The other idea now being floated is to reduce the "luxury decontrol" income threshold from $250,000 a year to a reasonable level. The entire rent-regulation system also comes up for renewal in 1997, which could give Pataki the opportunity to try something even bolder, like vacancy decontrol: Whenever a tenant leaves any regulated apartment—not just a rent-controlled one—it goes free-market.

But these are trivial issues compared with what Congress might do. Peter Salins, a conservative professor of urban planning at Hunter College, points out that in 1981, Alfonse D'Amato proposed legislation cutting off federal housing subsidies for cities with rent control, on the grounds that the federal government shouldn't bail out cities for their own suicidal housing policies. New York City gets about $1.7 billion a year from HUD for housing, so it would be forced to deregulate. D'Amato's suggestion got nowhere back then. But today, in Bob Dole's and Newt Gingrich's Congress, it would pass in a nanosecond.

It is important not to overstate the effect that this would have. It wouldn't turn New York City into Dallas—which has a surge in rental construction—because Dallas has a booming economy and New York, obviously, doesn't. And so long as the state and federal governments continued to cut housing subsidies for the poor, it wouldn't solve New York's homelessness problem. What it would do is shock the country's most preposterous housing market back into normalcy. Developers would build new apartments and ordinary working people would rent them. Can you imagine? After all the wailing and gnashing of teeth subsides, and the tenants' groups have declared the end of civilization, and rental brokers have begun collecting unemployment, and all the widows on Central Park West have run for their lives, it might actually be possible to go out on a Saturday morning and find a nice apartment on the Upper West Side for $1,000 a month. ■

# The play's the thing.



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# Li'l Cronkite

**Terry Moran, Court TV's resident dreamboat and former *New Republic* wonk, knows his *California Penal Code,* the meaning of *Wanderjahr,* and how to do a dandy Kato impression**

## By Marshall Sella

'THIS IS GOOD STUFF," SAYS TERRY MORAN, STARING AT THE TINY TV ON HIS desk. He is sitting, ramrod-straight, in Court TV's newsroom at 40th Street and Third Avenue. On the flickering screen, Robert Shapiro is cross-examining Kato Kaelin, who is using increasing amounts of lip balm to shield himself against an onslaught of grammar. "*Really* good stuff." For Moran, this is a rare foray into slang. By "good stuff," he doesn't mean that Shapiro is scoring points; he means that it's usable fodder for tonight's show.

To judge from appearances, science could not have devised a more perfect anchorboy than Terry Moran. He is 35, with never-changing chestnut-brown hair, excellent teeth, and blue eyes that blink only to emphasize a point. Viewers of Court TV—where Moran is one of a team of anchors covering the O. J. Simpson trial—write in to say that he "has the prettiest lips" and that he looks like Macaulay Culkin. "I," Moran says sardonically, "am a marionette."

But despite what one fellow anchor describes as his "Ken-doll face," Terry Moran is articulate to a fault: the Anti-Kato. He uses words like *phlegmatic, detritus,* and *MacGuffin* and delivers them all so casually, with such clarity, that they lack pretension. As host of *Prime Time Justice,* the network's two-hour trial wrap-up each weeknight, Moran deftly probes experts on the ins and outs of California law, and mentions tabloid-style rumors only if they find their way into the official record. While Fox Network commentators struggle with rudimentary legal issues, and CNN has the temerity to interrupt its live coverage with wars and floods, Court TV prides itself on the starkness and continuity of its presentation. It broadcasts the dead air and plodding testimony that trials are made of. On Court TV, dull is sexy, and Terry Moran strives to be a little of both. Against all odds, he has managed to instill into the Simpson case a sense of dignity.

MORAN'S DAY IS LONG AND QUIETLY HARried. He arrives at the studio before ten, in time to prep for his first on-air appearance, at 11:30, when he kicks off the day's trial coverage. He wears the same starched white shirt that he'll wear on tonight's show—strolling jacketless, like a head prefect, among the stacked videos and trial transcripts that clutter the Court TV newsroom. There is makeup on his face for eleven straight hours, yet no blemish may be seen upon his cheek. His hair is too fine for his liking; from time to time, he claims, a strand or two tumbles down onto his brow, imperiling his performance. "My hair's a disaster," he says. "You can be delivering the most incisive commentary in the world, but if your hair looks like this"—pushing his bangs, Beatle-style, down onto his forehead—"people will only say, 'Jesus! Look at that guy's hair!' "

By two o'clock, Moran has read up on a few arcane rules of evidence admissibility and is again squinting at his TV screen. It is Kato Kaelin's last full day of testimony, and with each passing moment, his pallor is getting closer to the perfect white of Moran's shirt. "No bombshells today," Moran says. "Kato's only there to pin down where Simpson was, and when. The rest is chaff."

During a lull, there's time to hear Moran's Kato impression. All the guile drains out of his face and is replaced by a party-boy vapidity. "Uh, you know my *room*?" he says, in a spot-on rendition of one of Kaelin's most complete sentences on the stand. "The sound was, like, uhh, *thump thump thump*. . . ?"

Moran knows better than to comment on O. J. Simpson's guilt or innocence. Having looked into the faces of the jurors, he believes they will reach a verdict, but he won't say what he thinks that verdict will be. Just to pile on the mystique, he adds that "I wouldn't necessarily vote *that way* myself." Still, Moran the private citizen is allowed a few opinions, and he does not withhold these. "Look at the people Judge Ito has been entertaining in his chambers," he confides. "Legal scholars like Larry King, Geraldo Rivera, and Barbara Walters. . . . Really, the man's been acting like a star-fucker."

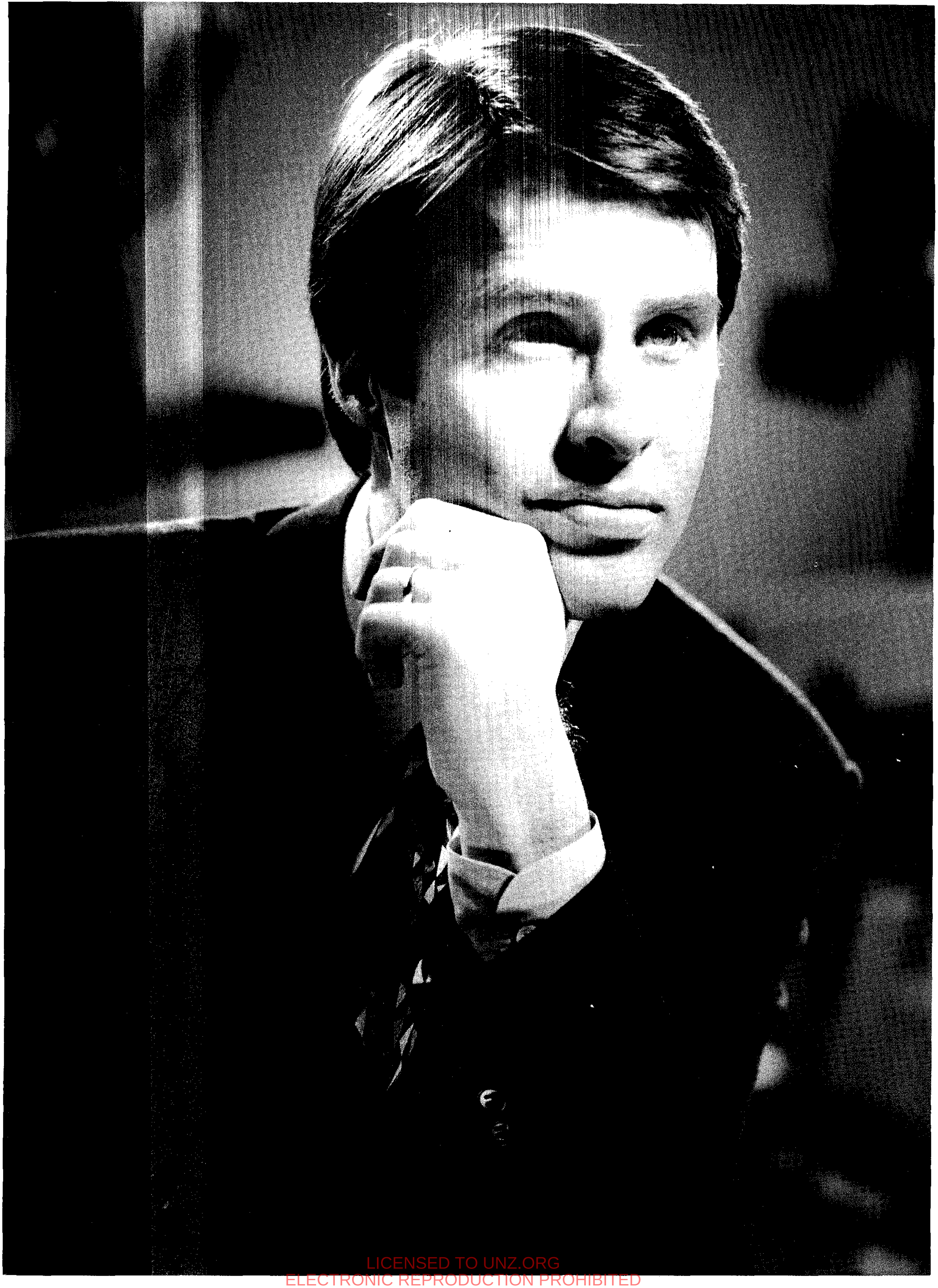
Even so, Moran's primary focus is on the system. He believes that trials, beyond being the nifty dramas Court TV's publicity relies on, are "inherently political acts, since by definition they are attempts by the state to deprive individuals of liberty." The Simpson case, he says, is no different. "I can understand the backlash against fascination with this trial," he says. "But a murder case represents the extreme of the human condition—the mystery of what brings a person to the point of murder. People are intrigued, and I don't begrudge them that."

Terry Moran's cubicle, during the renovation that has gutted Court TV's newsroom, consists of a puny desk, a computer, the TV, and four large boxes of books, which contain volumes like *The Evolving Constitution* and *The Soviet Tragedy.* An *American Heritage Dictionary* (which includes a vintage Terence Moran quote to illustrate the word *buttonhole*) sits in reach, underneath long-abused copies of the California evidence and penal codes. Above him is the constant whir and rumble of air compressors and foil-encased ducts—exposed since the entire ceiling was ripped out.

It's nearing three. In the ant farm of the Court TV newsroom, a rumor is spreading, though hardly as dramatically as wildfire. No copyboy darts in and cries, "Mr. Moran! This just in over the AP wire!" There are no excited whispers and no buzz. Rather, a cordial, gray-haired man saunters down the corridor, buttonholes Moran, and drawls out the news: "They've found some dark clothing in Chicago. Maybe O.J.'s. More to come." Moran's white shoulders rise in a meager shrug. He knows that the half-life of a Simpson rumor is as short as uranium's. Sure enough, 40 seconds later it has deteriorated into "bad stuff"—nothing that need concern his staff for tonight's big show.

IN THE BEST TRADITION OF AMERICAN BROADCASTING, MORAN'S ACcent is clipped and regionless, but he did not spring full-grown from the head of Ed Murrow. He was raised in a suburb of Chicago, where his father was a merchandising executive for Sears. After taking a degree in English from Lawrence Universi-

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK VERONSKY
FOR NEW YORK



ty in Wisconsin, Moran set off on a Thomas J. Watson Fellowship for a year in western Ireland. "Nominally, it was to record the impact of economic development on traditional communities," he says impishly, "but really it was just a *Wanderjahr.*" He does that. He uses words like *Wanderjahr* as if they're punch lines, and even if you don't know words like *Wanderjahr,* his delivery makes it work. He has the knack.

After Moran's time abroad, he spent a year working as a researcher for *The New Republic.* Then he tended bar and tried his hand at novel-writing—which failed to produce, as he might say, a *Gesamtkunstwerk.* Seven years ago, he took a job reporting for Steven Brill's Washington, D.C.–based *Legal Times.* In 1991, Brill's minions at Court TV were looking for someone to cover the Clarence Thomas proceedings and decided to roll the dice on Moran. They liked what they saw. Two years later, Moran was dispatched to Los Angeles, where the brothers Menendez had had the good programming sense to slaughter their parents. Moran covered the trial from beginning to end, wrote scholarly op-eds for the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times,* and even found time to pal around with Dominick Dunne, who'd decided to write a novel based on the case.

In the afterglow of the Menendez murders, Terry Moran became the flavor of the month in Los Angeles. Under Dunne's wing, he attended a variety of what Dunne calls "inty little dinners," where he exercised flawless diction over cocktails with Sean Connery, Oliver Stone, the Sidney Poitiers, and Miss Jackie Collins. There were nibbles from every corner of the media to lure Moran away from Court TV. Wink Martindale's people called to ask if he'd be interested in hosting a you-are-the-jury-style TV show. Merv Griffin took him out for a day at the races at Santa Anita, offered a gentle critique of Moran's on-air persona, and broached the possibility of doing a program out of Atlantic City where audience members would have electronic consoles in front of them to vote on a given subject's guilt or innocence. The major networks, which recently had raided Court TV of anchors Jack Ford and Cynthia McFadden, made subtler passes. But Moran resisted all offers and, for the moment, continues to do so. "I'm not aiming at the big networks," he says, a little cagily. "I mean, I get two hours of airtime here every night—where else am I going to get a gig like that?"

*In the afterglow of the Menendez murders, Moran became the flavor of the month in Los Angeles. Under Dominick Dunne's wing, he attended a variety of what Dunne calls "inty little dinners," where he utilized flawless diction over cocktails with Sean Connery, Oliver Stone, the Sidney Poitiers, and Miss Jackie Collins.*

"When Terry first took on the anchor post," says Dominick Dunne, "I honestly thought he was making a mistake—that his formidable talent for reporting would be wasted. But I've been proven wrong. His intelligence shows through, and he's a gentleman. You can't acquire that. He just . . . well, he just *has* it!"

BY FOUR O'CLOCK, A COPY OF THE SIMPSON DEFENSE TEAM'S latest motion on DNA has arrived. Moran grabs it off his desk with both hands, as if he intends to take a bite. He brandishes a yellow Magic Marker and begins to read. He nods silently: *I am in control of this text.* He reaches, without looking, for his *California Evidence Code;* its well-thumbed pages fall open to the exact section Moran wants to double-check. With the thin edge of his marker, he highlights single words throughout the 41-page motion: *interpretation . . . controls . . . error.* He scans several lines with the tip of his finger, perceiving some Braille subtext. After he reads every word of the impenetrable document, including footnotes, he's gotten a handle on it. "This is bullshit," he says matter-of-factly, "but the defense knows that. Mainly it's an attempt to muscle *how* the DNA is presented, not whether it's presented at all. Pure strategy."

Even while reading, Moran has kept one eye on the TV. Theoretically, the *Prime Time Justice* story meeting should be convening, but Kato Kaelin is still on the witness stand. All the lip balm on earth is not saving Kato from his, uh, really bad vibe. The timing of all this plays havoc on the *PTJ* staff. Testimony, on California time, can continue to within minutes of the program—leaving the Court TV production team a nerve-rackingly narrow window to script out an entire evening's worth of trial highlights.

IT'S SIX MINUTES TO H-HOUR. AS HE HAS 200 TIMES BEFORE, MORAN rides the elevator up to the *PTJ* studio on the nineteenth floor. With his earphone cord dangling out of the back of his collar, he finally looks like the marionette he ironically claims to be. He is oddly calm. He does not sweat or appear rumpled. He regally takes his seat at the *PTJ* desk and speaks through a microphone to his producer, Janet Paist, who's off in the control room. Since only he can hear her responses, he suddenly seems to be talking to phantoms. "Yes, I can!" he says cheerfully. "Sure. Eleven. No, *you* do!" For one refreshing moment, Terry Moran sounds like a nut.

In the studio, the sound of drumbeats is heard; something important is happening. *Prime Time Justice* is on the air. Moran's fingertips join together to form a tiny cage. He stares into the camera as if it were a friend he respects but does not quite trust. As with every good broadcaster, there's a hint of withholding in his cadence, and it draws the viewer in. The medium is cool, and cool is what he has to sell.

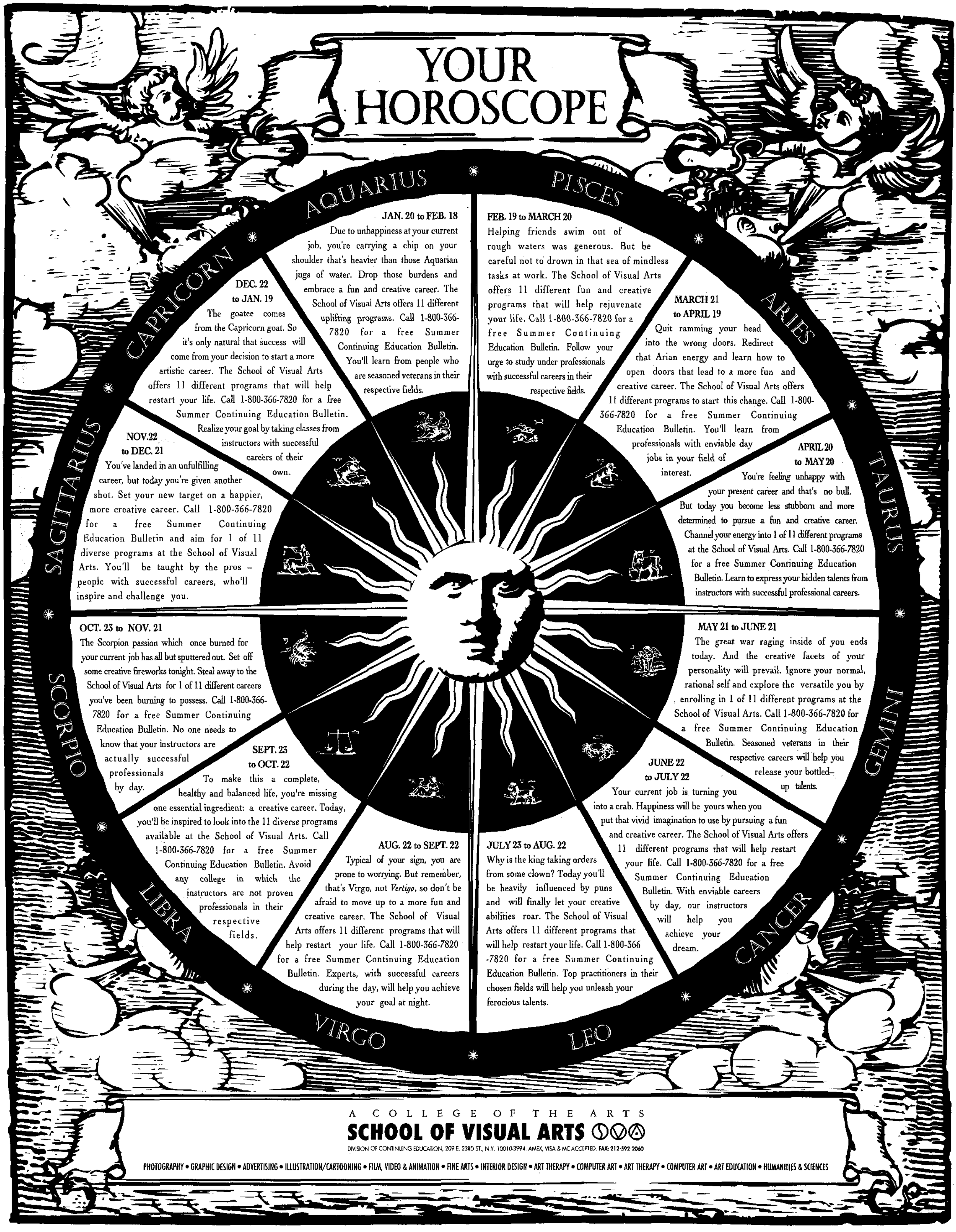
Tonight's guest commentator is Raymond Brown, a defense lawyer who practices in Newark. As Moran introduces clip after clip of the day's events—Kato on the brink of tears, Marcia growing sterner by the second—Brown slurps an enormous fruit salad as quietly as he can, since he is sitting just off-camera.

For the next few hours, the script that has been written for Moran sits before him, but he pays it no mind. It's the *PTJ* staff's running joke: *We write the stuff Moran ignores.* Still, miraculously, he hits all the salient points, never runs long, never runs short. In TV terms, it's the perfect anomaly. Moran sounds authoritative enough to give the sense that he's reading, but in reality he is improvising. Where newsreaders strive to sound natural and spontaneous, Moran must actively avoid giving the impression that he's playing it off the very white cuff.

The show practically runs itself; the floor manager barely looks up from his magazine to mutter his cues to Moran: "Fifteen seconds." For the next thirteen seconds, riding to the brink, Moran and Brown engage in the sort of loose banter that goes on all over the country. "So, how much do you think the defense is going to dirty up Nicole?" Moran asks—*dirty up* being legal shorthand for making the victim look bad in hopes of making the defendant look good.

"As much as they possibly can," Brown says breezily. "I mean, that's exactly what they should do. I would."

In a few minutes, this *Prime Time Justice* will be in the can, to be replayed several times throughout the night and in the upcoming weekend. During commercials, though, Moran is fretting about how dull the upcoming weeks of DNA evidence might be. He indulges himself in a premature satire of the next twenty *PTJ*s: "Now, in this nucleotide," he intones, "we see what Watson and Crick described as . . ." The floor manager smirks into his magazine. Brown laughs, his mouth full of grapefruit. Moran smiles at the camera, even though he's not on the air. His hair looks swell. ■



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Typical of your sign, you are prone to worrying. But remember, that's Virgo, not *Vertigo*, so don't be afraid to move up to a more fun and creative career. The School of Visual Arts offers 11 different programs that will help restart your life. Call 1-800-366-7820 for a free Summer Continuing Education Bulletin. Experts, with successful careers during the day, will help you achieve your goal at night.

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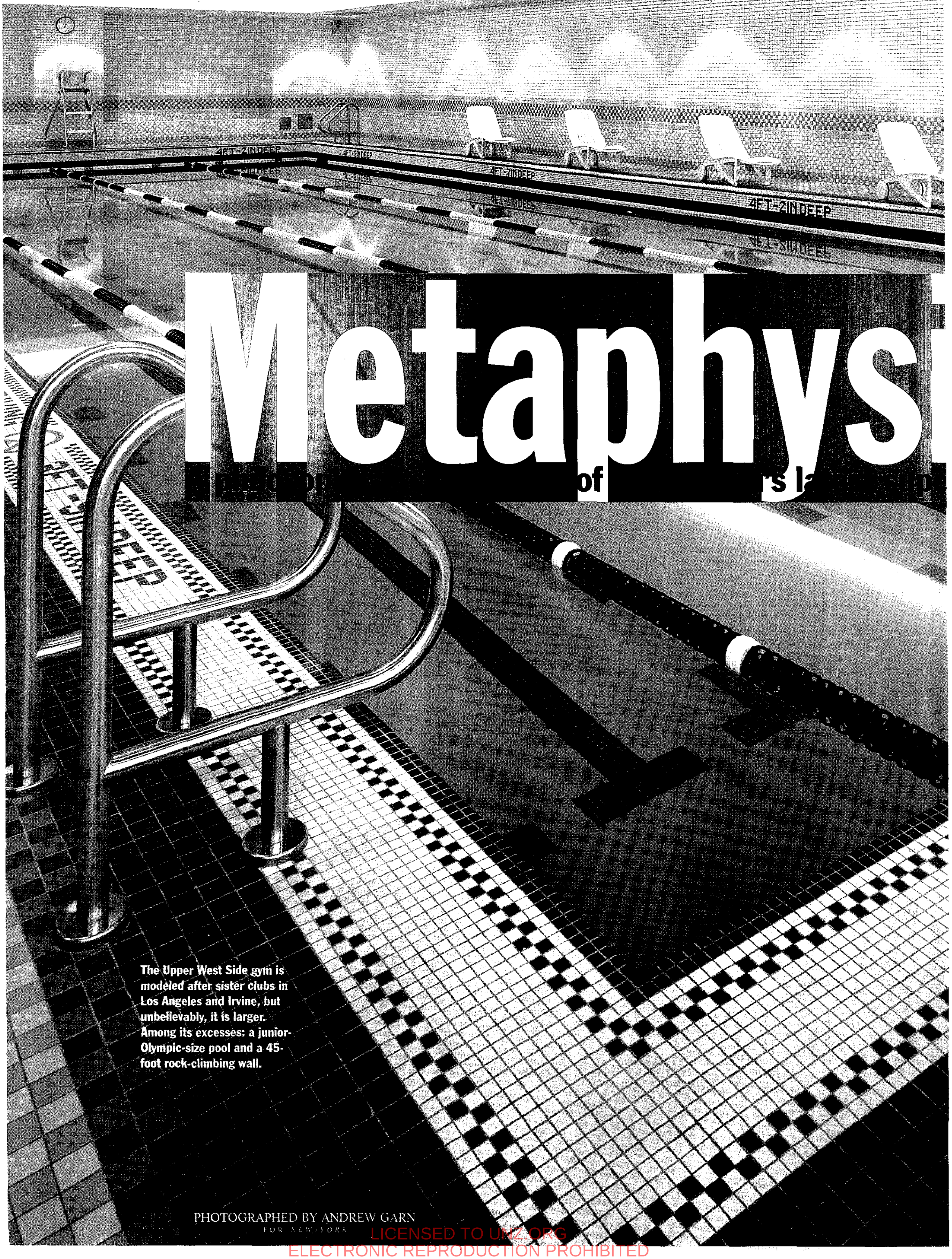


# Metaphysi

## [illegible] of [illegible]rs la[illegible]

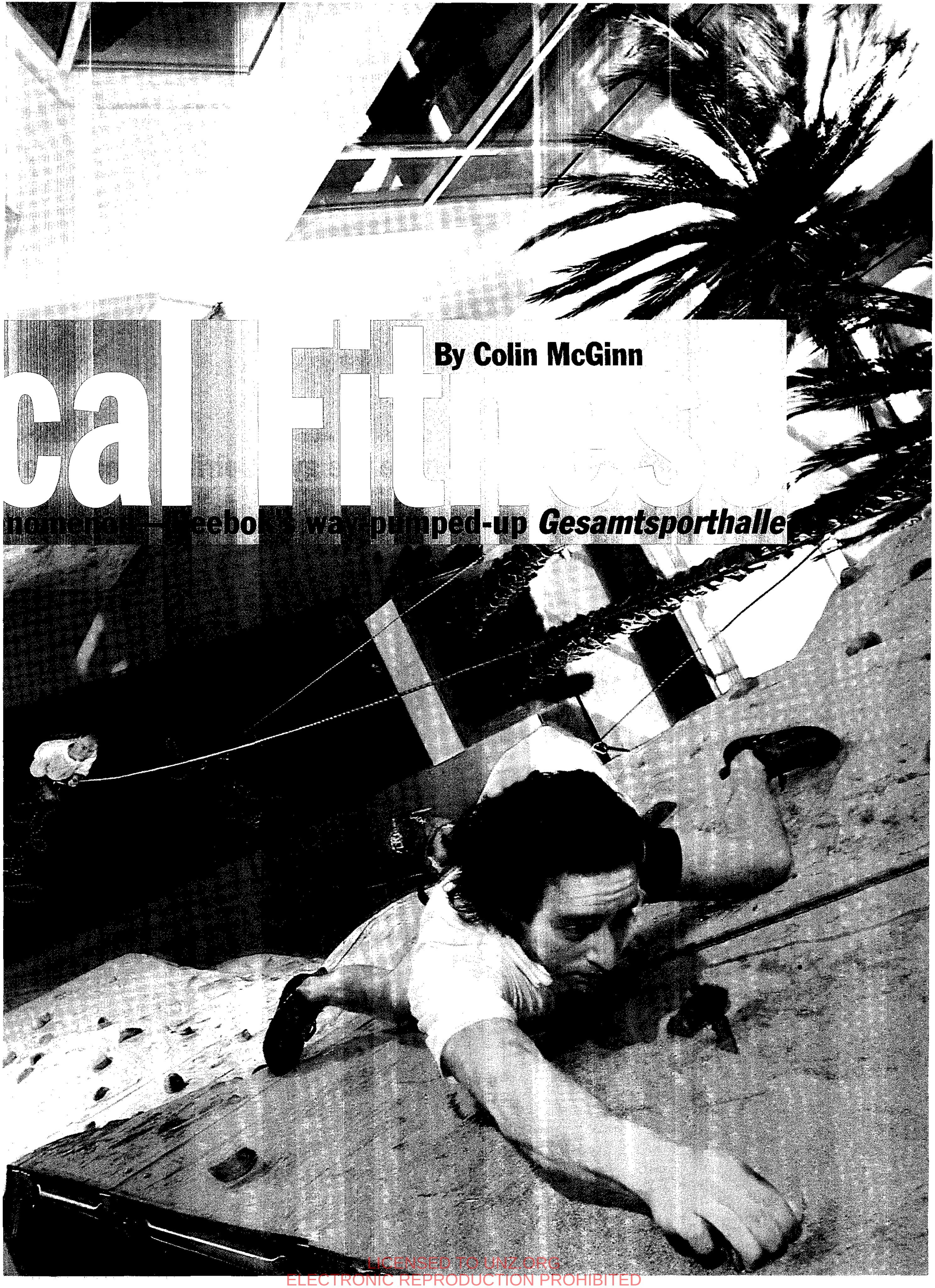
The Upper West Side gym is modeled after sister clubs in Los Angeles and Irvine, but unbelievably, it is larger. Among its excesses: a junior-Olympic-size pool and a 45-foot rock-climbing wall.

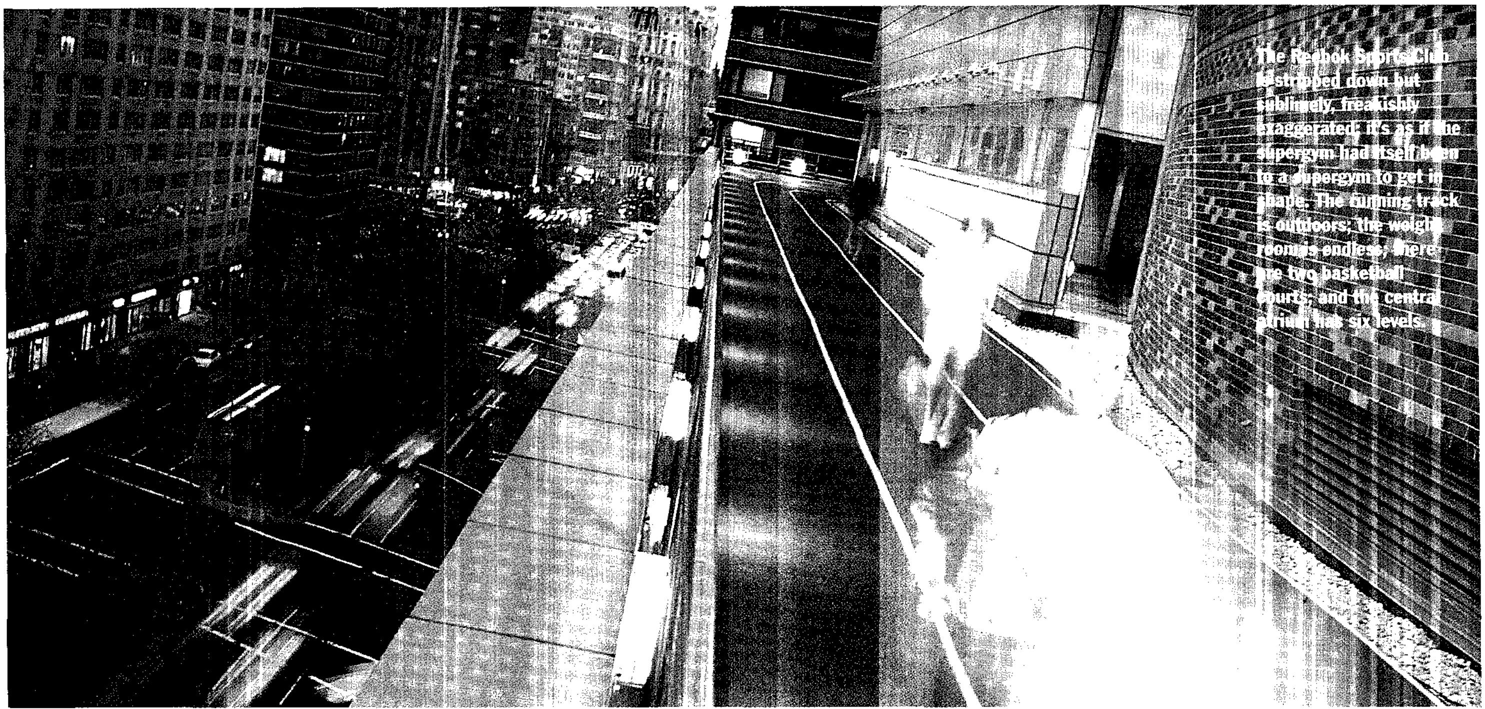
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW GARN
FOR NEW YORK

# cal Fitness

nomenon—Reebok's way-pumped-up *Gesamtsporthalle*

**By Colin McGinn**





The Reebok Sports Club is stripped down but sublimely, freakishly exaggerated: it's as if the supergym had itself been to a supergym to get in shape. The running track is outdoors; the weight room is endless; there are two basketball courts; and the central atrium has six levels.

This **mall-like** cathedral is where the gym spirit is made mani

peculiarly American **church**—i

I JOINED MY FIRST GYM WHEN I WAS 16 in Blackpool, England; it was the bedroom I shared with my younger brother, Keith. Membership was cheap, but the equipment was limited: an old curtain hung from a broomstick and stuffed with sand taken from the beach. This do-it-yourself barbell was unwieldy and flimsy and the sand kept spilling out. I made only minor gains and soon went off to another training center, Oxford, to shape myself into a philosopher. (I ended up focusing on the mind-body split, developing a theory that recently got me a photograph in *Scientific American*, above a caption that called me a "mysterian": I posit that humans simply don't have the mental equipment required to understand consciousness—we are about as capable of comprehending the mind as baboons are of grasping the motion of the planets.)

My next gym was Equinox on the lower Upper West Side, joined as I was hitting 40. I had begun running and weight-lifting at home, and I wasn't sure what the gym would do for me aside from providing a place to go in the afternoon when I was tired of sitting at my desk. But exercise seemed a good way to take my mind off the mind and its unfathomable relation to my body; the gym high is a good way to remind yourself that, whatever you make of it, the body is ineluctably *there*.

Now there is the brand-new Reebok Sports Club/NY, a $55 million 140,000-square-foot megacomplex on 67th Street and Columbus. It is modeled after two sister clubs in California (in Los Angeles and Irvine—where else?), but unbelievably, it is larger. Among its various excesses are two 2,500-square-foot aerobics studios, two basketball courts, two restaurants, a junior-Olympic-size pool, an outdoor sun deck and running track, a 45-foot rock-climbing wall, and a combination of videos and machines that allows you to simulate the real-life sports experience—golf, skiing, and sailboarding.

I signed up months before Reebok's April 17 opening. Which means that finally, at the age of 45, I've graduated to the *Gesamtsporthallewerk*—the total gym experience. This airy, mall-like cathedral of interlocking wings is where the gym spirit is made manifest, in all its Californian splendor; joining is rather like joining some peculiarly American church—it's all spaciousness and functionalism and unity of purpose, as if the concept of gym had been stripped to its most sublime and yet most American form.

Which is what a gym should be: a place of stark simplicity. The gym, after all, dramatizes the universality and symmetry of Newtonian physics. One force of nature resists another force of nature; it is the will of the organism versus gravity and matter in space. The gym also represents the most controlled reversion to a state of nature a city permits you, if you will allow that weight-lifting devices can somehow stand in for nature. There is an odd kind of blunt intimacy in your relationship with, say, the chest-press machine. You let it partner you in strenuous interaction; it hurts, but you've written off the pain as worth the price. This is the purest form of contact available—no guilt, no recriminations, no heartbreak. The machine is strict but fair. There are none of the complications of sentience.

Sentience enters in the form of the other users, but here, too, things are reassuringly simple. A group of unclothed strangers compete for scant resources, each egotistically driven, all needing to do right by others in order to get what they want. Socioeconomic indicators are all but erased (once you've chosen your gym, that is, and at the Reebok gym, inclusion doesn't come cheap). There is no informational elite; a primeval democracy reigns. There is something of the childhood playground about it, where rules are generated *ab initio* to civilize the jostling throng. It could be a brutish free-for-all, but instead, as the political scientists who play game theory have predicted, civilization re-creates itself. People become cooperative and trusting, even solicitous.

Take spotting—getting another person to help you with the final few reps of a heavy set. This is a serious responsibility; the spotter could let you down, neglecting his or her implicit contractual responsibilities by dropping a stacked barbell on your throat. How often do you endow other strangers with that much power over your life? We seize upon these simple occasions of trust because elsewhere in our lives there is so much untrustworthiness.

BUT WHY DO GYMS EXIST TO begin with? What are they really for? To promote fitness, of course. But what does that really mean? In a word: *metamorphosis*. Gyms are cocoons in which you are transformed from one state of being into another. They are devices of reincarnation, vehicles into another life. We're stuck with a lot, but by effort of will and a vivid imagination, we can change our bodies. Animals lack this capacity for imagined excellences and shining futures, which is why they have no god. Humans, however, build their lives around enthralling ideals.

Beauty, for instance—the gym is the one place where imperfection can be obliterated, the adipose and unsightly sent packing. And agelessness—we can resist time's peremptory incursions. And then there's sexuality. What is a sexual ideal, in gym terms? It is the bodybuilder, who, male or female, puts male sexuality in italics. He or she is swollen, veiny, engorged, huge. It is a tragic fact of life that the penis is not enlargeable by means of weight training, there being no muscle there to develop. But the surrounding tissue—the body—can be coaxed into a state of ongoing tumescence, as hard as mere flesh can be. The bodybuilder is never happier than when standing erect, wearing nothing but the briefest of posing briefs, in front of a crowd of people. This may explain why bodybuilding seems faintly disreputable, a sign of perversion, something to keep the kids away from.

The aesthetic of musclemen and -women is that of exaggeration, freakishness. It revels in the body beneath the skin, with its arteries and striations and protuberances. As in the canvases of Francis Bacon, the body is stripped of its outer covering, the inside thrusting out. (The bodybuilder is "ripped"; Bacon figures are ripped open.) There is no prettifying of the body; rather, its internal dynamics and structure are put on display. The inner human form is made palpable. Our instinctive response is sheer amazement.

Which brings us back to Reebok, which is also grotesquely huge. It's as if this supergym had itself been to a supergym to get in shape. It's a vast modular structure of pulsing units clothed in marble, wood, and glass, and it feels like a robogym, though one with the soul of a California beach boy.

The other day, I descended six floors down through the central atrium to take in a chest-and-shoulders workout, a spell on the computerized treadmill, a game of solitary basketball, a soothing swim in the pool, and sessions in the whirlpool and steam room. I felt like I'd been combed through by well-being, my inner architecture revamped and restored. Call it a total lifestyle concept, which is how it was put to me. This is not just a place in which to pump iron; it's a place to play, eat, and rub shoulders—and, along the way, to transmogrify the body into something so firm, so naked, so thoroughly itself, death would never dare touch it. Reebok is probably the closest thing we have yet to an operational time machine, our own Upper West Side antimortality device. ■

**, in all its Californian splendor; joining is like joining some**
**l spaciousness and functionalism and unity of purpose.**

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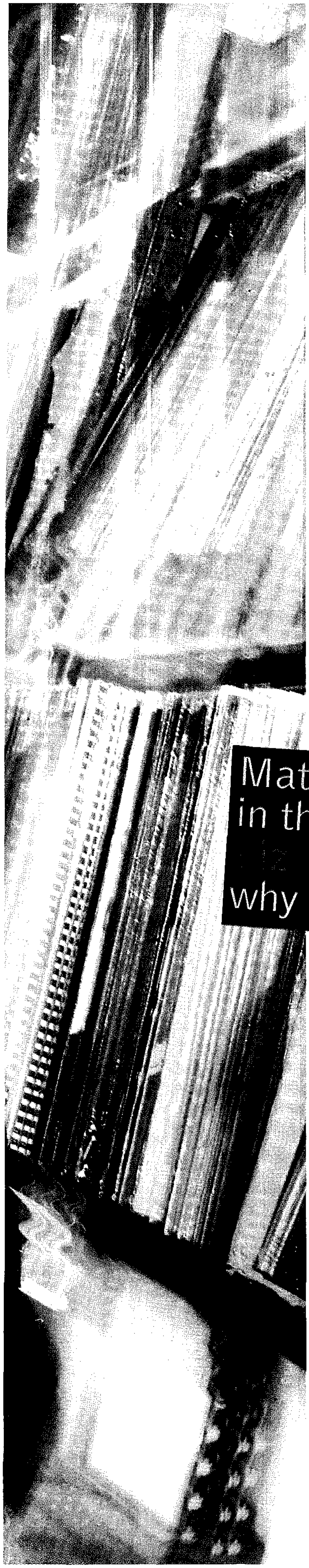
Gerard Cosloy (front) and partner Chris Lombardi in Matador's offices.



# Gerard Cosloy Is Hipper Than You

BY LYNN HIRSCHBERG

## Matador Records's co-owner has the best ears in the alternative-rock business, and acts like [illegible] and [illegible] are the proof. But why does he have to be such a jerk about it?

GERARD COSLOY IS A TALKING GUN. HE aims, he shoots, and generally, he verbally hits his target squarely between the eyes. When the subject is alternative music—a topic he may know more about than any other living human—Cosloy talks to kill. He loudly and harshly announces his opinions in a way that leaves his listener pinned to the wall, ready to agree to just about anything he says.

Cosloy's abrasiveness might be utterly alienating, if it weren't for his other great talent: a rare ability to discern the merit of musical artists as varied as Bettie Serveert (Dutch pop), Pavement (poetic slackers, sort of), and alternative sex goddess Liz Phair, among others, before anyone else in the music business. He signed those, and other, artists to Matador Records, the label he co-owns

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH
FOR *NEW YORK*

with Chris Lombardi. Cosloy has, as they say, "great ears"; while many may fear and dislike him, they cannot ignore him. "There is the cult of Gerard," says Richard Grabel, a top music-business lawyer who has often tangled with Cosloy. "He is known for being ferociously intelligent and just as contentious. He has an opinion about everything and everybody. And Gerard is not afraid. That's what sets him apart: He is smart, he is fearless, and he enjoys stirring things up."

Today, Cosloy, 30, is on a panel entitled "The A&R Process: Music Industry's Creative Nucleus." "I hate panels," he says, walking into the large, nearly packed ballroom at the New York Hilton. Cosloy, who is dressed, as always, in standard-issue no-style downtown gear (jeans, boots, T-shirt, flannel shirt un-tucked, or dull-hued sweater) is medium height with short brown hair ("Men should have short hair," he proclaims, listing the virtues of crew cuts). Cosloy's only notable fashion statement is his glasses—oversize and black like Elvis Costello's, the lenses so thick it is difficult to make any real eye contact. "He hates to take them off," says an old friend, who has never seen Cosloy without his frames. "I think he is quite blind. And, besides, he likes the armor."

Cosloy surveys the room, which is filled with a range of rock stereotypes, from spiky-haired punkettes to heavy-metal guys in full-out leather to boho college-radio nerds to a leftover goth-rock aficionado with a mane of teased black hair. "Our audience," Cosloy deadpans to Chris Lombardi, who started Matador Records in 1989 and then brought Cosloy in as a partner the next year. "Yeah," says Lombardi, dragging on a Rothmans cigarette. "What are you gonna do?"

Cosloy marches off to find the rest of his panel, and Lombardi, who is tall and quite snazzily dressed in white jeans and a billowing blue shirt, settles into the audience. He is used to the Gerard Show—Lombardi, who is 29, heard about Cosloy when he was going to boarding school in Boston. "Gerard was sort of a local legend," Lombardi recalls. He lights another cigarette. "And not much has changed," he says.

Of the five A&R executives on the dais, only Frankie LaRocka, director of A&R at Epic Records, has, judging from his sunglasses, leather, and chains, a markedly different A&R goal from Cosloy's. After introducing each guest, the moderator, Richard Grabel, asks the assembled panel, "Do lawyers help, hurt, or have no effect at all on who gets signed to a label?"

Like all great zealots, Cosloy has his favorite themes and one of his two favorite rants (we'll get to the other one later) is "how music-business lawyers—hell, why stop there—how all lawyers and executives and most whole record companies are complete and utter idiots when it comes to music."

"Lawyers, unfortunately, have a huge effect," asserts Cosloy today, warming to the topic. "Because the majors don't respond to what the band actually sounds like. They're only interested in who else wants to sign them and what they have already done that's hot. If they actually have to listen to the band and make up their own mind based on what it really sounds like, they've got no guts at all."

Cosloy is getting louder. "And nothing's changed," he continues. "All those alternative bands were pretty established before they got signed. None of those bands were new. And if they do sign a new band, it's the wrong band. It's a manufactured band, like Veruca Salt or something."

In one deft move, Cosloy has slagged, as representatives of major labels, nearly everyone else on the panel, as well as Geffen Records, which just spent millions to buy up the services of indie phenom Veruca Salt. Nonplussed, Grabel asks Ken Friedman, of London Records, what he thinks of lawyers. "Uhh," Friedman says, "everything Gerard said is true for me."

Japanese lounge rockers the Pizzicato Five.

At the opposite end of the dais, LaRocka chimes in with his basic faith in lawyers and rambles on about how he advises "the Spins" (as in the Spin Doctors) about lyrics and choruses, then ends his digression with an analysis of his technique in the studio. "I like the live thing," LaRocka says with great fervor. "That says it all."

The rest of the panel goes quiet, waiting for Cosloy to pounce at this rock dinosaur. But true to his nature, he will not jump. For Cosloy, LaRocka is authentic in his tastes, however absurd he might find them. "In the case of Frankie," Cosloy says, to the shock of his panelmates, "judging by his acts, like Scandal, they are trying to make hit records in a way that I may consider silly or old-fashioned. But if you choose to work with Frankie, that's probably what you want."

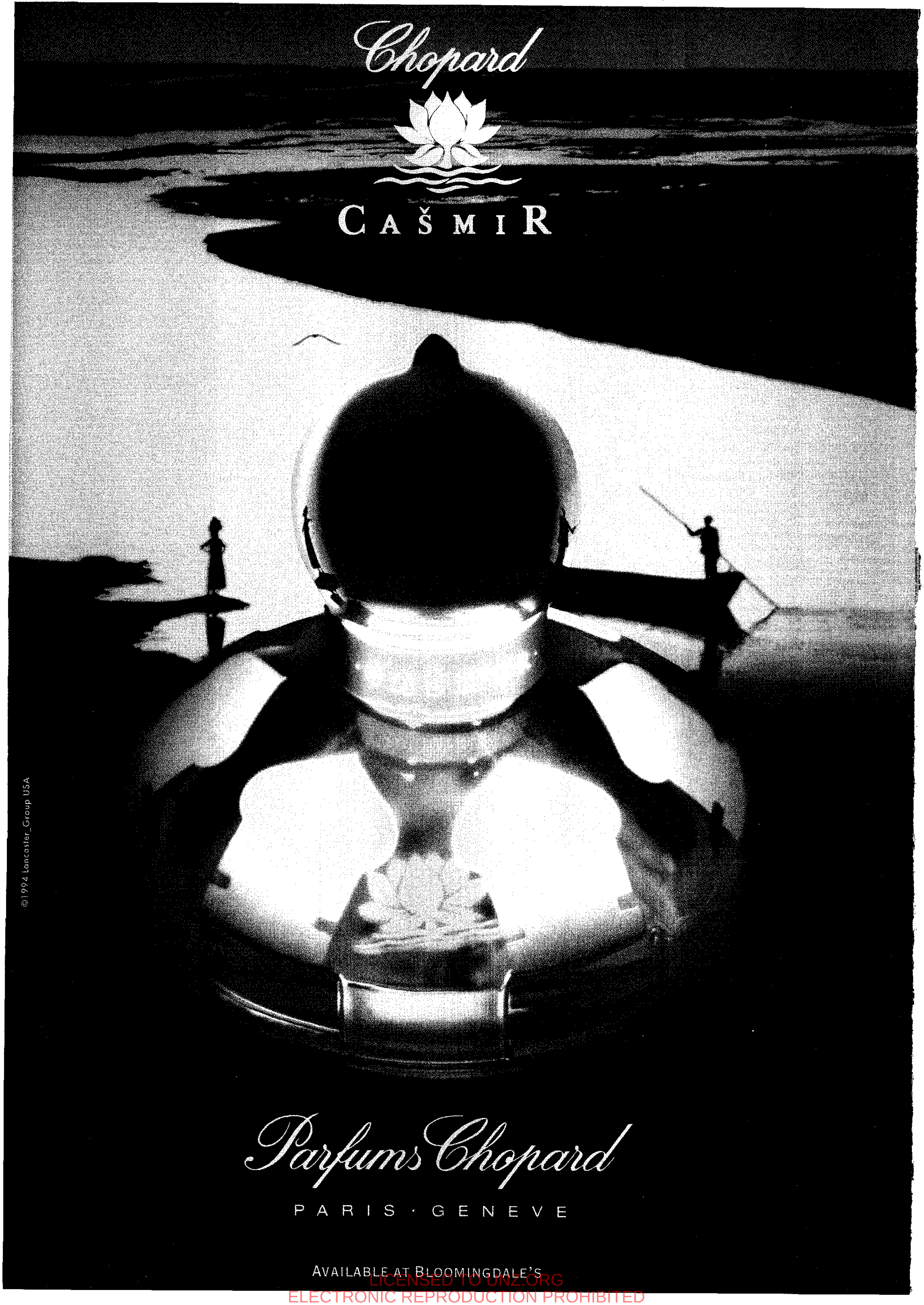
Spurred by Cosloy's sudden generosity of spirit, Anna Statman, who does A&R at Interscope, begins to talk about Cop Shoot Cop, a punkish band that is one of her major stars. "How did you find them?" Grabel asks her. "I don't remember," Statman fumbles.

Cosloy stares a second and then says, "Can I tell you about Cop Shoot Cop for a second?" For the next five minutes, while Statman slumps deeper and deeper into her chair, Cosloy lists all the permutations of the band, details their various drug dependencies, who their girlfriends were, what songs they played. Statman looks miserable. "How did you know all that?" she asks sheepishly. "I just kept up with what they were doing," he says. Statman sighs. "She's completely missing the point," Cosloy says with complete disgust. "LaRocka gets it, and she misses it."

Having taken Statman apart limb from limb, Cosloy looks content. "You can call certain people dopey, but I still don't think that someone should go out of their way to make someone feel bad, to make them question their own validity," says Vicky Wheeler, a former girlfriend of Cosloy's who runs an indie P.R. company. "Sometimes his hostility is not very constructively directed."

LaRocka, meanwhile, is a confused hero. "Hey—thanks, man," LaRocka says to Cosloy, as the panel runs out of steam. "I don't know why you did it, but thanks."

Cosloy shakes LaRocka's hand and heads off the dais, retaining his title as indie god, his cloak of credibility firmly in place. He won't admit it, but he loves this game. He gets to be brilliant and self-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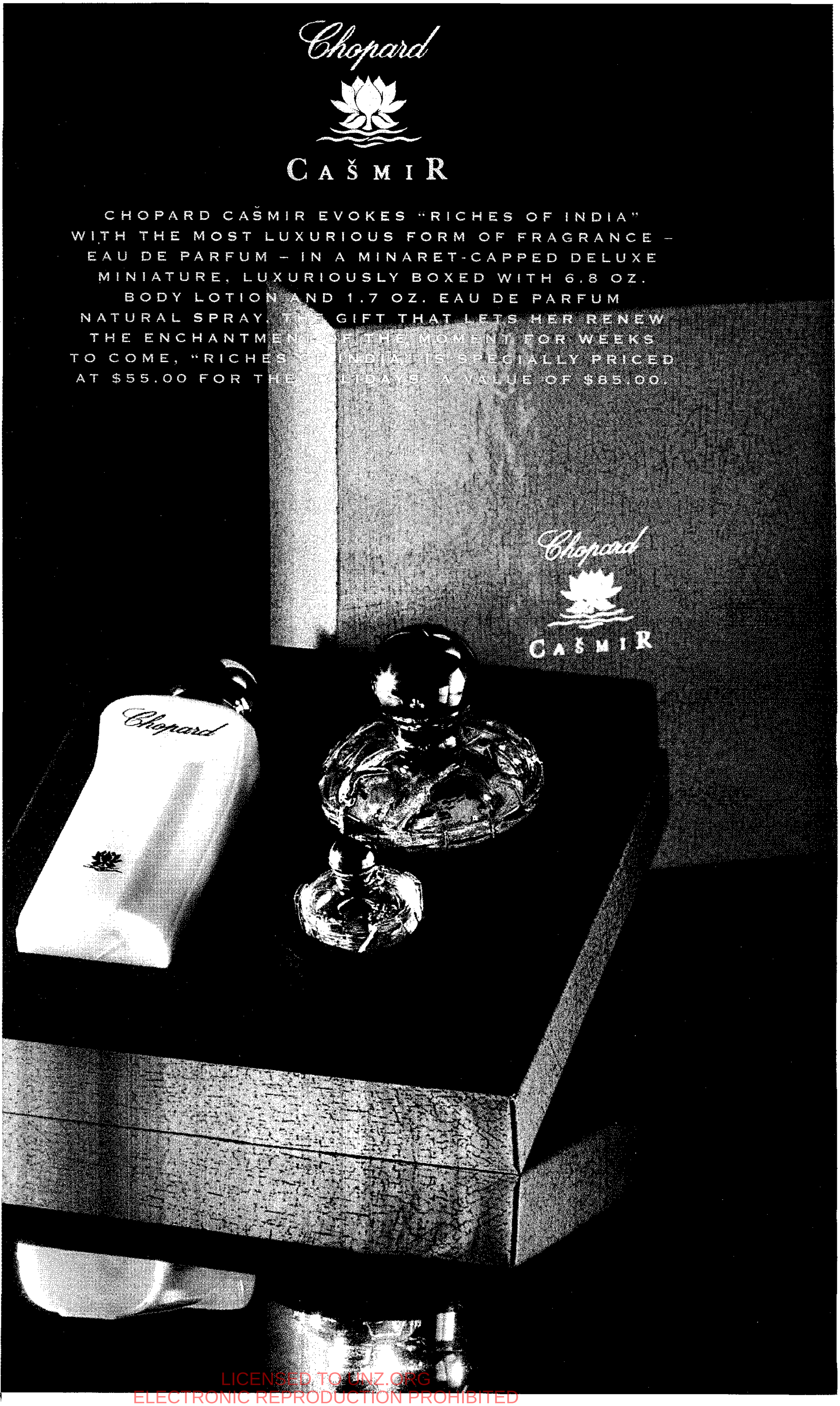

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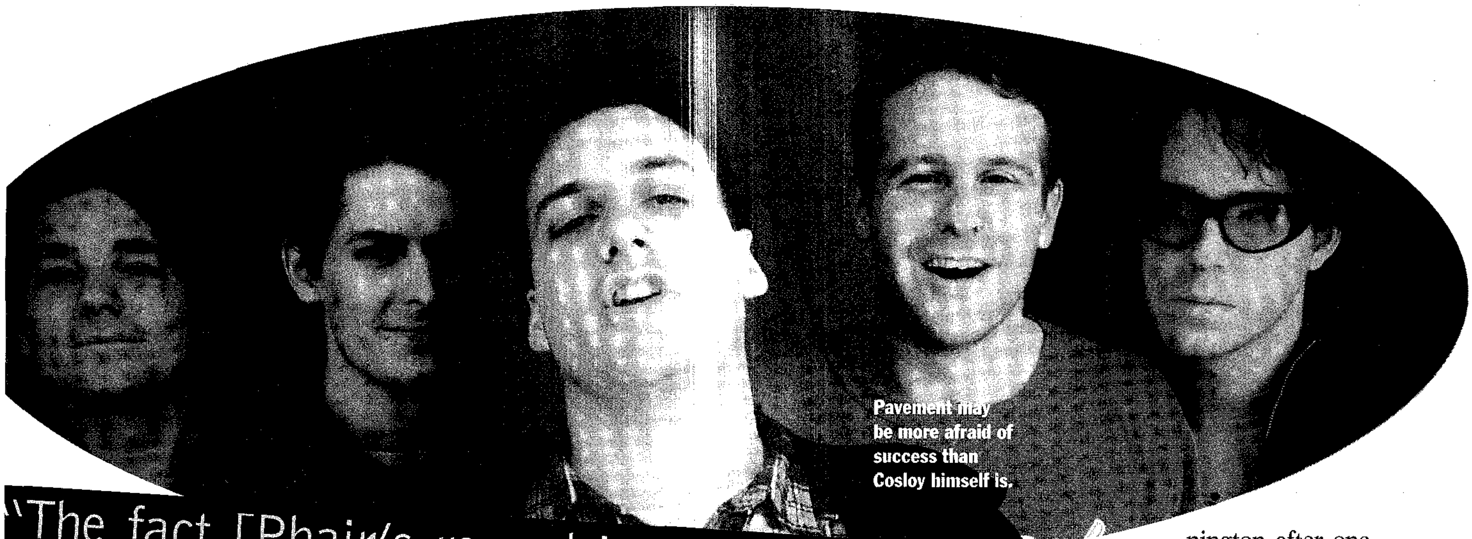


Pavement may be more afraid of success than Cosloy himself is.

'The fact [Phair's record is great] is irrelevant. You can't listen to her music objectively anymore— she's the same as a bottle of Heinz ketchup."

righteous and a bully, all at the same time. As he walks through the ballroom to meet Lombardi, Cosloy is radiant—he's killed them all again.

'SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO have Gerard as a partner," Chris Lombardi is saying. It is a Thursday afternoon at Matador Records on lower Broadway, and Lombardi, who seems a bit remote and languorous but is actually surprisingly alert, is sprawled behind his desk. "I did not like Chris when I first met him," says Liz Phair, who has since changed her opinion 180 degrees. "He is shyer, blossoming into something more ebullient. And Gerard appears at first to be set and inflexible and like a wall, but when you touch the wall, it's like the looking glass: You go right through. He looks solid, but he's really very watery. Gerard and Chris complement each other perfectly. There could be no Gerard without Chris."

But few know Chris exists. "It's all Gerard," Lombardi says matter-of-factly. "I know that's what most people think." To a great extent, Lombardi has accepted this fact—to compete with Cosloy for attention would be futile. "He also alienates people," Lombardi continues. "He even alienates people within the company. I act as a buffer between Gerard and the world."

Matador's office is a jumble of CDs and tapes and envelopes full of more tapes and lots of bullfighting-theme album covers stuck to the walls alongside posters of Matador bands. There's also a lot of smoke ("We encourage [smoking]," Cosloy has boasted) and music, which give the place a certain clublike feel.

That is, if the phones weren't constantly ringing. Lombardi has been on the phone all morning trying to finish a deal with Guided by Voices, a low-fi band from Dayton, Ohio. When this negotiation began, almost a year ago, Matador was the only label interested. "They said, 'We want to be on your label,' " recalls Lombardi, between calls. "And I said, 'All right.' We figured it out. But then, Warner Bros. heard about it and offered them a deal. And then it started getting bigger and bigger. Then Janet Billig [who also managed the Lemonheads and Courtney Love before becoming senior vice-president at Atlantic Records last year] started managing them in August, and that dragged it out for another couple of months. It was really getting fucking frustrating. And now, the band has quit their day jobs, have lawyers and managers and publicists, and they still haven't made a deal. They just got intoxicated."

Lombardi pauses, clearly annoyed. "Last night, we did the whole horse-and-buggy show for them," he continues. "We took them to the Palm and gave them lobsters and steaks and bourbon and ginger ales. Gerard got sick, but it was fun." Lombardi smiles. "But I'm tired of this," he says finally, lighting another cigarette. "I want this deal finished."

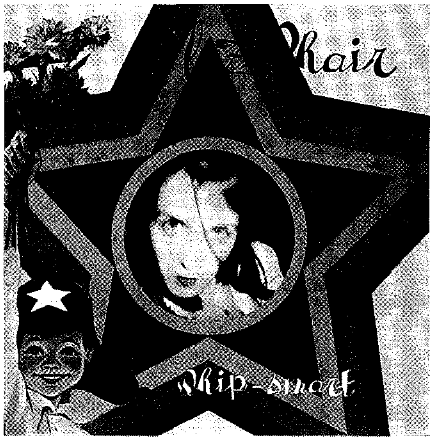
It certainly wasn't this complicated a few years ago. When Lombardi started Matador in pre-Nirvana 1989 with money that he borrowed from his father, an architect who specializes in historical renovation, it was ridiculously easy to sign a band and put out a record. Lombardi, who grew up in Manhattan and dropped out of Bennington after one semester, had briefly worked at Dutch East India Trading, a music conglomerate that is the parent company of Homestead Records. Homestead was famous in the indie scene mostly for its label manager, Gerard Cosloy, who put out Dinosaur Jr's first record and was instrumental in Sonic Youth's success. Lombardi and Cosloy knew each other, and soon after, Matador was formed ("I'd just seen the Almodóvar movie," recalls Lombardi, "and I think I was also listening to some bullfighting music, so I said, 'Oh, Matador—that's good' "). Chris asked Gerard if he wanted to join forces. "I said yes immediately," claims Cosloy. "Homestead's management were a big pile of suck."

Matador had already put out some successful albums, distributing them through independent mom-and-pop-type record stores, which have remained a key part of Matador's success. Before joining Matador, Cosloy had been shopping around a tape of Teenage Fanclub, a Scottish band that writes great pop songs, to the major labels. "No one was interested," Lombardi says. So Matador signed them and put out the record.

"By the time they came to America, they were such hot shit," recalls Lombardi, still annoyed by the memory. "We'd been in business three months and they played a showcase, and the first thing they said to their new lawyers was 'We want to get off Matador!' "

According to their contract, Matador claimed that Teenage Fanclub owed it another record. The band's lawyer, Richard Grabel, protested. "I was a fan of Gerard's," recalls

**Lip-smart Liz Phair became an alternative queen largely by word of mouth.**



Photograph by Michael Lavine.

Grabel, who had read Cosloy's writing. "But the band said, 'We think we'll be very big in America, and we need to be on a bigger label.' " After nearly a year of wrangling, a settlement was reached: Matador got paid off and Teenage Fanclub signed with Geffen, where, Cosloy gleefully reports, "they haven't made a decent record."

The Teenage Fanclub drama did a few things for Matador: It increased the label's profile, it reconfirmed Cosloy's A&R brilliance, and it fueled his anti-lawyer stance. Ironically, Grabel has gone on to represent many of Matador's major artists, including Bettie Serveert, Liz Phair, and Guided by Voices, so Lombardi has been forced to, as he puts it, "smoke the peace pipe or we'd get nothing accomplished." But Cosloy will never relent. "As long as he has Chris," says a rival A&R executive, "Gerard gets to be a brilliant brat. Chris keeps the lights on and the rent paid, and Gerard can be as contemptuous as he wants. As long as he delivers. And that will never change: Few people can hear music like Gerard. He gets it immediately."

Which is why when Liz Phair sent out her first tape, she sent it to Matador. "I sent it just to Gerard," she says. "I'd heard of him. I asked my producer who the coolest label was, and he said, 'Matador,' and I said, 'Why not start at the top?' "

$2.50
CONFLICT 51 FALL 1990
$3.00

***Conflict*, Cosloy's fanzine: The rantings of an angry white man.**

Cosloy shrugs off any talk of A&R brilliance with his standard there's-always-great-music-out-there line, but his ability to hear the potential in a tape is extraordinary. "Whatever you think of him personality-wise," says Grabel, "he is a genius A&R person."

"He's always been different. It's not like one day he became a music-maniac," says a friend. "He's always been a music-zealot maniac."

By 1991, Nirvana had gone platinum, and so-called alternative music was becoming wildly popular. This immediately changed Matador's profile, though Cosloy claims the sea change had no effect on him. "I hate Nirvana," he says. "And certainly Nirvana upped the ante and opened everyone's eyes to the new possibilities, and there was a trickle-down of the millions of kids who like Nirvana or bands much worse. But I think the whole mania is so silly. We had a meeting with Ed Rosenblatt [president of Geffen] for the very short time that Geffen was considering whether to throw us five cents for something, and he made some comment like, 'Boy you guys should be grateful to those Nirvana kids. Because of them, you guys are going to make a lot of money; because of them, you guys are going to sign some big-label deal; because of them, blah blah blah.' And I just thought, FUCK THIS SHIT! As far as I'm concerned, fucking Nirvana should be thanking us. Because it's people like Chris and myself who were documenting shit and putting out records in the mid-eighties that they copped their whole thing from. Thanks for the money, Nirvana, but every single band we've ever worked with is better than you."

Geffen wasn't the only major label interested in signing a deal with Matador. Once Danny Goldberg (who had been president of Gold Mountain, the company that managed, among others, Nirvana) became president of Atlantic Records, he flew Cosloy and Lombardi out to Los Angeles for a meeting. "We thought, boy—hotel rooms and cars," recalls Lombardi. "We didn't really think we'd do it. I just said, *no way.*"

Goldberg took them to the Hamburger Hamlet on Sunset Boulevard ("We were totally bummed out about that," Lombardi says. "I guess 'cause we were indie guys, he wasn't going to put on the show for us") and made his pitch: He planned to turn Atlantic around, in part by making deals with indies like Matador. "My initial impression," Goldberg recalls, "was that Gerard was very smart but cynical about doing business. I wore him down after a while. The key was that they could do their own thing. All the creative controls were theirs. They wanted control of their own destiny and we gave them that."

Atlantic needed credibility—its roster was mired in the heavy-metal eighties—and Goldberg realized that Matador (as well as other indie labels like Mammoth) would be a perfect fit. "He wouldn't stop pestering us about it," Lombardi says. "Danny really wanted to get his hands on Superchunk and Pavement. Liz Phair he didn't know. We played it for him and he didn't get it."

When Lombardi and Cosloy started to talk about it seriously, they could not resist the Atlantic offer. "We realized that we weren't going to be able to keep the acts we were working with," Lombardi says. "We couldn't have made 100,000 Pavement records—we just didn't have the cash. It was an opportunity to expand and still do what we were doing."

And yet, and yet . . . Cosloy had qualms. Specifically, the second of his major themes: Does success spell the end of credibility? "I would say YES!" Cosloy bellows, but he also saw the sense of the deal. He was eventually convinced that music should be his focus, rather than indie image. "Gerard is so involved in the whole debate of independent versus major and all that," says Lombardi. "So he worried more about losing credibility than I did. There's a stigma attached to success in the independent world, but the fact that you sell records does not make you a sellout. It's always going to be true that finding out about a record from your buddy at the record store or your friend in school or the shitty little four-page fanzine in your small town is somehow better than seeing it on MTV or reading about it in a glossy national magazine. It's not as special anymore. But that's so obvious, I don't know why people have to get so emotional about it."

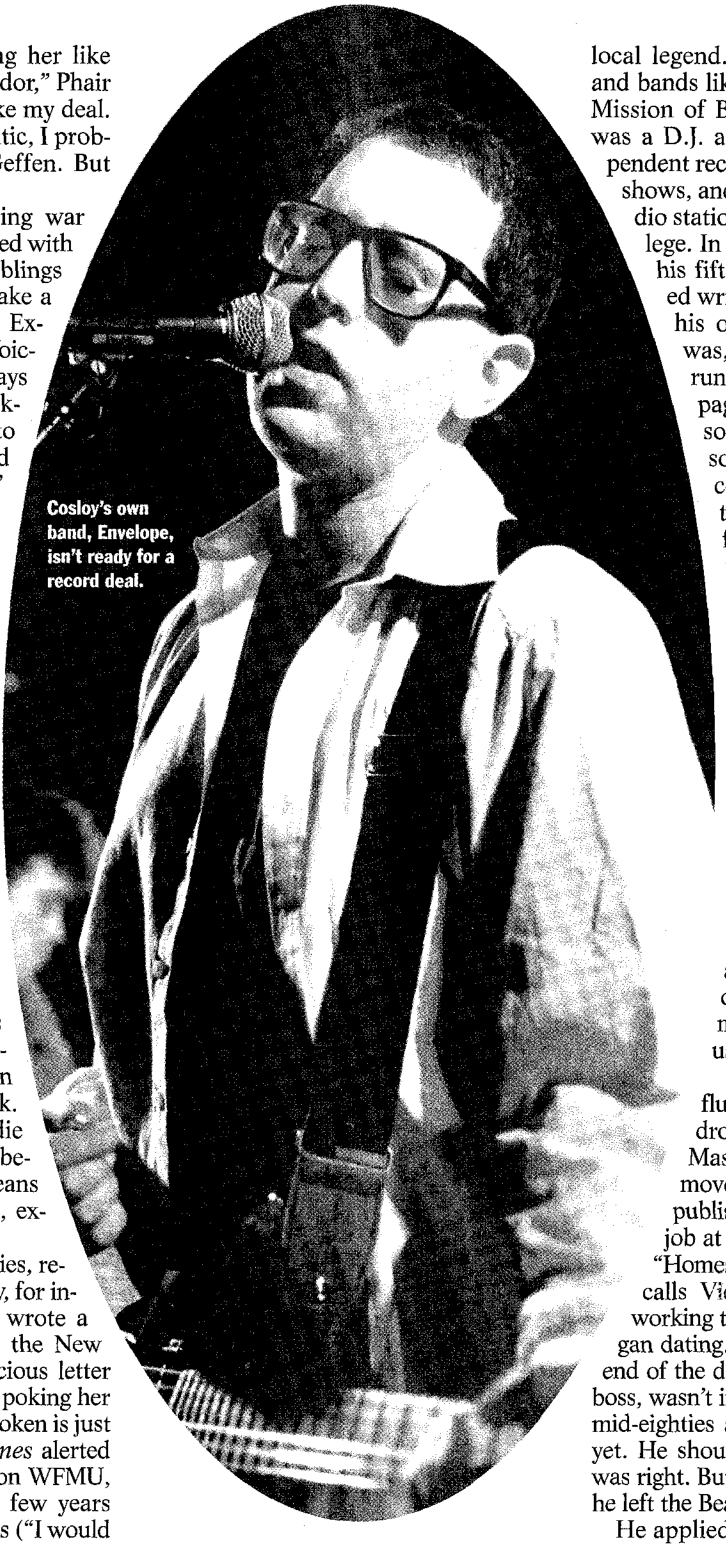
In late 1992, Matador submitted a list of financial demands, and, after an argument about whether or not Cosloy and Lombardi should be given cars ("Danny said, 'What kind of car are you going to get, Mr. Alternative?' " Lombardi recalls), they signed a deal. Atlantic would fund (and profit from) Matador's normal operations. Simultaneously, Lombardi bought out his father and brother's 25 percent share of the company and gave it to Cosloy, making them equal partners. "It's not really a partnership if it's not equal," Lombardi explains.

Anticipating an indie-world outcry, Cosloy preempted it by writing in *CMJ New Music Report,* the college-radio trade publication, "We have just signed a deal with McDonald's," he wrote. "I know that some hopelessly p.c. whiners and losers are gonna make a big deal about how this affects our street cred, but on my street there are McDonald's wrappers everywhere."

The truth is, they really had no choice: Their bands were getting too huge. For instance, when Liz Phair's *Exile in Guyville* became a critical and commercial success, every major label was courting her like mad. “I wanted to stay on Matador,” Phair says. “But I also wanted to make my deal. If they hadn’t signed with Atlantic, I probably would have gone with Geffen. But luckily, it worked out.”

Similarly, there was a bidding war over Bettie Serveert (it, too, stayed with Matador), and there are rumblings that the majors are about to make a move on the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. And now, Guided by Voices. “The music got too big,” says Grabel. “It got out of the backyard-garage scene. It was time to take it to a bigger audience. And Chris and Gerard realized that.”

“If we didn’t have the deal with Atlantic, we couldn’t sign Guided by Voices,” Lombardi says now. He laughs at the absurdity of this bidding war. “I mean, I love this band, but this is insane. . . .” The phone is ringing again. “Maybe I should just put Grabel on the phone with Gerard,” Lombardi smiles. “That would probably take care of it, one way or another.”



**Cosloy’s own band, Envelope, isn’t ready for a record deal.**

SO GERARD CAN be a jerk. But that’s good, or at least useful. In the independent-music world, it’s great to be brilliant, but it’s even better to be brilliant and a jerk. Because, above all else, the indie world values authenticity. And being a jerk validates you—it means you don’t care about anything, except, of course, the music.

People like to tell Gerard stories, reinforcing his mythic status. How, for instance, after Karen Schoemer wrote a short, mild profile of him for the New York *Times,* he sent such a vicious letter (in which Cosloy regretted “not poking her fucking eyes out,” adding, “Hoboken is just a PATH ride away”) that the *Times* alerted security. Or how when he was on WFMU, an alternative radio station, a few years ago, he would berate his listeners (“I would question whether they deserved to live or die”) so severely that his enraged audience started to show up at the radio station to beat him up. “I’d say,” Cosloy recalls, gleeful at the memory, ‘You wouldn’t hit a guy with glasses.’ I don’t wear contacts, because if I did, I’d get punched out all the time.”

They say he’s nice to his kitties, but even there he’s a bit unusual—Cosloy has been known to have as many as eleven cats at a time. “And he would skimp on kitty litter,” says Vicky Wheeler. “You could sort of tell he had a lot of cats as soon as you walked in the door.”

“Gerard has always been extreme,” says an old friend. “He’s never been any different. It’s not like one day he became a music-zealot maniac. He’s always been a music-zealot maniac.” Born on Christmas Eve (“Him and Jesus,” says Wheeler, “That may be the most significant indicator: Gerard Cosloy and Jesus Christ—they even have similar initials, if you spell Gerard with a *J*”), Cosloy grew up in Wayland, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. His father worked for Wang Computers and his mother taught school, and he has a younger sister. It was all very normal.

Yet by the time he was 18, Cosloy was a local legend. Influenced by punk music and bands like the Clash and the Jam and Mission of Burma and Joy Division. He was a D.J. at local clubs, released independent records out of his home, booked shows, and was the host of a college radio station even before he went to college. In December 1979, in honor of his fifteenth birthday, Cosloy started writing and publishing *Conflict,* his own music fanzine. *Conflict* was, throughout its thirteen-year run, Gerard in his purest form: page after page of punk ranting, some of it extremely smart, some of it just nasty, all of it controversial. “The news section was called ‘Lies,’ ” says a fan of *Conflict.* “Roughly half was reportage, and then there was stuff that Gerard made up just to fuck with people. He would print stuff that was 180 degrees from the truth to see if he could get a reaction.”

“There was no message to *Conflict,*” Cosloy says now. “The idea was to put the focus back on what the art was really about. And in that sense the magazine was a colossal failure, because the focus was never on what the art was about. The focus was on who got mentioned, how many times the word *fag* was used, or something like that.”

Cosloy hated college (“I flunked everything”) and, at 18, dropped out of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. He moved to New York, continued to publish *Conflict,* and quickly got a job at Homestead Records in 1984. “Homestead was his whole life,” recalls Vicky Wheeler, who was also working there when she and Cosloy began dating. “And he didn’t own it at the end of the day. Barry Tenebaum, Gerard’s boss, wasn’t into the indie scene. It was the mid-eighties and this stuff wasn’t popular yet. He should have just waited—Gerard was right. But it’s like the Pete Best story—he left the Beatles, and who’s sorry now?”

He applied for other industry jobs, but was either overqualified or viewed as too cantankerous. Cosloy occupied himself by organizing shows at CBGB and reviewing bands in the *Voice,* but until Lombardi offered him a deal, he was floating about. “Despite how brilliant he is, Gerard would never fit into the corporate structure of a major label,” says Wheeler. “And that’s why I respect him. Everyone is nice to people when they don’t have to be—that’s how we get our jobs done. But Gerard resolutely won’t do that. And look how far he’s come. He has tremendous integrity. He’s always stayed true to himself.”

Photograph by Rav Rahav.

COSLOY AND LOMBARDI ARE having lunch at Shopsin's, the clublike, toy-filled diner in the West Village that specializes in surly service, 50 different kinds of soup, and a celebrity clientele that ranges from William Kunstler to Calvin Trillin to Cindy Crawford. "It's a great place for first dates," Cosloy muses, reading the voluminous menu. "It never fails. But not a good place to break up with a girl." Lombardi, who is playing with a toy brontosaurus, asks, "Where is a good place to break up?" "Oh," replies Cosloy, not even looking up from his menu, "the observation deck at the Empire State Building. Then you can just push them off." Cosloy pauses. "You go, 'Say—I dropped my penny and they hit the ground at the same time!' "

Lombardi laughs. After lunch, Chris and Gerard are headed to Atlantic Records to discuss budgets with Val Azzoli, the new head of the label. In the past few months, there has been an enormous shake-up in the Warner Music Group, and Danny Goldberg, formerly head of Atlantic, has now replaced Mo Ostin as CEO of Warner Bros. Records (another Warner label). This means Matador has lost its initial champion at Atlantic.

> "Thanks for the money," says Cosloy. "But every single band we've ever worked with is better than you."

Matador, however, has released Pavement's next record through Warner Bros. rather than Atlantic. "They never felt really comfortable with Atlantic as a label," explains Cosloy. "They feel more at home with Danny and the bands on Warner Bros. You know—Neil Young, R.E.M."

It's credibility again. It seems Pavement wasn't crazy about being on the same label as Stone Temple Pilots, Atlantic's "alternative" success story. That band, with its Eddie Vedder–soundalike lead singer, is just too pop, too calculated, and too derivative to be anywhere near a band as cool as Pavement. "The more the artist becomes part of the environment you walk around in," Cosloy says, picking at his rice and vegetable plate, "the less they're worth."

This is essential Cosloy, and it gets to the inherent conundrum at the heart of the independent music scene, and to some extent of rock in general: As soon as a song or an artist is appreciated by more than a select group of in-the-know music obsessives, it is deemed invalid.

"If my first exposure to Liz Phair was, like, the twentieth article in *Rolling Stone*," states Cosloy, between bites, "and I heard it was the album of the century and she was a spokeswoman for feminism or whatever, I don't think I would ever even listen to the record. Never. Never. Maybe if it was playing in Urban Outfitters and I heard it over the stereo, I would ask somebody what it was. But why would I want to spend $14 to, like, find out what a zillion people were already into?"

Cosloy pauses. He loves this topic. "I think we're very fortunate that we got to hear Liz Phair on cassette in our office," he continues, "and hear for ourselves what that record meant to us. That was terrific. But if the whole thing was shoved down our throats by the media, who can't find anything else to concentrate on, I'm not sure we'd even want to give her the benefit of the doubt."

Since Matador is responsible for the Liz Phair push, Cosloy's diatribe seems a little ridiculous, but he steadfastly blames the world for transforming her from a musician into a celebrity. "I would prefer if more was written about her music," he states. "But the fact that it's a great record is irrelevant. You can't listen to her music objectively anymore—she's the same as a bottle of Heinz ketchup. She's the same as . . . Mariah Carey."

Lombardi laughs at this, but Cosloy isn't kidding. "Exactly when a band gets big enough for other people to be interested in is when Gerard tends to lose interest," says Joe Levy, a features editor at *Details*. "That's when he thinks, 'All they are is just another rock band.' It's a terrible position to be in: The more successful he or his bands become, the more he's going to believe it all sucks. It's a real dilemma."

"The choice shouldn't be to sit in obscurity or shoot to the top," says Phair. "There should be some alternative. But I like the fact that I might exploit myself more bogusly than Gerard or Chris would. I know I can trust them."

As for the members of Pavement, who have been tagged "anti-rock stars," their leader, Stephen Malkmus, says plainly, "I want to try and sell as many records as I can. There are people to please other than the jaded people in the world. A lot of mainstream things are just as interesting as indie stuff: There's a dearth of good bands at any level." This from a man who is so cool that Courtney Love has suggested that Madonna date him in order to boost her flagging hipness quotient.

"Well," says Cosloy, shrugging off any criticism. He doesn't agree, so he just ignores whatever's said and plows forward. "It doesn't matter whether the media like Liz Phair or Pavement or not," Cosloy continues, undaunted. "They need to find a new way of articulating why they like them, or why they like anything. Because it all comes down to the same thing: power, money, celebrity, and some bogus brand of charisma. And it's taking valuable oxygen away from other people who are talented."

Having heard some version of this rant many times before, Lombardi is not really listening. Not all of it makes sense anyway—it's just Cosloy spouting. "C'mon, Gerard," he says. "We're late for our meeting." Cosloy takes a last forkful of food and nearly jogs out of the restaurant, off to Atlantic Records.

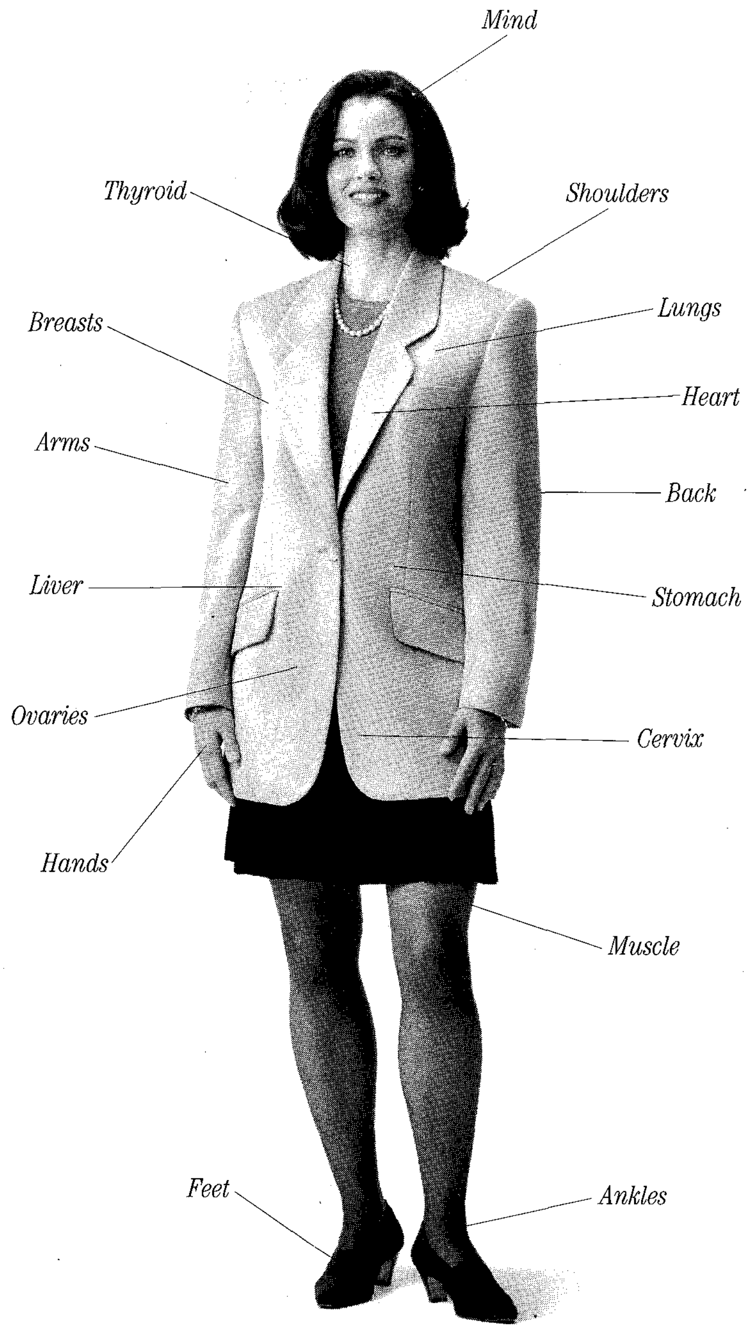
IT'S A THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AND down at Matador's offices, it has just been announced that Liz Phair is nominated for a Grammy award. "What's the category?" asks Cosloy, sitting at his spare, tidy desk, which is mainly ornamented by two calendars: one for the Mets, the other for the Knicks. (Cosloy takes his sports affiliations very seriously. When asked if he was a Yankees fan, he replied, "Would you ask somebody why they hated the American Nazi Party? Or why Evan Dando is a bad singer? That's why I hate the Yankees.")

"The category is 'Best Female Rock Vocal Performance,' " says Spencer Gates, Matador's publicity director. "I think she should have been nominated for Alternative," Cosloy says, checking the list of alternative-music nominees. "Nine Inch Nails?" Cosloy reads with disgust. "I don't know *what* they are, but they're not alternative." He pauses. "Now there is nothing but bands that are geared to be alternatives to what is popular," he says. "Why should anyone be interested in figuring out the temperament of a band like Pavement when they have a manufactured band like Weezer? Weezer is like, *Hey! Hey! We're the Monkees.* They totally suck, but that's what the 'alternative' people want."

"Were they nominated?" asks Lombardi. "No," says Cosloy, still flipping pages. He settles into his chair and starts sorting tapes and CDs, throwing some into a large box and stacking others neatly. He seems surprisingly pleased about Phair's nomination and even talks about attending the Grammys, an event he would usually scorn. "He sent me a note," Phair says later. " 'Dear Liz: It's in the bag. We're having all the other nominees killed. Love, Gerard.' "

(Perhaps luckily, Phair didn't win.)

"What do you think about the Grammys, Chris?" Cosloy yells over to Lombardi's desk. "Hmm," Lombardi says. "I guess we should go." Cosloy sort of smiles. It isn't clear whether he wants to go or doesn't want to go or knows it's so lacking in credibility that going would be sort of cool. Whatever. "I don't know if we'll go," he says, finally. "But . . . maybe. You just can't expect me to be consistent." ■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# BEST BETS

### BY CORKY POLLAN

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## Their Brilliant Careers

Gene Chace and Norman Usiak have been dressing plugged-in New Yorkers for close to twenty years. After a winter of blacks and grays, the pair is ready for spring with bright prewashed linen work shirts teamed with flashy satin or silk-faille ties (ties, $35; shirts, $140).

CAMOUFLAGE/*141 Eighth Avenue, at 17th Street/741-9118*

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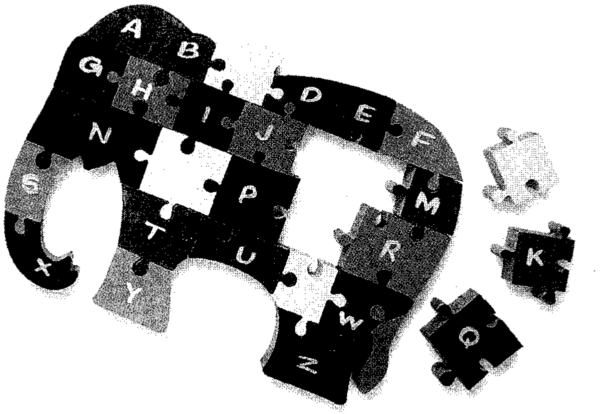
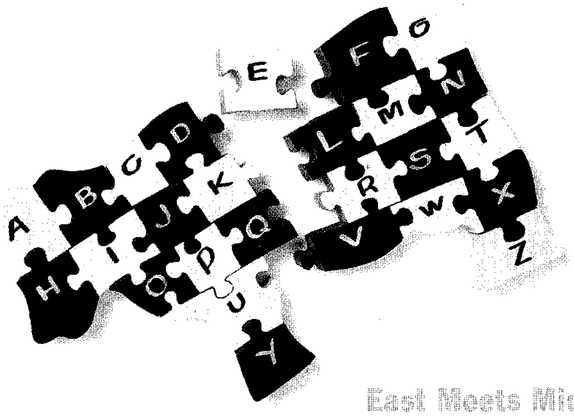
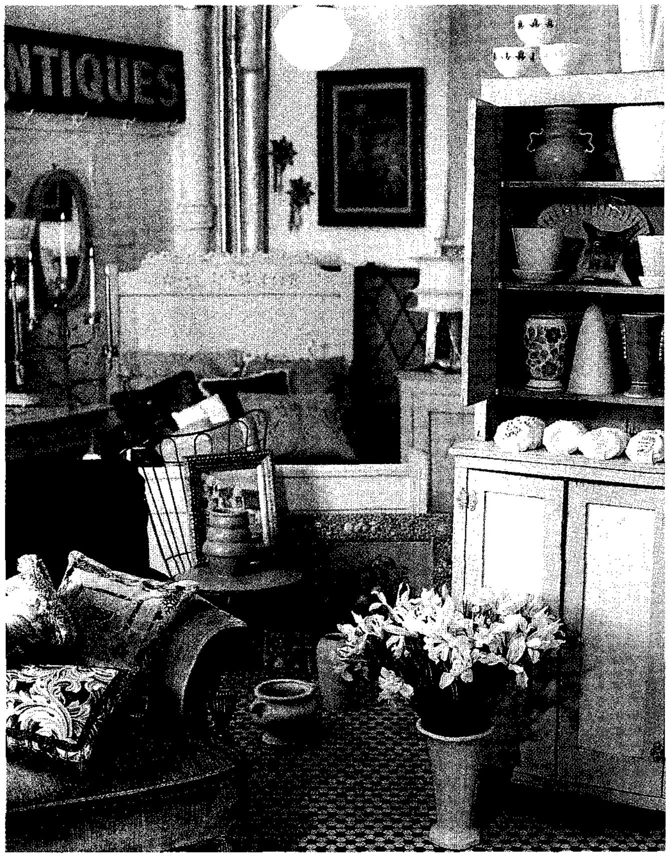
When kids play with Creatively Yours hand-painted wooden-letter puzzles, they don't put together words. Rather, simply by placing the letters in order, they construct cows, giraffes, dinosaurs, and cars ($20 and $25).
MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*





## East Meets Midwest

Turn-of-the-century midwestern America melds with the revisionist-hip fifties at the Lively Set. Though owners Steve Lohr and Marcelo Soriano recently moved here from Ohio, they were already attuned to New York's current decorating vogues. In their artfully crammed new store, rustic pie safes and jelly cupboards, old medicine cabinets with peeling paint, and Gothic window frames stand next to Eames chairs and retro love seats. There's also vintage garden furniture: wrought-iron settees and chairs. (From $45 for a country mirror to $295 for a primitive table to $2,500 for a carnival game.)
THE LIVELY SET/*33 Bedford Street/807-8417*



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## Focus Group

If, like some birders, you find that by the time you focus your binoculars on that Swainson's Warbler, it's miles away, take heart. Olympus has come up with compact 9×20 binoculars whose large dial lets you focus speedily, even on objects in flight. It's compact and lightweight, and has comfortable soft-rubber eyecups, so it's also great for, say, Mets-watching ($79.95).
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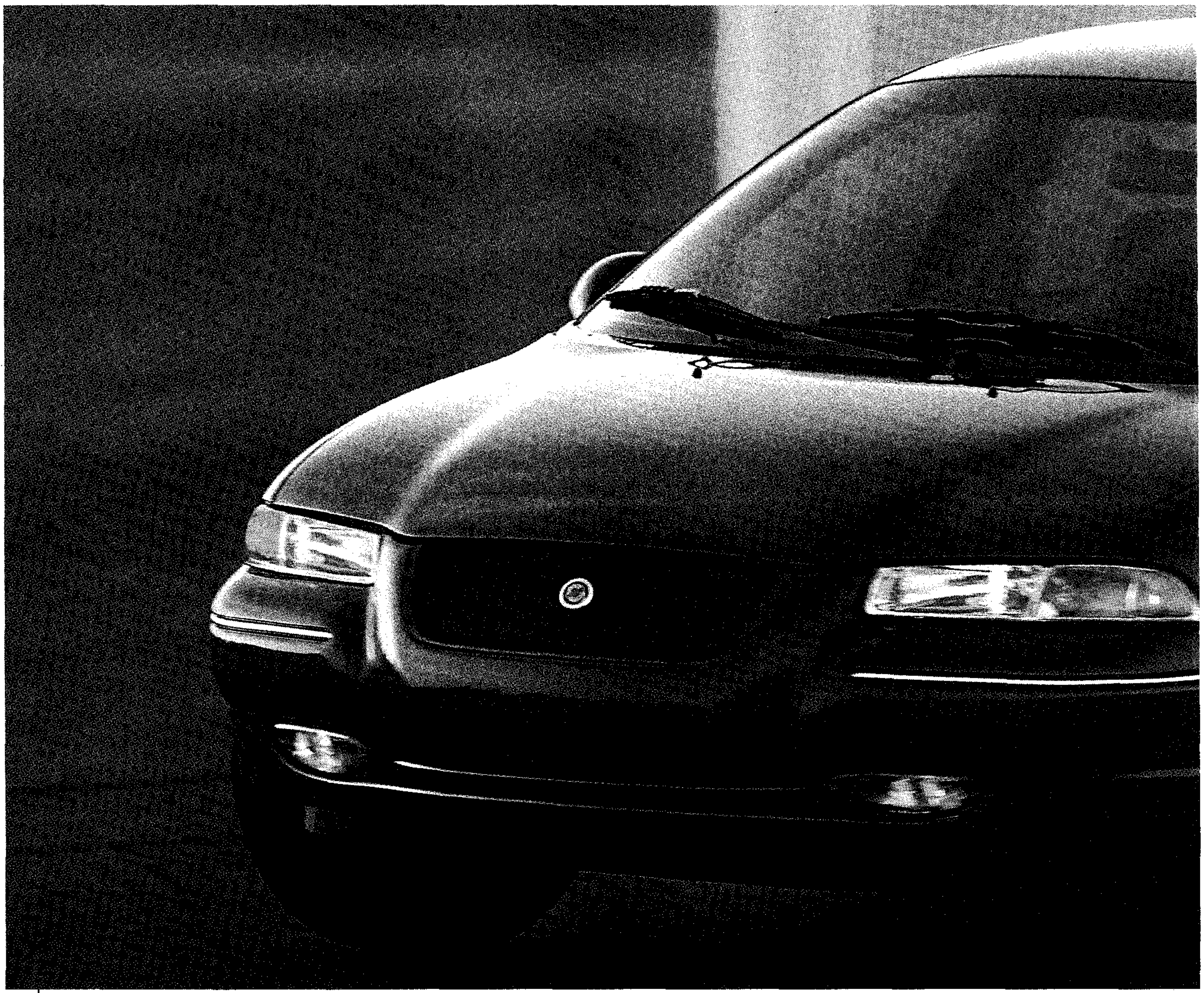

# Chrysler Cirrus. Moto

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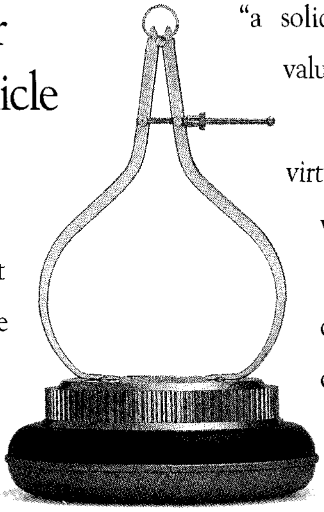

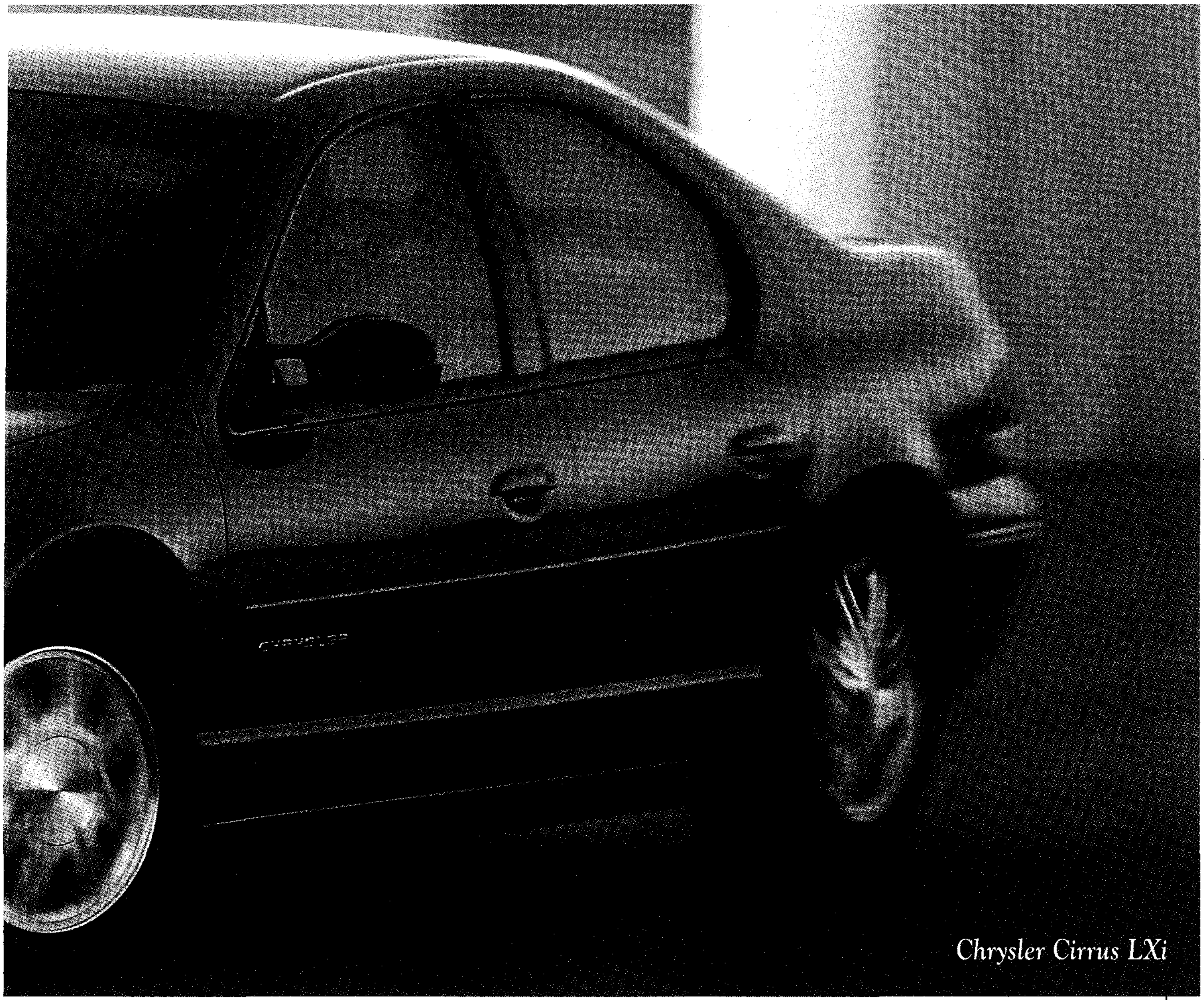

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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

# All Screwed Up

*'While You Were Sleeping' is that marvelous oxymoron—a sensitive screwball comedy; 'Basketball Diaries' is simply a mess.*

**Sandra Bullock and Bill Pullman: A prolonged aria of getting-to-know-you.**

SANDRA BULLOCK, THE RUMPLED HEROINE OF THE new screwball comedy **While You Were Sleeping,** doesn't have the perfect features of so many forgettable American actresses. She's more like one of those idiosyncratically beautiful Italian movie stars from the fifties, with a wide smile that takes over her face, dark eyes and hair, a puggish nose, and eyebrows that arc down slightly in the middle. Her character, Lucy, living alone in Chicago, works in an El station as a token clerk. Loneliness has made Lucy rather distracted and awkward: A handsome passenger who buys a token every morning and whom she's been dreaming about, Peter (Peter Gallagher), falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become Peter's fiancée. She wouldn't mind being his fiancée—she's projected all sorts of qualities onto him—and she revels in the attention, perhaps missing family love even more than romance. Lucy wears the coat of her dead father through the gray Chicago winter, and wraps up in sweaters and scarves. Pulled this way and that by longing and dismay, Bullock does a floppy-tailed star turn as this melancholy honeybunch.

*While You Were Sleeping* starts slowly. The early scenes of Lucy with Peter's family seem to go on forever, and I grew annoyed and rebellious because the first-time screenwriters, Daniel G. Sullivan and Fredric Lebow, use misunderstanding, coincidence, and accident to produce virtually every event in the story. Artifice always plays a large role in this kind of movie, but Sullivan and Lebow seemed to be cheating. They have a good romantic idea, however, and eventually develop it well. Peter's brother Jack (Bill Pullman) shows up, and suddenly Lucy ignores her imaginary, comatose lover and has a wide-awake man to flirt with. "You're cheating on a vegetable," a friend tells her, but she goes on.

Peter Gallagher, who must have the ripest features since Victor Mature, is perfectly cast as Peter the sleeping beauty. Awake, Gallagher isn't much of an actor (he's a brooding sensual blank at the center of a new dud thriller, *The Underneath*). Bill Pullman is the male star here, and rightly so. Pullman was extremely funny as the masochistic, crooked saphead—a worm who deserved to be stepped on—in *The Last Seduction,* but I feared for his morale. How much punishment can a man take? In his own quiet way, Pullman has now had his revenge. As a regular guy who has never found the right girl, he matches Bullock in appeal. Pullman is more directly sexual than in the past, with a touch of angry smoke in his voice. He and Bullock connect the way lovers in screwball comedies always have, by sharing a sense of humor, which is how American movies always sublimate eroticism. The director, Jon Turteltaub (*Cool Runnings*), pulls the movie together. Peter's family seems more and more lovable, and Turteltaub keeps the screen populated with good minor characters. He turns standard foolish bits of business—Bullock and Pullman slipping and falling into each other's arms on the ice—into a prolonged aria of getting-to-know-you. The movie never explodes, but it doesn't have to. Quiet and sensitive will do just fine for a change.

JIM CARROLL'S **The Basketball Diaries,** ALLEGEDLY A CHRONICLE of Carroll's life in New York from ages 13 to 16, has sold well since it was published in 1978, when Carroll was 28, and it's not hard to see why. A teen basketball star, Trinity dropout, drug addict, and eventual underground poet and rock performer, Carroll filled his diary with bravado, good times, and heroic bad times—feats of 14-year-old sexual performance and monumentally self-destructive bouts of drug consumption—all of it written

Photograph by Michael P. Weinstein/Hollywood Pictures.

in a sub-Kerouac patter ("We beat some dopey private school chicks I know for ten beans pawning off a bag of dill weed from momma's spice cabinet as grass and talked this spade dealer into letting us light $2 for two sixers," etc.). To my ears, the diary feels like an expertly contrived record of fantasy: The boy—or man—who wrote that sentence may never have told the truth about anything in his life, but he understands a thing or two about prose rhythm. He understands teen self-dramatization too. Carroll successfully captures a defiant mood of extreme narcissism--the mood in which an adult world composed of phonies and corrupt homosexuals attempts to sully the purity of a 15-year-old heroin addict. Carroll wants us to think of his younger self as Holden Caulfield with balls—and veins.

However dubious its authenticity, Carroll's book might have served as the basis for an interesting movie. Fifteen-year-old boys do have a kind of magic: They may never again be as spontaneous or as loyal to one another. But *The Basketball Diaries* is so slovenly and inaccurate it seems an even worse fake than the book. Leonardo DiCaprio is a very talented actor, but as Carroll, he doesn't move like a teenage athlete. Nor does DiCaprio's cocky smile suggest much connection to the meaninglessly hostile and self-destructive acts perpetrated by young Jim. We never really find out why this boy is so alienated; the movie just presents him as a fully formed dark angel, which means that DiCaprio's performance is both strained and unsupported.

The movie was shot in New York, but most of the time we can't tell where we are; Scott Kalvert, the director, demonstrates no feeling for the street. The parochial school that Jim attends appears to have only a single teacher, a sadistic priest played by a granite-jawed actor out of Victorian melodrama. One of Jim's friends on his supposedly terrific basketball team is played by the diminutive Mark Wahlberg (a.k.a. Marky Mark), who, with his overdeveloped wrestler's torso, doesn't look like he could jump more than an inch or two off the floor. The gorgeous rich twins who so obligingly sleep with the hero and his friend seem like glazed morons out of a porno movie. And so on.

Kalvert is yet another graduate of music videos with little sense of how to build a sequence. He creates a swirl of overcharged visual moods, but many of the sequences trail off into nowhere, and he lays the dolorous drug scenes one on top of another, linking the episodes with excerpts from Carroll's diaries. The basic form of the movie is false and undramatic, since the audience knows perfectly well that the hero, however messed up, will live to compose his book. The movie ends with Jim emerging from six months on Rikers Island and receiving the applause of a rapt Off Broadway–theater audience as he recites his diary. *The Basketball Diaries*—in any version—is a pathetically egocentric conception. ▬

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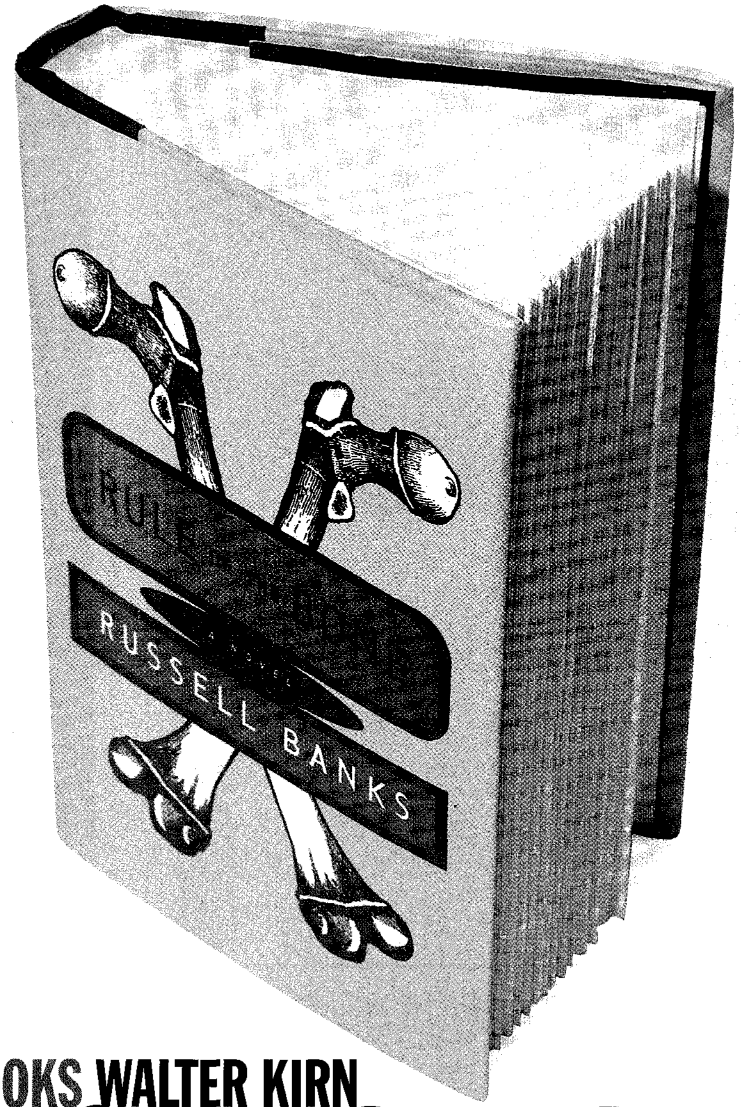


**Banks's hero starts in his traditional north-of-nowhere upstate New York and travels downstream (with Rastafarian friend, without raft) to Jamaica's beaches and mountains.**

**BOOKS WALTER KIRN**

# Son of Huck

*Banks's hero, Bone, is much like Twain's hero, with the same taste in friends, the same strange syntax, the same nose for trouble: It's a masterpiece of self-conscious pop.*

**Rule of the Bone**
RUSSELL BANKS
*HarperCollins; 390 pages; $22*

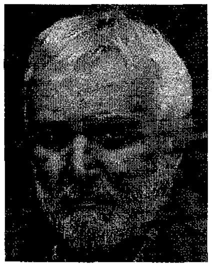
*Rule of the Bone* is Russell Banks's attempt to build a Great American Novel out of spare parts, in his own garage. Like an ambitious shade-tree mechanic, he raids the classic models—Twain, Melville, Dreiser, Salinger, Kerouac—as though constructing the literary equivalent of a Tucker automobile. He seems to believe that with solid engineering, the best materials, and plenty of ingenuity, a book can be made that will last and last and appeal to the masses, besides.

Amazingly, his faith makes it so. *Rule of the Bone* is a work of can-do genius. It has the good heavy-metal drive of basement rock bands. It's great, self-conscious pop.

The hero is a restless boy, of course, and he introduces himself in classic fashion, by swearing he's no phony. "You'll probably think I'm making a lot of this up just to make me sound better than I really am or smarter or even luckier but I'm not." Bone (named after a tattoo he's given himself) is a trailer-raised mall rat from rural upstate New York, where grunge is a soul-crushing way of life, not a fashion statement. In Banks's novels, upstate is north of nowhere: The snow has always just melted from the lawn, uncovering frozen turds and last fall's beer cans, and there's not much to do at night but rent bad videos and slap around the wife and kids. Bone's been slapped around himself—and worse—but instead of moaning about it, he copes. He's at home in hell, blasé about its horrors. Take Christmas Eve with his mother and stepfather: "Around eleven when the news came on we'd open the presents we'd got for each other and hug and say thanks and then they'd go into their room and pass out and I'd smoke a fatty in the bathroom and watch MTV with Willie till I fell asleep. It was okay but not exactly ideal."

Bone's voice doesn't echo Huck Finn's—it practically channels it. That's a strength, it turns out. Unlike the hundreds of other novelists who've given us teenage boys on the lam—slangy unwitting truth-tellers whose mythic job is to scam the respectable, expose the hypocritical, and befriend the weak—Banks doesn't borrow from Twain as much as steal outright, and he does it so well that Twain would approve, I suspect.

When Bone leaves home, the Huckish parallels mount. At the mall, he tries to save Froggy, a waifish young girl, from her creepy male keeper, Buster. The scum of the earth have grown scummier since Huck's day, but religion is still their front: Buster cruises while posing as an evangelist. Eventually, Bone drifts into marijuana dealing, moves in above a video store with Russ (Bone's Tom Sawyer), and falls in with a fake-tough biker gang whom he both idolizes and sees through. "Bruce was sort of the head biker because he'd been in the Gulf War and knew a lot about Arabs and desert life and weapons. . . . He lifted weights all day at Murphy's Gym where he said he was one of the trainers but he only hung out there and got to use the weights free because he was a good advertisement. He had arms and pecs as big as hams and because of them and his tattoos he almost never wore a shirt except for when he went out in winter and when he just wore his leather jacket and kept it unzipped."



Banks's loopy, free-form prose is a stylish literary feat. At first, you might detect the middle-aged novelist getting his slacker chops down, but soon you're caught up in deeper flows of character. Even when Bone uses words from youthquakes past ("hinky") or his diction turns oddly stuffy ("my material needs were few"), you're carried over the lapses by Banks's energy. Pinpoint sociological accuracy—though there's plenty of it—isn't his goal. Banks is after larger truths.

The book's great issues are race and slavery, but this

Photographs: top, Jonathan Gross; bottom, Marion Ettlinger.

time it's the black man who frees the white boy. Bone's deliverer is I-Man, a middle-aged Jamaican Rastafarian living in an abandoned school bus and tending a modest pot crop. What I-Man has that Bone doesn't is almost everything—faith, personal dignity, inner peace. For a while, the two just drift along like Huck and Jim on the raft: "We'd watch the sun go down and the sky turn all red like jam and these thin strips of silver clouds would float across and one by one stars would pop out of the dark blue sky overhead like genuine diamonds. . . ." Bone's awakening to nature and the spirit isn't subtle. As I-Man steeps him in Rasta doctrine, a racial sensitivity dawns in Bone that seems a bit precocious and unreal: "The thing is, reality, at least that part of reality which includes gods and saviors and so forth was different for I-Man than it was for us American white kids. Probably different even than for American black kids too but I can't say much about that of course since I'm not one myself."

The book could bog down in moral syrup here, but instead it takes a crazy leap: Bone and I-Man fly off to Jamaica. For a moment, the reader feels literary jet lag, as stale upstate mall air gives way to palmy breezes. Suddenly, Bone is deep in the mountains, a barefoot, dreadlocked marijuana farmer under an ancient sun. Then Banks goes right on and disorients us further. In Montego Bay, Bone glimpses his real father, a ponytailed tropical slickster named Doc. It's a preposterous coincidence, the sort of thing novelists aren't supposed to do these days; Banks, though, has a gift for such things. Like Dreiser, he can be gloriously clunky. He cheats on a grand scale, but we're charmed out of our disbelief by inspired, unlikely scenes.

Doc's home is a restored plantation house owned by a white hippie heiress, Evening Star. Called Starport, the place is a decadent expat hell of blender drinks, cocaine, and poolside quickies. It's a spookily great invention: a hard-partying House of Usher, collapsing under centuries of bad vibes, humid with degradation. Banks suggests that nothing much has changed here since evil colonial days. The new masters are sun-chasing whites, the new slaves impoverished Jamaican gigolos: "Good-looking young dudes with starter dreds and terrific builds most of them walking around barefoot in only loose shorts that sometimes showed their units and making out on the couches and suchlike with the white American women."

Bone is both revolted and seduced. His soul is in ultimate peril: Doc or I-Man? Piña coladas, Range Rovers, and power, or ganja, mystery, and inwardness? Banks has contrived a way-out moral spectacle and plays it for all it's worth, with no apologies. Drugs and machine guns come into play. Murder occurs, a vision in a cave. *Rule of the Bone* is Twain, but darker, with wackier contrasts and sicker cameo players. It's an inspired rip-off. A great book. ■

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# Derelict Directors

*Sean Mathias turns 'Indiscretions' into a low camp travesty; Scott Ellis makes 'A Month in the Country' into a musical without music.*

**From top to bottom: Eileen Atkins, Kathleen Turner, and Roger Rees in *Indiscretions.***

IN THE PREFACE TO *Les Parents terribles,* JEAN Cocteau wrote, "I wished to attract a drama that would be a comedy whose core would be vaudeville if the action and characters were not those of drama." In the stage directions, he added, "One obligatory detail: The very realistic scenery must be constructed solidly enough to allow doors to be slammed." In Sean Mathias's disastrous staging, now entitled **Indiscretions,** the scenery is surrealistic, there is only one door slamming, and the characters are grotesquely dehumanized caricatures.

True, no masterpiece has been desecrated; though well-written line by line, this 1938 play was dated at its inception—the plot too artificially excogitated, the characters too weather-vanish, the dialogue too rhetorical. Even so, Cocteau tried to write about people: disorderly ones versus orderly ones. Mathias and his adapter—Jeremy Sams, better known as a composer—have done everything in their power to turn the play into low camp, the kind of travesty that, in the heyday of gay-bashing, homosexuals in bars perpetrated to get even with the Establishment.

George, the father, is a second-rate inventor; Yvonne, the mother, is a neurasthenic who hardly leaves her bed and harbors a pathological love for her 22-year-old, presumably virginal son, Michael. The three lead messy lives in an apartment as untidy as a Gypsy caravan (*roulotte,* which Sams translates incorrectly), where only Leonie, Yvonne's unmarried sister, manages to impose some order. Leonie, who lost George to Yvonne, has been living with them these 23 years and keeping the household afloat on her modest inheritance. Still secretly in love with George, she looks after his son better than either parent does.

The initial brouhaha over a 22-year-old fellow "sleeping out" (how to translate the French *découcher*?) makes little sense today. But when it emerges that—by one of those tricks of fate more favored by playwrights than by fate—George and Michael have been carrying on unawares with the same 25-year-old woman, Madeleine, the story gets rolling with theatrical, if not quite psychological, conviction. And what does Mathias do to it?

Item: Son is jumping up and down on Mother's bed as on a trampoline while Dad imitates him from the floor, as both indulge in rooster imitations as if trying out for a production of *Peter Pan*. Item: Mother and son are not just snuggling up on her bed but rolling around in it like the lovers in the obligatory sex scene of today's movies. Item: Dad, out of a clear blue sky, kisses son hard on the mouth, perhaps on the assumption that, in France, every kiss is a French kiss. Item: To coerce Madeleine into lying to Michael, George pins her down on the floor, then sticks his hand up her skirt and does something that instantly subdues her. Item: At the play's end, where a line states that things have returned to order, the set, contradictorily, comes apart before our eyes. Why? It's the modish thing for sets to do, cf. *An Inspector Calls.*

In the cast of five, four are—or act—the wrong age. And everyone speaks with a different accent. Yvonne, a part created on the Paris stage by the unforgettable Germaine Dermoz (and in the movie by the racy Yvonne de Bray), is mauled here by the unmentionable Kathleen Turner. If you haven't seen Miss Piggy as Miss Havisham, Shirley Temple as Tallulah Bankhead, or Goldie Hawn as the lion dancer in Kabuki, Miss Turner's Yvonne is your next-best bet. As father and son, Roger Rees and Jude Law give identically hysterical, over-the-top performances, each more delinquently juvenile than the other. Eternally teenagerish Cynthia Nixon tries valiantly to be three years older than her lover, and is particularly abused by the director when made not to walk up a gigantic spiral staircase but to climb up a jungle gym inside that stair-

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

case (*this defies description!*) so as to stare up Eileen Atkins's skirt.

As for Miss Atkins, one of our supreme actresses, she has been directed to play not a sensible, bittersweet old-maid aunt but the lesbian warden in a women's-prison movie, unaccountably bedizened in Chanel and Schiaparelli. Even so, some of her greatness flickers through. The sets and costumes by Stephen Brimson Lewis brim over with cutesy absurdity (why would an inventor, even if unsuccessful, dress up as a World War I fighter pilot, goggles and all?) to overshadow all the rest. We have left many a poor musical humming the scenery; this is a first for a straight (or, at any rate, straight-bashing) play.

CHEKHOV'S QUARREL WITH TURGENEV WAS A fight typical of fathers and sons: But for Ivan's **A Month in the Country,** who knows whether Anton's famous seagull might not have turned into a cormorant? As André Barsacq, Turgenev's French translator (and the director of this play in Paris with the late Delphine Scyrig stunning in the lead), put it: "Well ahead of Chekhov, Turgenev found . . . 'interior action,' where the dialogue does not correspond to the characters' intimate thoughts, where silences count as much as words, where everything is only suggested and never affirmed." In the Roundabout revival, Scott Ellis, a director of musicals, makes sure that the suggested is spelled out, the internal externalized, and the whole thing a musical just waiting for the score to arrive.

The theme of the handsome young tutor wreaking havoc among the women of a household is a staple of European literature, but Turgenev compounds the complications. Twenty-nine-year-old Natalya is married to Islaev, an estate-obsessed landowner; Rakitin, a permanent houseguest, is pining away for her. She flirts with him, but it is Belyaev, the 21-year-old tutor of her small son and 17-year-old ward, Vera, that she finds herself falling for. Vera, too, is in love with Belyaev, who, without realizing it fully, is smitten with Natalya. He has been on the job only 28 days, but a month in the country can feel like a century on a carousel.

The husband, as usual, is purblind; his live-in mother, a fussbudget; her companion, Lizaveta, coolly wooed by the country doctor Shpigelsky. This prankster is simultaneously trying to arrange a marriage between Vera and a clumsy neighboring landowner, Bolshintsov, who has promised him a new troika. Katya, the maid, courted by the ungainly Schaaf, the children's German tutor, is also besotted with Belyaev, a tutor of a very different stripe. It is all a funny-sad not-so-merry-go-round where not much happens but everyone is thwarted as pitiable sacrifices restore a dreary order hardly worth restoring.

What has made the play a classic is that it tells a tale of everyday absurdities in such an insinuating, sotto voce manner as to

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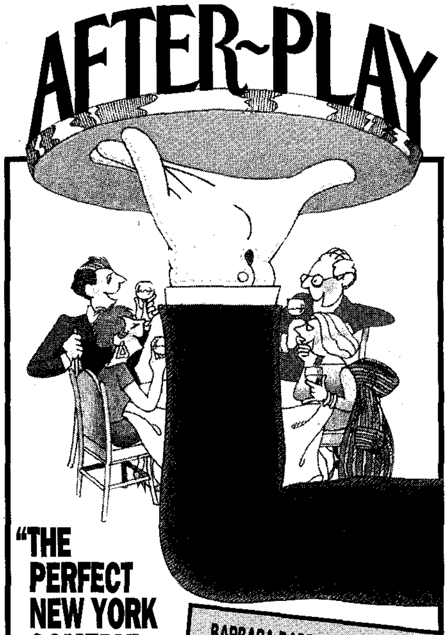

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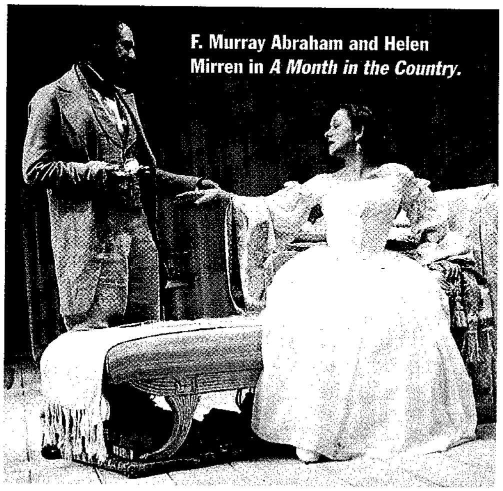
give the painful and the laughable equally subtle prominence. Commenting on this delicate lacework, Stanislavsky noted, “If one performs Turgenev with the habitual actors’ procedures, the work becomes scarcely stageworthy.” At the Roundabout, it is the director’s habitual procedures that see to it that it gets that way.

Scott Ellis’s overkill is everywhere: in the excessive fussing with hats and handkerchiefs, in burlesque or Grand Guignol entrances, in acrobatic dartings up and down a parlously raked stage, in turning the wistful melodramatic and the comic farcical. In the latter endeavor, one actor is especially instrumental: F. Murray Abraham transmogrifies the somewhat clownish doctor into an outlandish gypsy horse trader, and a contemporary one at that, garnished with every mannerism a snide New York actor can muster. Was it his or Ellis’s idea to turn his hankie into a babushka for an uncalled-for female impersonation? And to perform a deep and mock-humble obeisance to the raucous feminists in the audience incensed by some patriarchal dialogue?



**F. Murray Abraham and Helen Mirren in *A Month in the Country.***

John Christopher Jones escalates the shy, awkward Bolshintsov into a circusy imbecile; Rocco Sisto’s German tutor jiggles like the puppet target of a carnival shooting booth; Byron Jennings’s husband is a paltry buffoon. Surprisingly, Alessandro Nivola, as Belyaev, and Patricia T. A. Ageheim, as Katya, somehow manage to please; the worthy Kathryn Erbe, as Vera, is made to gape like a hooked carp. Ron Rifkin’s Rakitin is at least suitably subdued.

The distinguished British actress Helen Mirren is a more bumptious Natalya than she was in London, and by no stretch of the imagination 29. Still, it is a polished (perhaps too polished) professional performance, even if it could not efface the memory of Delphine Seyrig for a second. Santo Loquasto’s scenery triumphs over the limitations of the Roundabout stage, but only at the cost of rather self-conscious ingenuity. Jane Greenwood’s costumes and Brian Nason’s lights are a mite too picturesque but certainly pretty to look at. Richard Freeborn’s workmanlike translation does not, alas, avoid lapses such as “your mutual feelings for each other” and “the both of you.” But what are they to the director’s lapses?

**Night and Her Stars,** BY RICHARD GREENBERG, is one unlucky play. Though ably written, it has been nosed out by the equally well written movie *Quiz Show,* which covered the same ground. The play gains something by being able to afford greater sophistication than the film, but the film was better able to convey the kindred circuses of television quiz shows and congressional investigations. The ending of the play’s penultimate scene is a moment of sheer brilliance that neither the film nor the rest of the play can equal, but that is not quite enough. The acting—notably by Peter Frechette, Patrick Breen, and Ileen Getz—is excellent; only John Slattery, as Charles Van Doren, lacks the needed upper-class, Brahmin quality. Still, with good direction by David Warren, this may do nicely for folks who missed the movie or have a very short memory.

AT THE PUBLIC, **A Language of Their Own** is about the tribulations of two Asian-American homosexual lovers, first with each other, then—after their inconclusive breakup—also with their new lovers, one of whom is Caucasian. What is interesting here is how like these somewhat specialized lovers are to other lovers everywhere; what is uninteresting here is how like the specifics of this play are to those of other plays everywhere. Act One, which is mostly talk, does manage some wit and pathos, though the near-bare stage and general inaction are rather trying. Act Two, which is all kissing, copulating, and violent fighting, loses control, especially as directed by Keng-Sen Ong. B. D. Wong and Alec Mapa give superlative performances, Francis Jue is adequate, and David Drake, the Caucasian, insufferable.

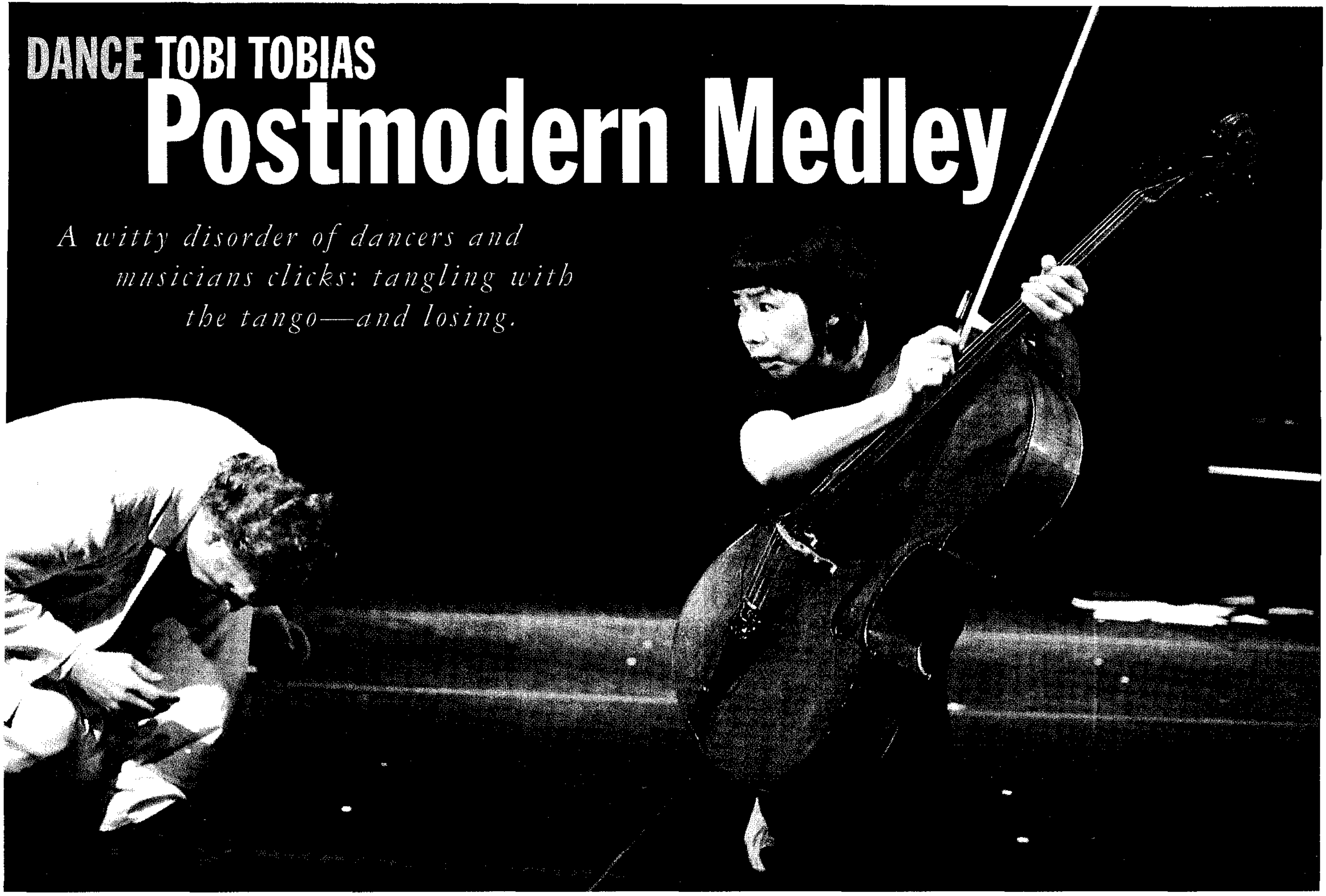
A play that tries to transcend naturalism—whether by a white or black playwright—is to be saluted. But only if it manages, first, to transcend pretentiousness, platitudinousness, and total ineptitude. Such, regrettably, is not the case with **Dancing on Moonlight,** also at the Public, written by Keith Glover and directed by Marion McClinton. Dealing with the not-unworthy topic of a young man in Harlem in the sixties, torn between numbers-running and Elijah Muhammad, between gambling and jazz, the play goes from undigested myth to clichéd jive and clumsy doggerel. *Dancing on Moonlight* makes for sitting on pins and needles. My companion and I ran, after an interminable first act, not so much for our lives as for our sanity. ■

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

# Postmodern Medley

*A witty disorder of dancers and musicians clicks: tangling with the tango—and losing.*



**Bowing down:** Yoshiko Chuma, with cello, at Japan Society.

POSTMODERN DANCE EMERGED IN THE SIXTIES with the rakish, iconoclastic stuff spawned by a gang of bright aesthetic freethinkers at Judson Church down in the Village. Since then, experimental choreographers have been saying no to classical modern dance as well as to classical ballet, bent on *"making it new."* April seemed to be postmodern month this season—several of the traditional moderns had had their flings, and the Lincoln Center troupes were still breaking in their pointe shoes—so, almost arbitrarily, I chose half a dozen downtown events and went out to look. The adventure yielded no wonders (though similar forays have), a fair amount of pleasure, and an equal portion of dismay.

Best first. **Yoshiko Chuma** is a zany maverick with a determined streak. She'll grab an idea and shake it until it has surrendered its very last permutation. When the idea is dumb or dull to begin with, the tedium of the process is exasperating. This time, things clicked. Invading the sedate elegance of Japan Society, Chuma's School of Hard Knocks joined forces with Crash Orchestra to create an atmosphere of colorful, offbeat havoc, in which dancers and musicians wittily mind each other's business.

This kaleidoscopic circus of a piece turns its instrumentalists into actor-dancers and has its dancers-by-profession retrieve rudimentary musical skills acquired in the living rooms of their childhood or in their high-school bands before they made the fateful decision that the body was instrument enough. A cello, a grand piano, and a flock of metronomes do extra duty as props and even near-sentient characters. Chuma's orchestration of the proceedings makes the wildly differing levels of skill seem charming, like the inspired makeshift of child's play. If the piece outlasts its interest by about fifteen minutes, it more than justifies its existence with the qualities that make god-awful New York attractive: borderline chaos, ebullient eccentricity, and the spontaneity that lies at the center of street theater, vaudeville, and great clowning.

**Doug Elkins,** who appeared at Dance Theater Workshop with a bunch of terrific dancers and a program ominously called "The Impotence of Being Earnest," is one of those good-time guys—all slick, jazzy surface, no inside—whose numbers are growing as popularity becomes more and more crucial to survival in the dance world. Postmodernism has always had its antic aspect, but only in its second generation have its trappings been co-opted for easy entertainment. Blithely borrowing from ballet and disco dance, Elkins's choreography is punchy and vivid, possessed of a with-it air, and far too conscious of creating an effect. It engages the eye, all right, but ignores the serious dance fan's need for more than the facile visual fix—for a physical and emotional resonance that will accompany the images and last after they've vanished.

Dance Theater Workshop was the perfect venue for **Dean Moss,** specializing as it does these days in the multimedia work now common in postmodern performance. Moss meshes his choreography with video. His new *Commodities, Identities and Synchronized Swimming* has two monitors going, flashing isolated shots and sequences that relate obliquely to the live action, itself fairly enigmatic. Inevitably, the monitors go mobile, raiding the dancers' space. The ploy is common—and it rarely works. It's well-nigh impossible to watch and make sense of the double bombardment of views, one set canned, the other live; the modes seem to require different ways of looking. And of course multimedia itself is suspect; you wonder whether the artist isn't spreading himself thin over several genres because he's incapable of mastering a single one.

With Moss, the choreographic talent is obvious. The material in this piece is reliably spirited and intriguing.

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

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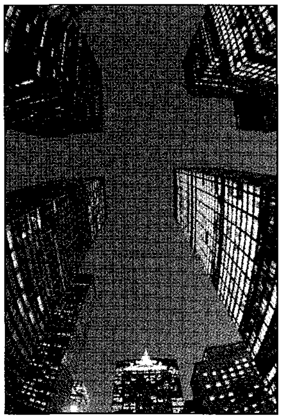

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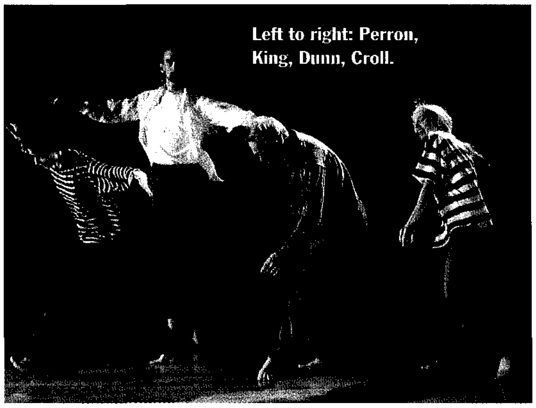
The dancers, astutely costumed by Moss himself as urban ethnics (the gypsies of Avenue A), begin in a lyric vein, linked together, tumbling in fleshy clusters, then segue into rapid moves with a fierce attack. Like almost everyone else in postmodern dance, Moss desperately needs to acquire and employ a sense of structure; he might be pushed to do so if someone took away his TVs.

At its best, **Iréne Hultman's** choreography is volatile and voluptuous, as was her dancing with Trisha Brown, a founding mother of postmodernism. Hultman's abilities—related to Brown's signature style, yet gaining in independence—were evident in the brief duet, *Sell Me!*, that opened her concert at St. Mark's Church. Unfortunately, the evening's main event was disappointing: a very long new quintet called *Tango-Babe*, to music by the marvelous New York–Buenos Aires Connection. Here Hultman deconstructed the legendary tango, identifying its steps, gestures, poses, and—most telling—attitudes and setting them in a concert-dance frame. Intellectually, Hultman did a crackerjack job, analyzing the tango's dazzling and seductive elements: the knifelike leg work, the split-second shifts of direction, the stalking, the hauteur, the fiery fusion implied in its embrace. Yet she wasn't able to translate what she understood into contemporary-dance terms and deliver her ideas viscerally; the choreography registered as random notes for a thesis.

Attending a collaborative program of postmodernism's veterans at P.S. 122 was a little like revisiting Woodstock—a nostalgic pilgrimage made in the hope of retrieving remnants of a context that evaporated long ago. **Douglas Dunn, Tina Croll, Wendy Perron,** and **Kenneth King,** all still doughtily creating work two or three decades after they first entered the scene, offered a representative piece each. Dunn, peculiar and introverted as a hermit, was the hoary older man in a double duet describing a male-female couple in the spring and winter of its relationship; the subject was somewhat Romantic for him—as was the accompanying Rachmaninoff—but he's a sly, secretive fellow and may have meant it all wryly. Both Croll and Perron, in their extended solos, aired performing personas they've been cultivating forever. Croll was the kind of temperamentally complex female nature spirit that you meet in Scandinavian mythology; Perron, wispily lyrical, was involved in the cult of her own fragile beauty. King, as usual, combined spoken text—here pedantic near-gibberish on moving and seeing—with dry hieratic gesture; this time out, he projected an elfin quality that made his limited range more endearing. Just when the modest size of these four talents was becoming painfully apparent, the evening ended with a warm, witty joint improvisation so resourceful, it rekindled your faith in the good old days.



Left to right: Perron, King, Dunn, Croll.

The problem with first-generation postmodernism was that it didn't contain the seed for its own development, didn't indicate to its choreographers where they could go next. After gleefully dismantling orthodox premises about dance-making, the rebels and adventurers gradually reclaimed a lot of the old paraphernalia: narrative, conventional themes and feelings, a social conscience, musical accompaniment, designer costumes and sets, commissions from ballet companies, gigs in opera houses. Granted, some of these factors were markedly transformed, but still, there they were again, and the renegades began to look like quirky cousins of Establishment types.

There was one out, which was to walk away from the whole affair. **David Gordon** (performer, dance-maker, director) and his wife, **Valda Setterfield** (dancer and actress), both sixties vanguardists, eventually did their share of hobnobbing with the dance elite, mostly through a connection with Mikhail Baryshnikov, who realized that the most fertile aspect of American choreography in the third quarter of this century lay in the alternatives to classical ballet. Now well into middle age, when the body naturally says no to highly athletic dancing, and with their son, **Ain Gordon,** emerging as a playwright, Setterfield and David Gordon—whose earlier work in dance often featured wordplay—have talked themselves out of dance and into drama.

The three joined forces in a funny and humane piece aptly called *The Family Business*, performed most recently at the New York Theatre Workshop. It deals with the essential, murderous ties of family love and duty, Jewish-style (David is; Valda isn't), and the persistent urge to cut loose. Gordon *fils et père* jointly wrote and directed, and between them played three generations of the clan, with Gordon senior stunning as the failing, feistily demanding Aunt Annie. Setterfield applied her exquisite aplomb to the bevy of put-upon women who keep daily life running. So many swell things in this piece—fluid transformations, miracles of timing—are rooted in dance, it often seemed as if the perpetrators had never left home. ■

Photograph by Dona Ann McAdams.

## TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

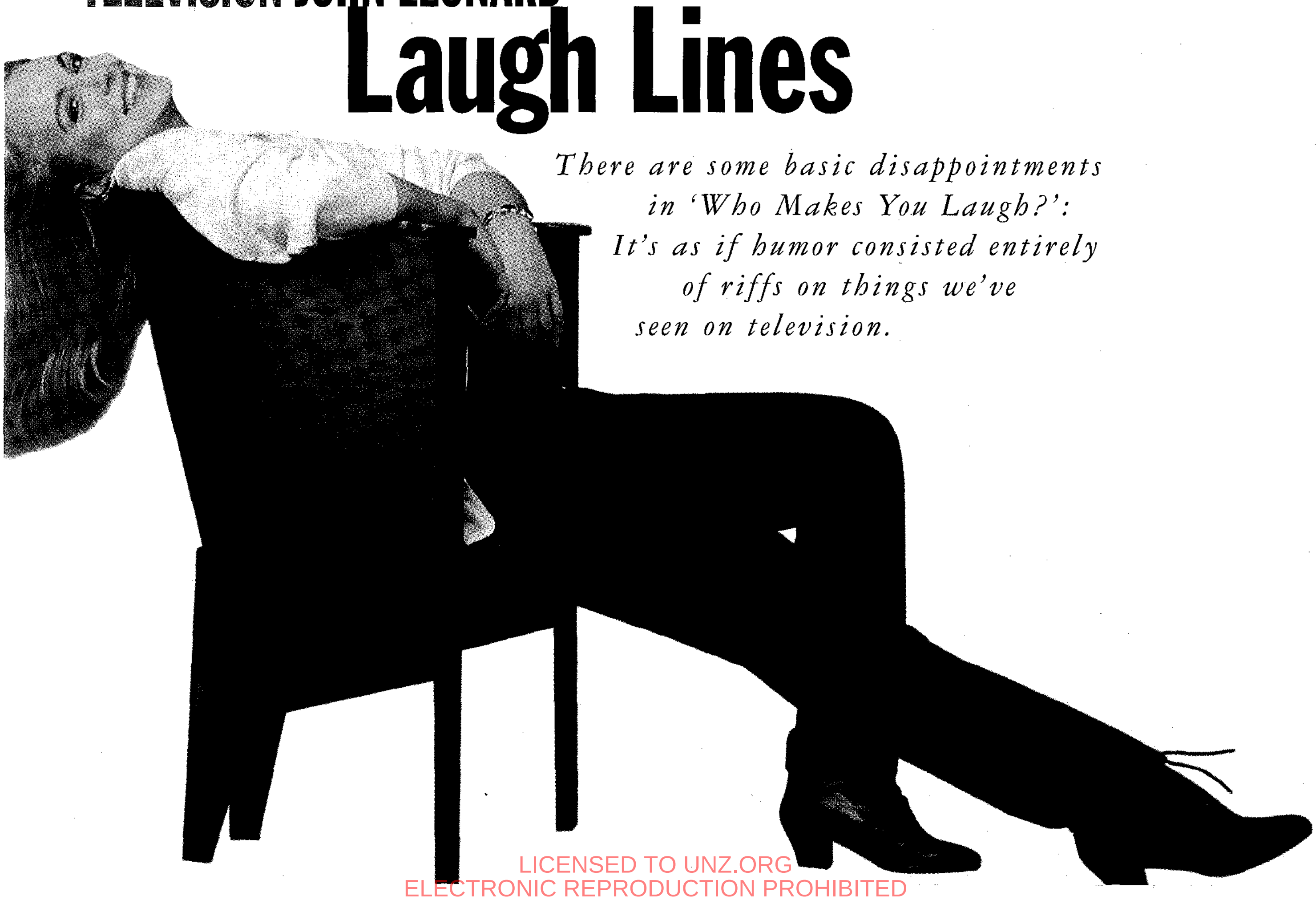
# Laugh Lines

*There are some basic disappointments in 'Who Makes You Laugh?': It's as if humor consisted entirely of riffs on things we've seen on television.*

WHAT'S SCARY ABOUT **Who Makes You Laugh?** (Saturday, May 6; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is that I've seen it all before, heard every word, giggled, sneered. Slugabed in a rumpus room, tethered to an all-news War Porn channel, uplinked to a world web, flat-lined on the adman/music-video consumer grids, home-shopping for friendship in a beer commercial, we have all of us gone everywhere already. Robin Williams remembers when Jonathan Winters asked Jack Paar: "Did you ever undress in front of a dog?" He also remembers, from *Saturday Night Live,* Dan Aykroyd as Julia Child. And Dana Carvey remembers Billy Crystal as Sammy Davis Jr. And Roseanne Whatever remembers Carol Burnett as Norma Desmond. And no sooner has each remembered than we see the clip, which of course is a tape in our heads, like the Ministry of Silly Walks and the dead parrot from *Monty Python,* or Eddie Murphy as Buckwheat, or Lily Tomlin as Edith Ann off her rocker, or George Carlin's hippy-dippy weatherman: "Tonight's forecast: *dark!"*

Been there; done that. Mention is also made of Jean Carroll, Tim Conway, Totie Fields, Whoopi Goldberg, Frank Gorshin, Phil Hartman, Harvey Korman, Steve Martin, Jackie Mason, Dennis Miller, Mike Nichols (and Elaine May), Garry Shandling, and the Smothers Brothers. Plus Andy Kaufman (reading *The Great Gatsby*), Moms Mabley ("He was so ugly, honest to goodness, he hurt my feelings"), and Bugs Bunny. All of the stand-up comics interviewed seem to agree that the greatest was Richard Pryor. Fair enough. But not a single one mentions Lenny Bruce, which is scandalous. Or would be, if *Who Makes You Laugh?* weren't trying to tell us that humor is what we see on television, and consists entirely of riffs on what we've already seen on television, and no other culture is imaginable, popular or elitist. Which perhaps explains omitting Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca and *Your Show of Shows,* because, while they may have been television, they made more fun of movies, theater, and opera, as we might expect from writers like Neil Simon, Mel Brooks, Larry Gelbart, and Woody Allen. But what about Milton Berle, Phil Silvers, Jackie Gleason, Alan King, and Ernie Kovacs? Or Bob Hope and Jack Benny? George Burns and Gracie Allen? Redd Foxx and Bob Newhart? Even Mort Sahl, before he got odd about the Kennedy assassination? While *The Tonight Show* is referred to, Johnny Carson isn't, except as Ed McMahon and he are impersonated in a Carvey/Hartman skit. Without Don Rickles, could there ever have been a Roseanne?

Get a life, I tell myself, as the mind wanders to sitcoms at which, apparently, nobody ever laughed. Yet I remember when Mary Tyler Moore cried out to Edward Asner: "I've never been to jail, Mr. Grant! I never even had to stay after school!" It's one of my favorite lines, along with Dabney Coleman in *"Slap" Maxwell* saying: "Tears are for ballerinas." And Robert Urich's telling Faye Dunaway in *It Had to Be You:* "You may be too old to spank, but I've still got my staple gun." And Farrah Fawcett asking Ryan O'Neal in *Good Sports:* "Have you ever thought of switching your earring to the heterosexual side?" And Bill Maher wondering on *Politically Incorrect:* "If Jesus was a Jew, why the Spanish name?" And Brett Butler warning a child at bedtime on *Grace Under Fire:* "Every time you hurt a small animal, a clown dies." Before Richard Pryor, we laughed at Mark Twain. After television, who needs life? As Pat Cadigan explained in her cyberpunk short story "Pretty Boy Crossover": "First you see video. Then you wear video.



**Brett Butler on ABC's *Who Makes You Laugh?***

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Then you eat video. Then you be video." New Age mutant ninja hacker speedfreaks, we implode. Jokes seem to fly in our faces like toothpaste or fruit bats or hand grenades. Either we end up like David Letterman, a *Mad* mag–boychick centerfold: "What, me worry?" Or we beep like Robin Williams in a microwave, speaking as if we picked up signals through a plate in the skull from a black hole in some distant galaxy of Morks, a mind unmade in equal parts of politics and paranoia, music video and psychotherapy, at once the exorcist and the possessed, a garbage disposal of high cultures and of low, a scrambled egghead and a Jack-in-a-Pandora's-box.

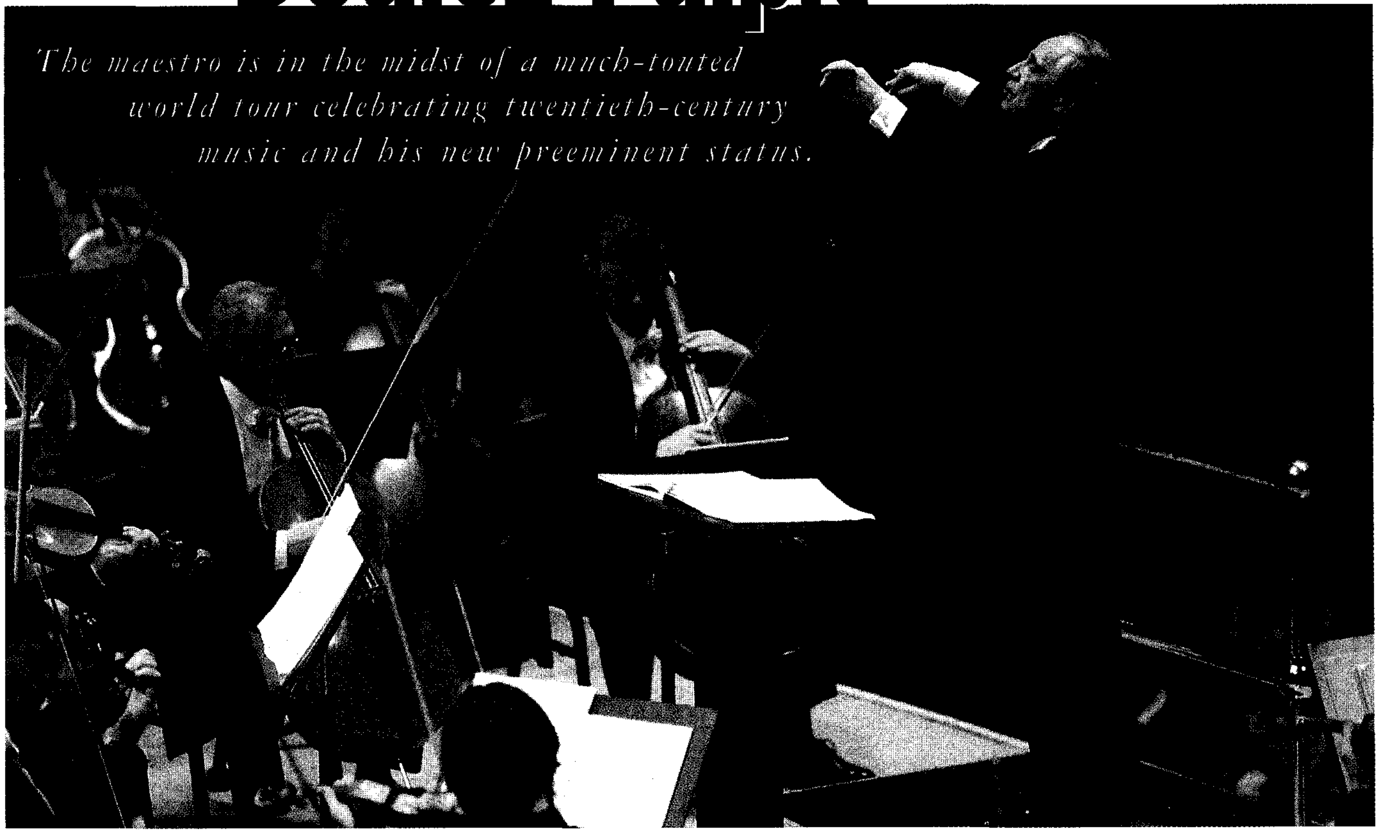
TO WHICH RANT I SUPPOSE I MUST APPEND A caution about another sweeps-month exercise in flimflam, **An All-Star Word From Our Sponsor** (Wednesday, May 3; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC). Phil Hartman returns, like Dracula or the repressed, to tax us with commercial snippets in which celebrities embarrassed themselves before they got so famous as to transcend all shame. Thus: Patrick Duffy for Taco Bell, Keanu Reeves for Coca-Cola, Dustin Hoffman for Volkswagen, Cybill Shepherd for one toothpaste (Ultra-Brite) and Jodie Foster for another (Crest), John Travolta for one deodorant (Safeguard) and Susan Sarandon for another (Hour After Hour), Teri Garr for an air freshener, and Lily Tomlin for a detergent, and Marilyn Monroe for Union Oil, and Nikita Khrushchev for Stroh's Light. This thin hour is otherwise padded with segments on "touchy subjects" (diarrhea and hemorrhoids) and "The Top 10 Jingles."

I yield to no one, not even Leslie Savan, in the febrile quality of my apprehensions about mass-media hucksterism. But a more interesting program could have been compiled out of more surprising names. In recent books by Jackson Lears (*Fables of Abundance*) and Ann Douglas (*Terrible Honesty*), we learn that Edward Steichen toiled for J. Walter Thompson and Scott Fitzgerald for Bannion, Collier. Before *Winesburg*, Sherwood Anderson was an ad copywriter. Dorothy Parker wrote underwear ads for *Vogue;* Alexander Woollcott pushed Muriel cigars; Georgia O'Keeffe, Dole pineapples; and Rockwell Kent, Steinway pianos. For that matter, both Dr. Seuss and Jim Henson got their start in advertising, and Allen Ginsberg was a market researcher, correlating grocery-store sales of toiletries with ad moneys spent by toothpaste and baby-powder companies, when he wrote *Howl.* So much for what Lears calls "Capitalist Realism" (the folklore, iconography, and symbolic universe of market exchange)—our abiding sitcom. As David Ogden Stiers told Morgan Fairchild in a 1990 TV movie, *Bad Times in Beverly Hills,* on the subject of her eyebrows: "If you didn't pluck them out, you wouldn't have to draw them back on again." ▬

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

# Boulez Pulpit

*The maestro is in the midst of a much-touted world tour celebrating twentieth-century music and his new preeminent status.*



**Pierre Boulez at Carnegie Hall: The septuagenarian is now an adored icon.**

**Pierre Boulez** TURNED 70 IN MARCH, HIS STATUS as a universally revered musical icon and grand old man of the podium now certified as official. The music world has hungered for just such a magical maestro since the death of Leonard Bernstein (Sir Georg Solti, even with seniority, never quite seemed to qualify), and Boulez is already warming to the part.

The investiture began last January with a series of "residencies," still in progress, that will take the composer-conductor and the London Symphony Orchestra from London to Paris, Vienna, New York, Tokyo, and back. This high-profile global venture has triggered a barrage of new record releases, music videos, and documentaries from Deutsche Grammophon; a huge Sony Classical retrospective of his recorded work with the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras during the sixties and seventies; articles in all the Sunday supplements; a gala birthday bash thrown by the Chicago Symphony on the day itself; and, of course, cheering audiences and ecstatic reviews along the tour route. The New York stopover, three concerts in Carnegie Hall, was a love feast that even Lenny might have envied.

Some of us who came in near the beginning of the Boulez phenomenon could hardly have predicted all this. Back in the fifties, Boulez was the fieriest Young Turk on the European new-music scene, issuing dogmatic proclamations that influenced an entire generation of composers, even if his ideology was mostly lost on the general public. His own music—and no one thought of him as a conductor back then—was a brilliant extension of Webern's serial techniques, and he reminded us of those dazzling early scores ("organized delirium" he once called them) with a small sampling in Carnegie Hall. Gradually conducting began to occupy more and more of Boulez's time as he appeared with the major orchestras of America and Europe, most notably during his 1971–77 stint as music director of our own Philharmonic. By then he was world famous as one of the most precise and communicative exponents of important twentieth-century music.

It's been said that Boulez's long-term goal in neglecting his creative work in favor of conducting was to familiarize conservative audiences with this century's masterworks, a catching-up process that would eventually lead to an acceptance of the complex compositional procedures used in his own music and in the scores of like-thinking contemporaries and protégés. If so, it hasn't quite worked out that way. Most of the works by older masters in the Boulez syllabus became repertory staples some time ago, and they have hardly lacked for eloquent interpreters. On the other hand, concertgoers still show no special eagerness to hear Ligeti, Birtwistle, and Xenakis, let alone Jonathan Harvey, Gérard Grisey, Hugues Dufourt, and all the other younger composers who have come out of IRCAM, Boulez's research facility in Paris. My hunch is that Boulez became a full-time conductor not so much to promote an agenda but simply because he enjoys the hands-on business of bringing the music he values to life. And surely even he must have noticed that he keeps getting better at it.

Of course, Boulez was pretty impressive on the podium right from the first, as those early Sony records remind us. The collections containing performances of the major works of Schoenberg and Webern are classics, and for many resistant ears, they may well reveal the beauty and power of this music for the first time. But there are also revelatory readings of more familiar repertory, such as a

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All three Carnegie Hall concerts deserve detailed comment, but I can only focus briefly on Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, a Boulez specialty for more than 35 years. The performance with the London Symphony may have been the most thrilling I have ever heard of this seminal masterpiece, which Boulez continually reexamines and finds new ways to present. As recently as 1991, in his recording with the Cleveland Orchestra (DG 435 769), he was still conducting the *Rite* rather like a frozen monument, a series of immobile tableaux with all the details treated as disconnected sound objects that gradually coalesce through sheer additive precision into an imposing asymmetrical structure. It was exciting and true to the work, but Boulez has enlarged on that view. Conflicting instrumental colors in motion are now important defining ingredients, giving the score an intriguing new sensual dimension that in no way detracts from the tremendous buildup of energy and tension. Quick—back to the recording studio.

Beyond functioning as a great conductor who presides over nothing less than first-class music, Boulez also sends out a refreshing message by unashamedly indulging his elitist tastes and preferences. Like so much else, the classical-music world has been vigorously dumbed-down lately, new music in particular. A lot of people insist that this is a good thing and that composers like Glass, Górecki, Adams, and other easy-listening drones offer welcome relief from the information-packed, closely argued music by Boulez and comparable maximalists of his generation. Yes, perhaps much of what came out of that period was arid and overly cerebral, but at least it always challenged audiences to use their ears and minds, and the best of it now sounds better than ever alongside the truly arid dithering of the post-minimalists. The superfine music-making of Boulez offers an eloquent antidote to all that, and his inspiriting presence, as well as his newfound popularity, is a heartening harbinger. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER **MAY 8, 1995**

# SALES & BARGAINS

*The offbeat path: capes (the fashion accessory of the nineties?), suits custom-made in Hong Kong, and a different kind of house painting.*

## Stillman Lifes

SUSAN STILLMAN IS AN ARTIST WHOSE original portraits of houses have been featured in the New York *Times* and *Country Home*. If you book her by the end of May, she'll do your house this summer, when the foliage in your yard looks best. An oil painting on canvas, 44 in. by 32 in., was $1,800 unframed, now $1,500; an acrylic painting on prepared paper, 15 by 20 in., matted and framed behind glass, was $600, now $500; an acrylic painting, 20 by 30 in., matted and framed behind glass, was $850, now $750. For smaller paintings, Stillman requires a nonrefundable advance deposit of half the fee when the agreement is signed and the balance on completion; for larger pictures, a nonrefundable advance deposit of one third the fee on the signing agreement, one third on sketch approval, and the balance on completion. *For more information and an appointment, call Susan Stillman Home Portraits (914-682-3771) seven days a week 8:30 a.m.–8:30 p.m.; through 5/31.*

## Asian Customs

LA RUKICO TAILORS MAKES CUSTOM SUITS for very reasonable prices. But its method is somewhat unorthodox: The tailor first takes your measurements and some Polaroids of you, to give the manufacturer a sense of your build, and then sends them to Hong Kong, where the suit is made from your choice of fabrics. When it gets back in about five weeks, the suit is custom-fitted. You can choose your fabric from those of such famous woolen mills as Dormeuil, Holland & Sherry, and Cumberland. The suits, which feature such special touches as lined trousers and working buttonholes on the jacket sleeves, are usually $500–$750, depending on fabric and size (sizes 48 and 50 cost 10 percent more). Now, for the next 90 days, when you order two suits, you get free of charge either a custom sport coat or six custom monogrammed shirts in your choice of collar and cuff styles. *La Rukico Tailors, Lexington Hotel, 511 Lexington Ave., at 48th St., Suite 338 (832-0725); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6:45 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; appointments recommended; A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; through 7/29.*

**DO NOT PHONE:** *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

## The Zrike Stuff

THE ZRIKE CO., A NEW JERSEY WAREHOUSE about twenty miles from Manhattan, is having a two-day sale of ceramic- and porcelainware from Portugal, full-lead-crystal accessories from famous Swedish makers, and discontinued or overstocked items such as stemware and glassware, priced way below retail. Almost all of the stock is in perfect condition. A hand-painted lemon-patterned ceramic platter, retail $42.50, here $17; large embossed-ceramic cachepots, retail $32.50, here $13; white serving pieces such as a large platter, retail $29.50, here $11; colorful porcelain ovenware, such as a small gratin dish, retail $5.50, here $2.20; covered casserole, retail $20, here $8; grape-embossed terra-cotta wine cooler, retail $25, here $10; bright fruit-patterned serving pieces, such as an oversize cup and saucer, retail $22, here $8.80; crystal bowls, retail $100–$300, here $30–$90. *The Zrike Co., Inc., 233 W. Pkwy., Pompton Plains, N.J. (201-616-1668); call for directions; A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Fri., 5/5, 10 a.m.–6 p.m., and Sat., 5/6, till 4 p.m.*

## Ace Value

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LEARN TO play tennis, here's a great deal: Fox Play Tennis New York, a special adult beginners' instruction program sponsored by the Eastern Tennis Association and Fox Tennis, is being offered at convenient locations throughout the city beginning May 1. The program is available for four months, but you have to sign up soon because it fills up very quickly. For only $54, you get a PLAY TENNIS NEW YORK T-shirt and gift bag; six hours of professional-tennis-clinic group instruction at participating sites, including parks, schools, and tennis clubs in the five boroughs. The advanced beginners' program comprises six hours of supervised play and drills (cost depends on location, usually $65–$85). The five-week beginners' league costs $99 and includes a free gift. *To enroll, phone 718-YES-7676 (A.E., M.C., V. accepted) or mail your check for $54 to Eastern Tennis Association Metro Region, 24–16 Queens Plaza So., Room 310, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.*

## You Make Me Feel Brand Nubian

THE MODEL NAOMI SIMS HAS TWO SALONS in Manhattan that specialize in beauty treatments for African-American and Hispanic women. This month, with every $50 45-minute makeup-and-skin-care lesson, they are offering your choice of $50 worth of her own brand of cosmetics and skin-care products free. The cosmetics are modestly priced (blushers and pressed powders are $15; cover sticks and lipsticks are $11; eye pencils and nail polishes are $7.50). The lesson also includes a personalized face chart that a cosmetologist will devise for you to follow at home. *Naomi Sims Beauty Center, 25 E. 17th St. (633-1333); Naomi Sims Beauty Salon, 115 W. 57th St. (397-6364); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; an appointment is necessary; A.E., M.C., V. accepted; through 5/31.*

## The Cape Crusader

SEINFELD WAS RIGHT: CAPES *ARE* MAKING A comeback. The BiBi Dee showroom now has, at wholesale prices, capelets that make dressy, offbeat accessories; you can drape them over a dress, a blouse, a coat, a suit, or even a denim shirt. Hand-beaded, -pearled, and -sequined capes, in a variety of styles, retail $100–$200, here $25–$50; hand-beaded iridescent lace shawls, retail $180, here $59; hand-crocheted unbeaded capelets and shawls, retail $25 and $75, respectively, here $15 and $26. *BiBi Dee, 389 Fifth Ave., at 36th St., Suite 1105 (481-0777); Thurs.–Sat., 4/5–6 and 4/11–13, 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; M.C., V. accepted; no checks; all sales final.*

## Greece Is the Word

THE INSTITUTE OF AEGEAN WORLD STUDIES, a not-for-profit group organized by CUNY professors, sponsors a low-priced three-week seminar/travel program to Greece with an emphasis on learning about ancient Greek culture and visiting archaeological sites and museums. The group departs for Athens from New York on June 29, 1995, on Olympic Airways and returns July 19, 1995. The itinerary includes stops in Delphi, Olympia, and

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Nauplia; flights to Crete and Mykonos; and, weather permitting, excursions to Tinos and Delos. The group will go back to Athens for the return flight to New York. Cost per person double-occupancy is $2,990; cost per couple is $5,800; a non-refundable deposit of $100 is due May 15. Included are all breakfasts, at least nine dinners (no lunches), all museum and site admissions, all travel fees, archaeological guides, and beach and/or pool facilities. *For information and reservations, phone the Institute of Aegean World Studies, at 718-921-7414 (days) or 718-996-9574 (evenings) or fax 718-833-8233.*

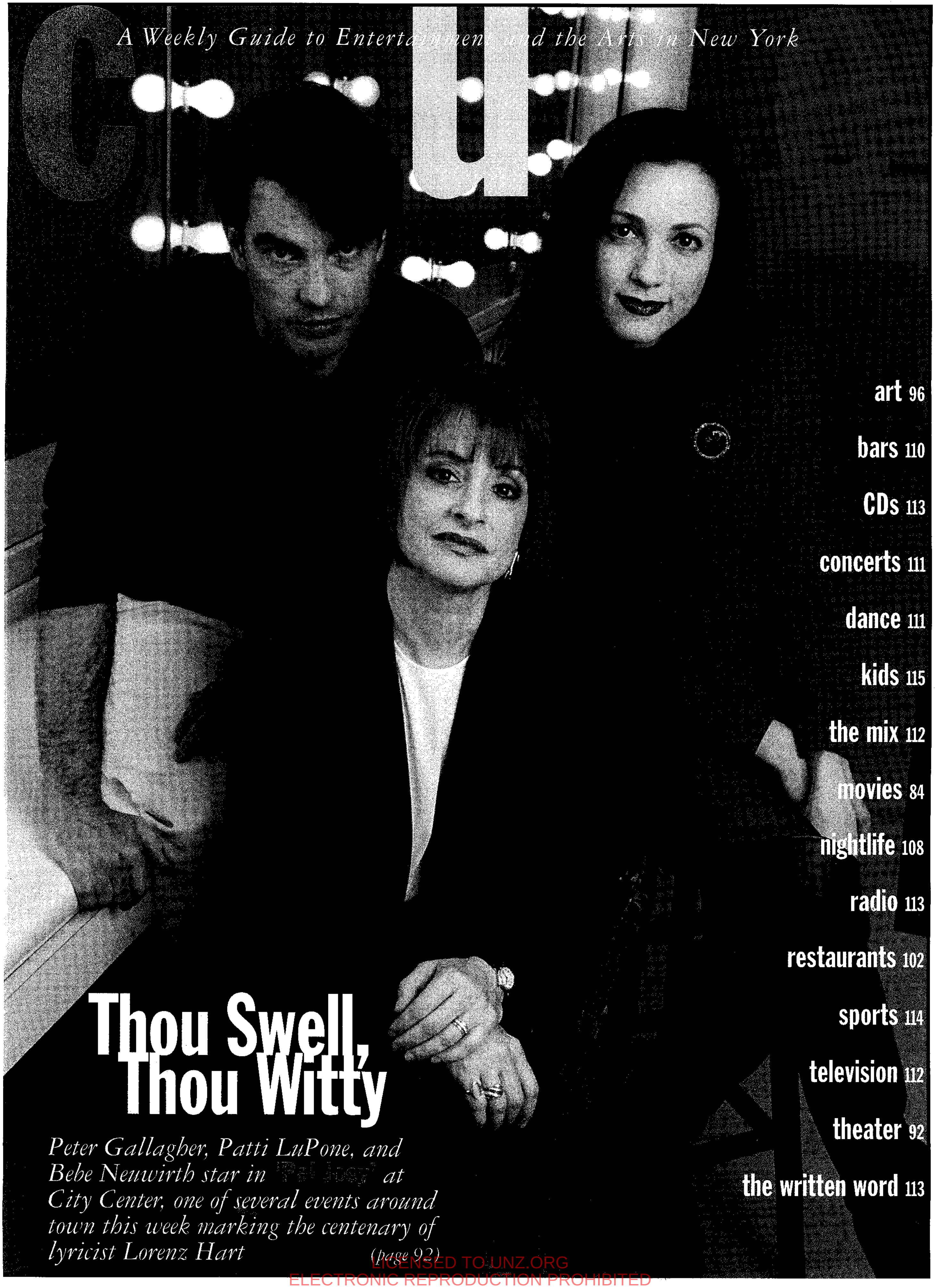
## Dog-eared Pages

THIS TINY BOOKSHOP, WHICH SHARES ITS space with Everything Angels, is a mecca for dog lovers. The owners have chosen a couple of dozen "underappreciated" dog-book titles, and are offering them at 25 percent off, including *Beautiful Joe,* an 1894 classic by Marshall Saunders, was $24.95, now $18.71; *Lassie Come Home,* a reissue of the original 1940 novel, was $16.95, now $12.71; *Thor,* the photo story of an Alsatian in France by David Douglas Duncan, was $27.95, now $20.96; and *Nop's Hope,* the story of a Border collie, was $20, now $15. *Dog Lovers Bookshop, 9 W. 31st St., second floor (594-3601); Mon.–Sat. noon–6 p.m. and by appointment; A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; while supplies last; through 5/31.*

## Golden Years

THIS FURNITURE DEALER IMPORTS EUROPEAN antiques and reproductions from England, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland and sells them to the public at less than retail. Through the end of the month, it is cutting its prices even further. For example: antique single-door pine armoires, usually $800–$1,200 here, now $650–$850; farm tables with 2-in.-thick tops, usually $1,050–$1,650, now $650–$1,050; antique pine hutches, usually $975–$1,800, now $850–$1,400; mahogany triple-size English armoires, usually $2,000–$5,000, now $1,599–$2,999; brass-and-iron double beds, usually $850–$1,400, here $700–$1,095; queen beds, usually $1,100–$1,800, here $900–$1,295; country French beds in assorted sizes and woods, usually $1,400–$2,200, here $999–$1,699. *Golden Oldies, 132–29 33rd Ave., Flushing (718-445-4400); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery and customization available at additional cost; call for directions; complimentary limo service to and from Manhattan on weekends only; through 5/31.* ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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# Thou Swell, Thou Witty

*Peter Gallagher, Patti LuPone, and Bebe Neuwirth star in "Pal Joey" at City Center, one of several events around town this week marking the centenary of lyricist Lorenz Hart* (*page 92*)

# movies

## Erotica on Film…Bergman Everywher

### New Films

**Amateur**—Having a well-known star such as Isabelle Huppert appear in his latest film is hardly a shocking case of sellout for director Hal Hartley. Still, it's telling that it should occur in his weakest movie in years. Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas (Martin Donovan). He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But the irony isn't thick enough, with too much time spent on surprisingly straightforward plot developments. One keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

**Bad Boys**—Will Smith and Martin Lawrence are buddy cops Smith is the wealthy and smooth-talking romantic; Lawrence the hard-up family man looking to bust some bad guys who stole a cache of heroin from police headquarters—just the sort of thing that really ticks the law off. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova.*

**Bar Girls**—Like last year's indie hit *Go Fish,* this is a comic drama focusing on women who are falling in and out of love with other women. Men put in token appearances and angst—thankfully—doesn't even merit a cameo. While *Go Fish* had a strong script but a generally weak if game cast, *Bar Girls* has a more pedestrian girl-meets-girl story delivered by a stronger cast and stronger tech credits all around. Directed by Marita Giovanni (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

**The Basketball Diaries**—See David Denby's review, p. 68. (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

**Bulletproof Heart**—A tough *noir*-ish little movie about a hit man (Anthony LaPaglia) who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill (Mimi Rogers), only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances and a classic fade-out—make sure you stay to the end of the credits. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. By the end, his theatrical excess makes perfect sense. The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

**Circle of Friends**—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; 84th Street Six.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

**The Day the Sun Turned Cold**—Based on a true story about a young man in northeastern China who turned in his mother for murdering his father—ten years after the crime occurred. Since he's estranged from his mother and seems to be pushing the police to act simply to get back at her as much as to right a wrong, it's hard to feel concerned about his motives. None of them seem very admirable. Solidly acted by all, especially Siqin Gowa as the equally unsympathetic mother. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 39 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Destiny Turns on the Radio**—The increasingly peripatetic career of Quentin Tarantino continues with a featured role in this romantic adventure about an escaped convict (Dylan McDermott) who rushes to Las Vegas to find his woman (Nancy Travis), only to unexpectedly learn about the real meaning of life and love from Destiny (Tarantino). (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

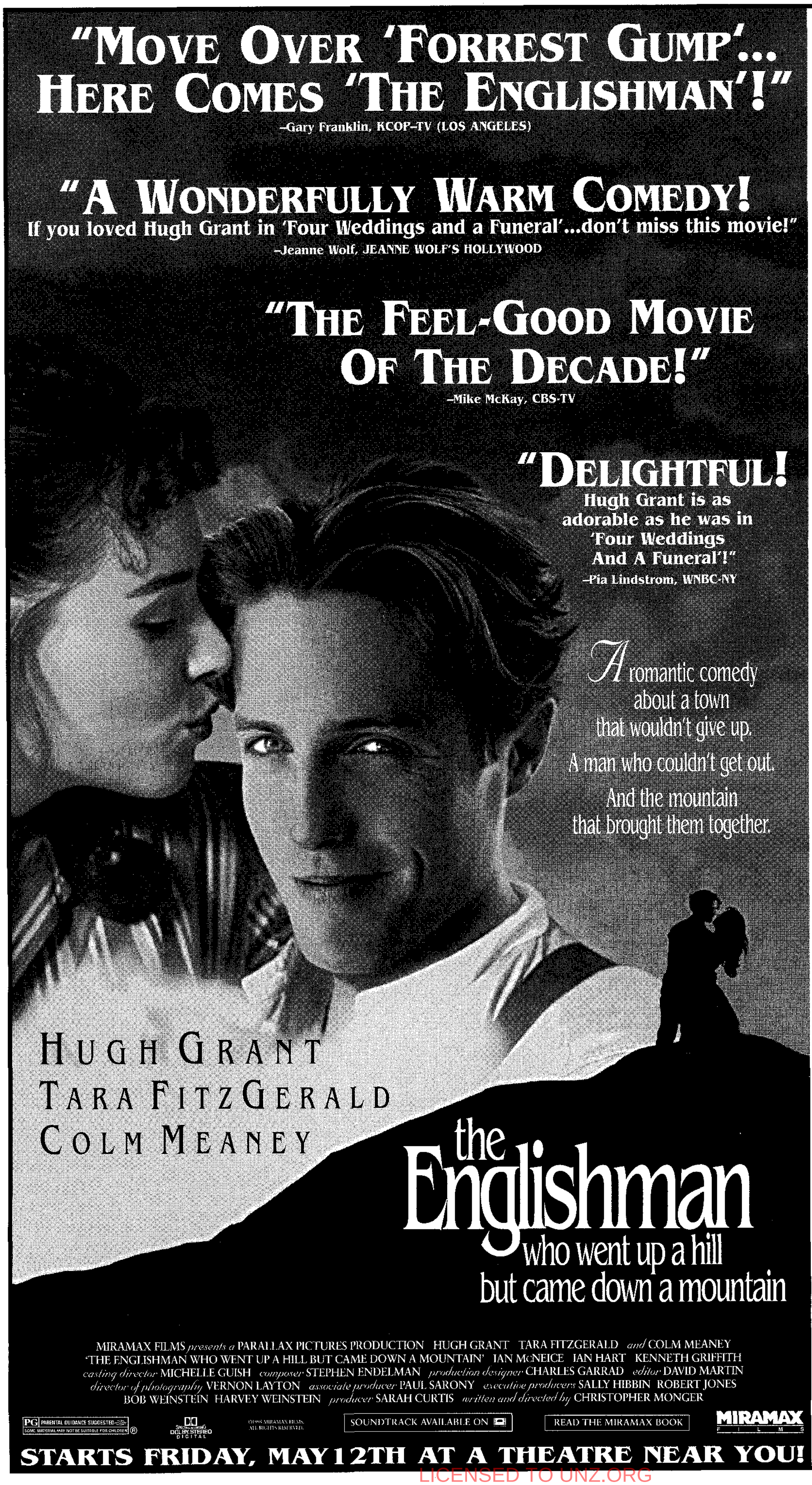
**Don Juan DeMarco**—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando out of semi-retirement yet again is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

**Erotique**—Three short films centering unabashedly on the pleasures of the flesh—all with a strongly female point of view. Lizzie Borden focuses on a Latino actress who makes ends meet by working as a phone- sex operator; Monica Treut spotlights Priscilla Barnes of *Three's Company* as a lesbian who goes with her partner to find a man; and Clara Law depicts an Australian-born Chinese boy who tries to win back his Hong Kong girlfriend by seducing her with food and wild, acrobatic sex. It works every time for us. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR)

### Tribute
## The MacLaine Event

**Ol' Blue Eyes might not show up (he's reportedly ticked at Shirley MacLaine for blunt comments she made about him in her new book, *My Lucky Stars: A Hollywood Memoir*), but Anthony Quinn, Twiggy, Daryl Hannah, and plenty of others will be on hand for a tribute to the 61-year-old trouper at Avery Fisher Hall on May 8. Tickets range from $150 to $1,500, with proceeds benefiting the film festivals, publications, and other efforts of the Film Society of Lincoln Center. Call 875-5610 for more information.**

"Cue" cover photograph by Joan Marcus.



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★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer Mia Kirshner, opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" Bruce Greenwood, teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Angelika Film Center; 57th Street Playhouse; Embassy 2; Embassy 2–4.*

Opening
My French Tu

*Like so many other wide-eyed tourists in the movies (Katharine Hepburn in 'Summertime,' Greta Garbo in 'Ninotchka'), Meg Ryan learns how to loosen up and love in 'French Kiss,' a romantic comedy that marks talented director Lawrence Kasdan's low-key attempt to put the memories of his doomed pet project 'Wyatt Earp' behind him. Opens May 5.*

**French Kiss**—Lawrence Kasdan's fall from grace—*I Love You to Death, Grand Canyon, Wyatt Earp,* and, most damning of all, the screenplay for *The Bodyguard*—has at least bottomed out with this unsurprising but inoffensive little romantic comedy that will have to hope *While You Were Sleeping* hasn't cornered the market. It stars Meg Ryan as a woman cuckolded by her mousy boyfriend, Timothy Hutton, when he discovers passion and romance in the arms of a French girl. Kevin Kline is a rascally Parisian who smuggles in goods in Ryan's bag and finds himself drawn into her attempts to win Hutton back. Ryan, too, comes out well here: She continues to relax on screen into a truly engaging presence, resorting to the cutesy mannerisms that brought her so far only once or twice. Kline, however, goes through the film with a greasy, half-shaven face, presumably so we can know he's naughty. The scene where she demands he get a shave, unfortunately, never occurs. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; National Twin; Orpheum; Regency.*

**Friday**—It took Ice Cube and D. J. Pooh to write a screenplay about life in South Central that didn't revolve around gunplay and a sense of despair. Cube stars as Craig, who sits on a porch with his friend during a typical day of staring down the town bully and staring up the town babe. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *23rd Street West Triplex; Plaza.*

**Jefferson in Paris**—The title is dismayingly accurate: The movie offers a generalized view of the great man's years in Paris (from 1784 to 1789) as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway (Greta Scacchi), who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton), the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything approaching life. Newton plays Sally as seductive and cuddlesome, a cloying tarty flirt who lightens the burden of the great man's soul. Jefferson is brought low, but the filmmakers, eager to maintain their hero's dignity, give Nolte nothing to do; he's merely amused and affectionate, and when it comes to sex, the film recedes hastily into discretion. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

★**Kiss of Death**—The best crime movie since Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas.* David Caruso stars as an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin who's trying to "go straight" but ends up driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. Shot, then arrested, Jimmy goes back to prison, and when he comes out, he falls into the hands of a Manhattan D.A. and the Feds, who use him to trap higher-ups in Jimmy's old criminal organization. Based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title, this new version shares the original's fatalism, but it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact. With his creased, lived-in face, pale as Crisco, Caruso manages to suggest both a Catholic schoolboy and an elderly alcoholic lying in the gutter. But Schroeder gets what should be a legendary performance from Nicolas Cage as Little Junior, an enforcer and minor mafioso. A powerful loose cannon with his short black beard, furious stare, and militant chest hair, Cage is extremely funny, and at times he just dispenses with naturalism and leaps into space. (Denby; 4/24/95) (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas.*

**Moving the Mountain**—Through 5/9. Directed by Michael Apted, it depicts all the events surrounding the Tiananmen Square massacre through the eyes of the student leaders who were thrust into the international spotlight by their pivotal roles in the demonstrations that led to it. The movie focuses especially on Li Lu, presumably because his story is paradigmatic and because he speaks excellent English. Unfortunately, it makes extensive use of dramatic re-creations to tell the story of Li's early life, and it becomes difficult to tell when footage is wholly fictional, when it's genuine but unrelated to the actual event being described, and when it's actually the real thing there are some great shots of the students in the square. In Chinese and English. (1 hr. 23 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

**Muriel's Wedding**—Muriel (Toni Collette) is an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P.J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**My Family**—A multi-generational saga directed by Gregory Nava of *El Norte* and starring Jimmy Smits. It never rains but it pours: Other Latino films coming up include *The Perez Family* by Mira Nair, *Desperado,* aka *El Mariachi 2,* and of course John Leguizamo is currently starring on television in *House of Buggin'*. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

**New Jersey Drive**—Writer/director Nick Gomez follows *Laws of Gravity* with this tough-talking tale of carjackers who are caught up in a cycle of bad crimes, badder cops, and an even badder world that doesn't seem to leave them any options but to keep on stealing until they're jailed or dead. (1 hr. 36 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

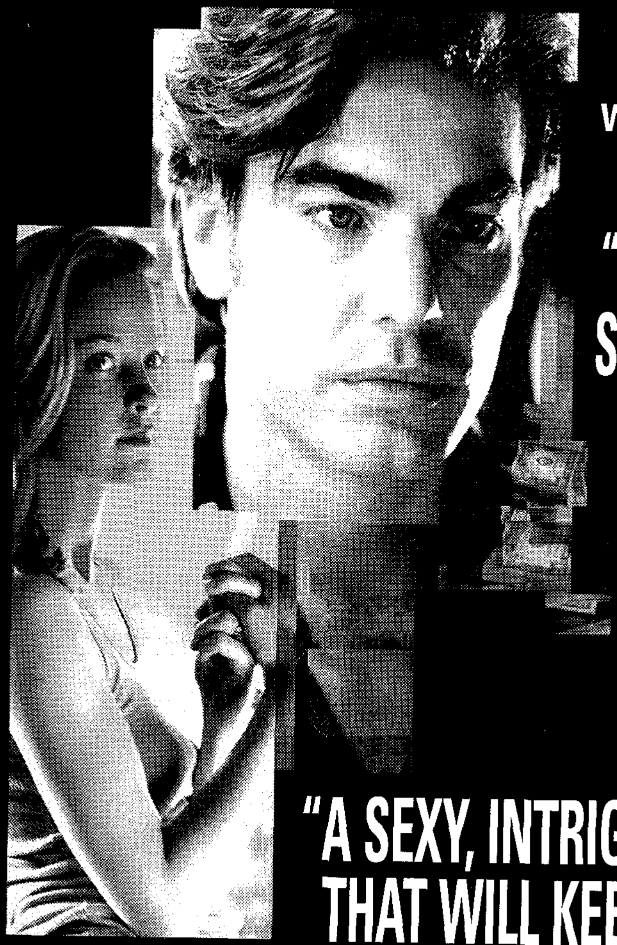
★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake Temuera Morrison, a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife Rena Owen adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

**Only the Brave**—A debut feature from lesbian filmmaker Ana Kokkinos looks at the lives of two young Australian girls of Greek descent who are desperate to escape their stultifying lives but unable to imagine how. Alex comes closest with her desire to write and an increasingly intimate relationship with a shy but encouraging teacher. Vicki wants to sing, she thinks, but is much more successful at random acts of arson. Both girls have boyfriends, if only for show: They'd much rather be with each other, though neither one seems quite prepared to put their thoughts into action. Paired with *Playing the Part,* a 38 min. short by Mitch McCabe about coming out to her family. (1 hr. 2 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

**Panther**—Mario Van Peebles directed and his father,

Photograph by Etienne George/Twentieth Century Fox.

# "A SUPERIOR THRILLER!



Gallagher is perfect as the charmer willing to risk it all. Unbearably suspenseful scenes, as well as twists and turns you won't see coming."

– Dennis Dermody, PAPER MAGAZINE

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PETER GALLAGHER

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ALISON ELLIOTT WILLIAM FICHTNER ADAM TRESE WITH JOE DON BAKER PAUL DOOLEY SHELLEY DUVALL AND ELISABETH SHUE PRODUCTION DESIGN HOWARD CUMMINGS
EDITOR STAN SALFAS A.C.E. MUSIC CLIFF MARTINEZ CAMERA ELLIOT DAVIS BASED ON THE NOVEL "CRISS CROSS" BY DON TRACY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JOSHUA DONEN WILLIAM REID LIONEL WIGRAM
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN SCREENPLAY BY SAM LOWRY AND DANIEL FUCHS PRODUCED BY JOHN HARDY DIRECTED BY STEVEN SODERBERGH DTS STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES DIGITAL DTS SOUND SOUNDTRACK ON VARÈSE SARABANDE CDs AND CASSETTES GRAMERCY PICTURES

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**VILLAGE VII**
3RD AVE. AT 11TH ST. 982-0400

Melvin Van Peebles, wrote this look at the Black Power movement's most militaristic wing through the eyes of a young man who feels sucked into the events of the group. With Kadeem Hardison and Courtney B. Vance. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

**Picture Bride**—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. Co-written and directed by Kayo Hatta, it was the Audience Award winner at this year's Sundance Film Festival. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

★**Priest**—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. But it's not only Greg's sexual desires but his moral instincts that are at war with church doctrine and his vocation. A forlorn teenage girl with a crumpled face tells him at confession that she's being abused by her father, which puts Greg in a dreadful position: His vows forbid him to violate the confessional, and so he hesitates to take action to save the girl—a reluctance he experiences as both a fulfillment of his priestly role and a betrayal of his Christian duty. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

**A Pyromaniac's Love Story**—The blurring between film and television continues (see also *Top Dog*) with this effort from director Joshua Brand, one of the creators of *Northern Exposure,* which is quietly being put out of its misery on Wednesday nights, and *I'll Fly Away,* which died too soon. The movie hopes to be a whimsical tale about a young man (John Leguizamo) desperate for money to woo a waitress but unwilling to burn down the pastry shop he works at so his boss can get the insurance money. The place burns down anyway, and for various reasons, Leguizamo, his boss, and the boss's wife all confess to lighting it. That only angers Garet (William Baldwin), who really *did* set the fire, so he kidnaps Leguizamo, and then it gets really complicated. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; 84th Street Six.*

**Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker**—In this Hong Kong feature set in China in the early 1900s, the female heir to a fireworks factory must suppress her feminine side, wear men's clothing, and learn the role of master to keep the family fortunes intact. She does so until a wandering artist senses her burning desire and woos the "Master" ardently and all too successfully for the comfort of those she is supposed to order around. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Rob Roy**—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. Directed by Michael Caton-Jones. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

**The Underneath**—It took Steven Soderbergh eight days to write the screenplay for his phenomenally successful first film, *sex, lies and videotape.* So why in God's name won't he write another one? Since *sex,* he's helmed the problematic *Kafka,* the nicely done Depression-era drama *King of the Hill,* and now this *noir*-ish tale of a gambling addict Peter Gallagher who returns to town only to find that his former girlfriend—whom he abandoned when the debts piled too high—has shacked up with a local hood. Gallagher's character is interestingly drawn and the screenplay is nicely fractured. But the story ultimately devolves into another tale of a bank heist and how you just can't trust the people you rob with anymore. Adroitly handled by Soderbergh, so get back to the word processor. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

**True Believers**—Subtitled *The Musical Family of Rounder Records,* this is a concert/interview documentary focusing on the diverse roster of the 25-year-old independent label, which includes folk singer Bill Morrissey, Irma Thomas, Marcia Ball, and bluegrass bright light Alison Krauss. (1 hr. 26 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*.

**While You Were Sleeping**—See David Denby's review, p. 68. (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

# Manhattan

### Below 14th Street

**Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Amateur; Exotica; Once Were Warriors; Picture Bride; Priest; Search and Destroy.*

**Art Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Bullets Over Broadway; Cure; Village of the Damned.*

**Cinema Village 12th St.**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart; True Believers.* Opening 5/5: *Only the Brave.*

**Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb; Moving the Mountain.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Joseph Papp Public Theater**—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171). (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Movieland 8th Street**—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Friday; New Jersey Drive; Tank Girl.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*

**Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Bar Girls; Burnt by the Sun; Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; The Day the Sun Turned Cold.*

**Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; The Basketball Diaries; Farinelli; Goofy Movie; Muriel's Wedding; Top Dog; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*

**Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; Outbreak; Swimming With Sharks; The Underneath.* Opening 5/3: *Panther.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*

**Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Kiss of Death; Circle of Friends.*

### 14th-41st Streets

**19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Basketball Diaries; Circle of Friends; Don Juan DeMarco; Friday; New Jersey Drive; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*

**23rd Street West Triplex**—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *The Cure; A Goofy Movie; Hoop Dreams; The Pebble and the Penguin; Tommy Boy.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*

**34th Street East**—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Village of the Damned.*

**34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Bad Boys; Rob Roy; Top Dog.*

**Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Dolores Claiborne; Kiss of Death; Priest; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of Damned.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*

**Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Don Juan DeMarco; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*

### 42nd-60th Streets

**57th Street Playhouse**—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Exotica.*

**59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *The Cure.*

**Angelika 57**—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Search and Destroy.*

**Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *New Jersey Drive.* Opening 5/3: *Panther.*

**Baronet/Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Destiny Turns on.*

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Bar Girls; Swimming With Sharks.*

**Cinema 3**—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Madness of King George.*

**Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Don Juan; Priest; While You Were Sleeping.*

Retrospective

## Dead Can Dance

**After Fritz Lang's *Metropolis,* the silent masterpiece that's proven most popular for screenings with live accompaniment is F. W. Murnau's ghoulish vampire classic, *Nosferatu.* It's shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art May 5 at 8, with Gillian Anderson conducting the Manhattan School of Music Orchestra. Call 570-3949; $30.**

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

**Hawaii, 1918. She left Japan for a man she had never met, in a new world she couldn't imagine... America.**

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"IF YOU THOUGHT *'THE JOY LUCK CLUB'* WAS POIGNANT, YOU'LL CRY A RIVER OVER 'PICTURE BRIDE'!"

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DOLBY STEREO

**Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *The Basketball Diaries; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan; Friday; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Outbreak; Top Dog.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*
**Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Basketball Diaries.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*
**Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Burnt by the Sun.*
**Embassy 1**—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story.*
**Embassy 2-4**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Exotica; Losing Isaiah; Pulp Fiction; A Goofy Movie.*
**Guild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *While You Were Sleeping.*
**Manhattan Twin**—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *The Pebble and the Penguin; Pulp Fiction.*
**Movieplex 42**—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Destiny Turns on the Radio; Friday; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*
**National Twin**—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bad Boys; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*
**Paris Theater**—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*
**Plaza**—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Hoop Dreams.*
**Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; A Goofy Movie; Strawberry and Chocolate.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*
**Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Boys on the Side; Dumb and Dumber; Heavenly Creatures; IQ; Legends of the Fall; Little Women.*
**Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Rob Roy.*

### *61st Street and Above, East Side*

**68th Street Playhouse**—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Picture Bride.*
**86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Kiss of Death; Village of the Damned.*
**86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Friday; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Rob Roy.*
**First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *The Cure; Dolores Claiborne; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*
**Gemini Twin**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Bad Boys; Friday.*
**New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Bullets Over Broadway; Outbreak.* Opening 5/3: *My Family; Panther.*
**Orpheum**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bad Boys; Basketball Diaries; Destiny; Don Juan; New Jersey Drive; Rob Roy; Top Dog.* Opening 5/3: *My Family; Panther.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*
**Tower East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Underneath.*
**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Cure; A Goofy Movie.*

### *61st Street and Above, West Side*

**62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Pather Panchali.*
**84th Street Six**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Bad Boys; Circle of Friends; Friday; New Jersey Drive.* Opening 5/3: *Panther.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*
**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Aparajito; Burnt by the Sun; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; The World of Apu.*
**Lincoln Square**—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Amateur; The Basketball Diaries; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; Farinelli; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Priest; Rob Roy; The Underneath; Top Dog; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*
**Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Village of the Damned; Rob Roy.*
**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Friday; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.* Opening 5/3: *My Family.*
**Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Bad Boys; New Jersey Drive.*
**Olympia Cinemas**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*
**Regency**—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *The Cure.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*

## Bronx

*Area Code 718*

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bad Boys; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Major Payne; New Jersey; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Bad Boys; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Major Payne; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Interboro**—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*
**Riverdale**—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Kiss of Death; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bad Boys; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Major Payne; New Jersey Drive; Outbreak; Tommy Boy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

## Brooklyn

*Area Code 718*

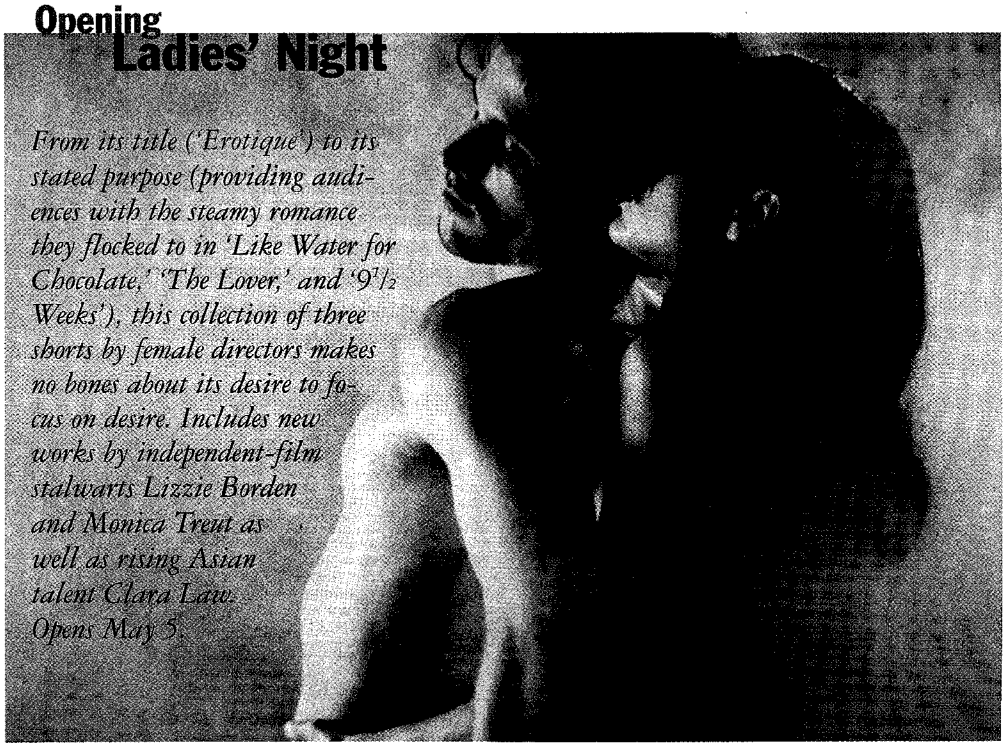
**Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; The Cure; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Brooklyn Heights**—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dolores Claiborne; Kiss of Death; Muriel's Wedding.*
**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Bad Boys; Friday; Top Dog.*
**Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *A Goofy Movie; Jefferson in Paris; Priest; Rob Roy; Strawberry and Chocolate; Top Dog; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*
**Commodore**—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*
**Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Bad Boys; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*
**Kenmore**—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Village of the Damned.*
**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Bad Boys; Kiss of Death; Village of the Damned.* Opening 5/5: *Erotique.*
**Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Bad Boys; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death; Major Payne; Top Dog.*
**Kingsway**—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *The Cure; Friday; Jury Duty; New Jersey Drive; Rob Roy; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bad Boys; The Cure; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death.*
**Metropolitan**—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Village of the Damned.*
**Oriental**—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; A Goofy Movie; Tommy Boy; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Plaza Twin**—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Friday; Bad Boys.*
**Ridgewood**—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*
**The Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Basketball Diaries; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty; Outbreak; Rob Roy; Tommy Boy; Top Dog; Village of Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

## Queens

*Area Code 718*

**Astoria**—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bad Boys; Friday; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*
**Bay Terrace**—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Pyromaniac's; Bad Boys; Basketball; Goofy; Kiss of Death; While You Were Sleeping.*
**Center**—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Kiss of Death.*
**Cinema 5**—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bad Boys; Friday; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Top Dog.*
**Cinemart**—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; A Goofy Movie; Muriel's Wedding.*
**Continental**—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Cure; Don Juan; Jury Duty; Rob Roy.*

## Opening
## Ladies' Night

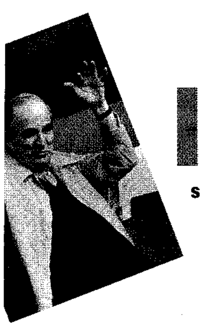


*From its title ('Erotique') to its stated purpose (providing audiences with the steamy romance they flocked to in 'Like Water for Chocolate,' 'The Lover,' and '9½ Weeks'), this collection of three shorts by female directors makes no bones about its desire to focus on desire. Includes new works by independent-film stalwarts Lizzie Borden and Monica Treut as well as rising Asian talent Clara Law. Opens May 5.*

Photograph by Linda R. Chen.

### Festival

## Bergman Smorgasbord



**Ingmar Bergman is too dour and introspective to inspire anything approaching a *mania,* but rarely has any artist been honored with an event as astonishingly varied as the five-month Bergman Festival conceived by the Brooklyn Academy of Music and taking place throughout the city from May to September. Reflecting his significant work in movies, theater, television, and literature, events will be held at almost every major cultural institution in New York. A quick guide:**

| Event | Location | Date | Phone | What You'll See |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **"A Landscape of the Soul: The Films of Ingmar Bergman"** | **Film Society of Lincoln Center** | **May 5–June 15** | **875-5600** | **A nearly complete look at more than 40 of his movies.** |
| **"Ingmar Bergman in Close-Up: The Television Work"** | **The Museum of Television & Radio** | **May 5–July 2** | **621-6800** | **TV movies, specials, documentaries, and the landmark mini-series *Scenes From a Marriage* are all screened.** |
| ***The Winter's Tale* and *Madame de Sade*** | **Brooklyn Academy of Music** | **May 31–June 10** | **718-636-4100** | **Since retiring from movies in 1984, Bergman has contributed vital works to the theater, including these two productions, the first of which will premiere with Their Majesties King Carl XVI Gustaf and Queen Silvia of Sweden in attendance.** |
| **"Ingmar Bergman and the Theatre"** | **Library for the Performing Arts** | **June 1–September 1** | **870-1630** | **An exhibition of photos, set designs, videotaped recordings of performances, Bergman's working notes, and other materials.** |
| **"Masters of Cinematography: Close-Up With Sven Nykvist"** | **American Museum of the Moving Image** | **June 3–4** | **718-784-0077** | **Bergman's longtime collaborator screens and discusses scenes from *Persona* (above right), *Cries and Whispers,* and other films.** |
| **"Alf Sjöberg: Filmmaker"** | **Museum of Modern Art** | **June 9–27** | **708-9480** | **Besides directing the first film with a screenplay by Bergman, Sjöberg was a major force in Swedish cinema in his own right. A look at seventeen of his movies.** |
| **Bergman Marathon** | **Thirteen/WNET** | **June 10 and 17** | **560-2000** | **Two days of Bergman in your home, featuring *The Best Intentions* and the theatrical version of *Scenes From a Marriage,* among other works.** |

**Crossbay**—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive.*

**Crossbay II**—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Goofy; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Top Dog; Village of Damned; Sleeping.*

**Elmwood**—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bad Boys; The Basketball Diaries; Friday; A Goofy Movie; New Jersey Drive.*

**Forest Hills**—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Destiny Turns on the Radio; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak.*

**Fresh Meadows**—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *The Cure; Dolores; Don Juan; Kiss of Death; Outbreak; Pebble and Penguin; Rob Roy; Village of Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bad Boys; Friday; Top Dog.*

**Main Street**—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Forrest Gump; Kiss of Death; Outbreak; Tommy Boy.*

**Midway**—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Circle of Friends; Kiss of Death; Top Dog; Village of the Damned.*

**Movieworld**—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Basketball Diaries; Circle of Friends; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

**North Shore Towers**—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Circle of Friends; Dolores.*

**Plaza** —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

**Quartet**—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Bad Boys; Friday; Kiss of Death; Village of the Damned.*

**Surfside**—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Kiss of Death; Top Dog.*

**The Movies at Bayside**—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Cure; Destiny Turns on the Radio; Don Juan DeMarco; Rob Roy; Tommy Boy.*

**Trylon**—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *While You Were Sleeping.*

## Staten Island

*Area Code 718*

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Top Dog; Village of Damned; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 5/5: *French Kiss.*

**Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Pyromaniac's Love Story; Bad Boys; Friday; Kiss of Death; Tommy Boy; While You Were Sleeping.*

**The Movies at Staten Island**—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bad Boys; The Cure; Destiny Turns on the Radio; A Goofy Movie; Jury Duty; Kiss of Death; Rob Roy; Tommy Boy; Top Dog; Village of the Damned; While You Were Sleeping.*

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**American Museum of the Moving Image**—Through 5/28: "The Films of Nicholas Ray." 5/6: *On Dangerous Ground* (1951) and *Flying Leathernecks* (1951). 5/7: *The Lusty Men* (1952) and *Party Girl* (1958). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

**Anthology Film Archives**—5/4: "Crossing Visions," a compilation of video works by Spanish artists living in the U.S. and American artists dealing with Spanish issues. 5/5: Jerome Hill's *Film Portrait* (1971); Jean Epstein's *La Glace a Trois Faces* (1927); Marcel Hanoun's *Une Simple Histoirs* (1958). 5/6–5/11: Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1967). 5/6: Eisenstein's *Ivan Grozny I and II.* 5/7: Works by Ernie Gehr, Rene Clair, and others. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

**The Brooklyn Museum**—Through 6/4: "Apartheid Framed: South Africa on Film, 1948-1994." 5/5: *Mapantsula* (1988). 5/6: *Stepping Out* (1994-95) and *Come Back, Africa* (1981). 5/7: *Friends* (1993).

**Film Forum**—Through 5/11: *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955). (See also the American Museum of the Moving Image.) 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

**Japan Society**—Through 6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." This collection of thirteen dramas and documentaries explores Japan's perspective on the war and its aftermath. 5/2 and 5/5: *Winds of God* (1993). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

**Joseph Papp Public Theater**—Through 5/4: "The Films of Barbet Schroeder." 5/2: *Single White Female* (1992). 5/3 and 5/4: *La Vallee* (1972). 5/5–5/31: "Crossroads: The North Africa and Middle East Film Festival." 5/5–5/7: *The Emigrant* (1994). 5/5–5/11: *Mercedes* (1993). 5/6 and 5/7: *Morocco, Body and Soul* (1987). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

**Museum of Modern Art**—Through 5/14: "The Films of Marguerite Duras." Highlights include *Les Enfants* (1984) on 5/5 and 5/7 and *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959) on 5/5. 5/4–5/16: "France Vue par. . . ." Highlights include: *There Were Days…and Moons*(1990) on 5/4 and 5/6 and *Lumière d'été* on 5/5 and 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

**Satyajit Ray Film Festival**—Through 8/11: One of the great directors, Satyajit Ray has never fallen out of critical favor . . . but he simply hasn't been seen much. All in Bengali. Through 5/4: *Aparajito* (1958). 5/5–5/18: *The World of Apu.*

**The Film Society of Lincoln Center**—(The Walter Reade Theater)—5/5–6/15: "Landscape of the Soul: The Cinema of Ingmar Bergman." 5/5: *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955), *Through a Glass Darkly* (1962), *Wild Strawberries* (1957), and *Persona* (1966). 5/6: *Summer With Monica* (1952), *Cries and Whispers* (1972), and *Fanny and Alexander* (1983). 5/7 and 5/8: *Crisis* (1945) and *It Rains on Our Love* (1946). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

Photographs: left, Bengt Wanselius; right, courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

theater

# Hart Throbs…Rose, Madder…Dr. J

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.**

## Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**Hamlet**—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; it opens 5/2 for a limited run of 110 performances that ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

**My Thing of Love**—Laurie Metcalf (*Roseanne*) stars in Alexandra Gersten's drama about the splendors and miseries of married life. $20–$45. Opens 5/3. Through 5/7, Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; beginning 5/8, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**On the Waterfront**—Ron Eldard, in the Marlon Brando role—the one in which he coulda been a contenda—and Penelope Ann Miller, reprising Eva Marie Saint, in a new stage adaptation of Budd Schulberg's damning 1954 film portrait of corruption on the New York City docks. Opens 5/1. $37.50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100). 2hrs. 20 mins.*

**Pal Joey**—$25-$45. Thur. 5/4 through Sat. 5/6 at 8; Sat. matinee at 2. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

**The Rose Tattoo**—$45. Opens 5/2. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

### *Now Playing*

**Arcadia**—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. "Stupendous, and sometimes, I'm afraid, stupefying. Stoppard's cleverness engenders its own problems. There are all kinds of parallels and divergences between the "old" story and the "new"; also some curious misreadings of the past by the present-day researchers, which contrast with the true story as we see it unfurl. And the way past and present—even if only figuratively—finally intermingle, is almost fiendishly crafty But in the end, Stoppard—who never went to university and has an autodidact's infatuation with his homemade erudition—overdoes it." (Simon; 4/10/95.) $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).3 hrs.*

**Beauty and the Beast**—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Cats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). *2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Crazy for You**—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

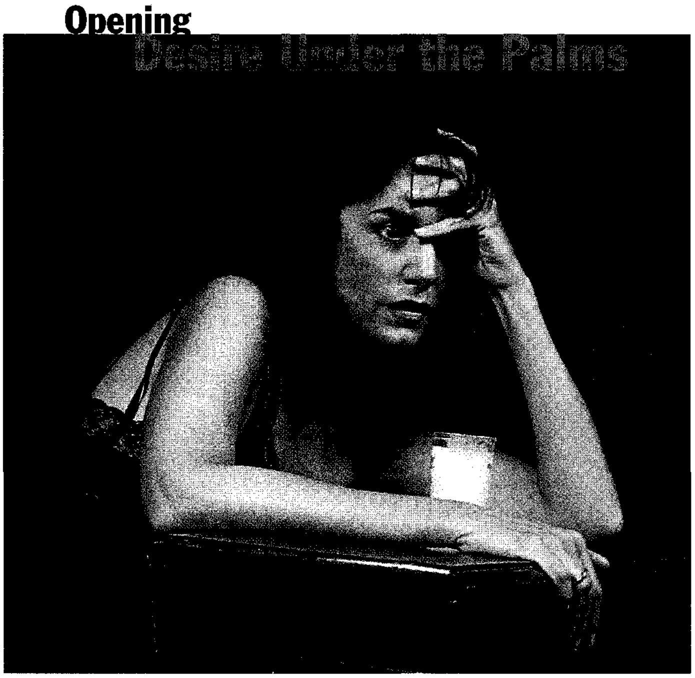
**Damn Yankees**—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. "For the first few minutes, Lewis cuts a reasonably saturnine figure with a glum petulance about him that doesn't displease. But he's a comic whose trademark shtick consists of reverting, sometimes predictably, sometimes arbitrarily, to spoiled, jeering, sarcastic brathood. At these moments, the fans go wild, the rest of us merely numb. Although the old faithfuls, led by Linda Stephens, Jarrod Emick, and Dick Latessa, have as much heart as ever, there are certain theatrical events an adult can enjoy only if he brings a child to the show. To enjoy Jerry Lewis, you may have to bring along a Frenchman." (Simon; 3/27/95) $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**Defending the Caveman**—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes**—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. "Hapless Tony Randall and his National Actors Theatre have done it again: Their *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* taken over from the Goodspeed Opera House, is as artless, charmless, and mirthless as a musical production can get. This mediocre Jule Styne–Leo Robin score and Anita Loos–Joseph Fields book can barely stand up anymore, least of all in such a visually and histrionically undernourished mounting. K. T. Sullivan, as Lorelei, couldn't get a billionaire to cough up a zircon for her." (Simon: 4/24/95.) $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Through 5/14. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280). 2 hrs.*

**Grease!**—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. For the period 4/17–5/28, scheduling as follows: dark Mon. and Tues., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and

## Opening



*Originally written for Anna Magnani, the role of the remorseful but hot-blooded widow Serafina in 'The Rose Tattoo' made Maureen Stapleton a star. Mercedes Ruehl takes over the part in the current revival of Tennessee Williams's 1951 play, opening this week at Circle in the Square.*

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Having Our Say**—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. "The first thing to note about *Having Our Say* is that, whatever else it is, it is not a play. It serves a purpose for two groups: black audiences eager to see themselves represented on Broadway and dyed-in-the-wool white liberals who whoop it up at every white-bashing joke. Even with two outstanding actresses, it's shortish but still overlong, stretched beyond endurance by supererogatory ovations and endless intermissions. If the mere mention of Dan Quayle doesn't have you rolling in the aisles, this may not be your kind of show." (Simon: 4/24/95.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

**The Heiress**—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Donald Moffat, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying**—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

**Indiscretions**—Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**An Inspector Calls**—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$60. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

**Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect**—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**Kiss of the Spider Woman**—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Onstage

## Bewitched, Bothered, Etc.

**Based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* stories about a drifting saloon singer, *Pal Joey,* the last (1940) collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, introduced to the Broadway musical a new level of lowlife realism. City Center's Great American Musicals in Concert series continues to attract some of the biggest stars around: That's Joey (Peter Gallagher) on the right, with wealthy matron Patti LuPone (center) and stripper-with-a-heart-of-gold Bebe Neuwirth.**

**Les Misérables**—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

**Love! Valour! Compassion!**—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

**Miss Saigon**—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**A Month in the Country**—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. $55. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

**The Phantom of the Opera**—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Show Boat**—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

**Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

**Sunset Boulevard**—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

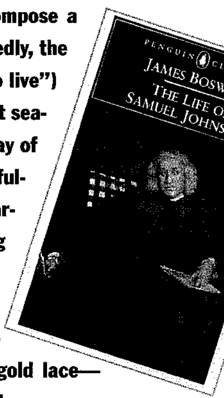
plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Tommy**—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

## Retrospective

## A Life in the Theater

**Like William Butler Yeats and Norman Mailer, Samuel Johnson found (temporarily) in the theater that for which writers of books are always and everywhere searching: a plausible justification for getting away from the damn desk. When David Garrick became manager of the Drury Lane Theatre in 1747, he asked his former grammar-school teacher Johnson to compose a prologue celebrating the new regime; unexpectedly, the verses ("We who live to please / Must please to live") made him one of audiences' favorite writers that season. Thus emboldened, Johnson mentioned a play of his own, *Irene*, that he'd been trying unsuccessfully for several years to get produced. Would Garrick be, uh, interested? He would. On opening night in 1749, the writer drew every eye in the house when he appeared in a parterre box clad not in his usual drab broadcloth but a new scarlet waistcoat and hat both richly trimmed in gold lace—dress more fitting, he said, for a Dramatick Author.**



***Irene*** **closed in a week and a half, but Johnson had caught the bug. He had been harshly critical of the dissolute lives of actors in his 1744 *Life of Richard Savage;* now, and for several years thereafter, the Great Cham (as Smollett called him) could often be found in the theater's green room, hanging out with them and enjoying "the sprightly chit-chat of the motley circle then to be found there."**

**It was not, alas, to last. Johnson's beloved wife, Tetty, died in 1752; by nature deeply melancholic, he began to feel more and more guilty about time spent in the company of partially clad soubrettes. He was at a dinner party with Garrick and David Hume one evening when the former remarked cordially that he hoped to see him backstage at the Drury again before too long. Johnson exploded: "No, David, I will never come back. For the white bubbies and silk stockings of your Actresses excite my genitals." (In the *Life*, a document more discreet in every way than his journal, Boswell cleaned this up to: "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities.") He walked out the door and never entered a theater again.**

**RANDALL SHORT**

# Off Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**After-Play**—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is reopening a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. Begins previews 5/2 for a 5/16 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

**A Language of Their Own**—B. D. Wong stars in a new play by Singaporean writer Chay Yew, in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

**Loose Lips**—A topical comedic revue conceived by some of the guiding spirits behind the original *Spy* magazine: Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from verbatim transcripts of the private and public utterances of such high-profile personalities as Bill Clinton, Orson Welles, Marion Barry, Bob Dole, Tommy Lasorda, Princess Diana, Bruce Springsteen, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, and Clarence Thomas. Everything they say proves H. L. Mencken's explanation of why he didn't mind paying taxes: considered purely in terms of its entertainment value, democracy is the best bargain going. Directed by Martin Charnin; among those sitting in with the permanent company of six from time to time will be Mo Gaffney, Griffin Dunne, Buck Henry, Bebe Neuwirth, Gordon Elliot, Ron Silver, and Stephen Collins. $30, Tues.-Thur.; $35, Fri.-Sun. Tue.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Begins previews 5/10 for a 5/18 opening. Steve McGraw's *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

**Police Boys**—In the course of interrogating a teenage gang member suspected of rape and murder, several macho big-city cops inadvertently stumble across some uncomfortable truths about their own lives. Marion McClinton's drama is directed by Donald Douglass. $35. In previews for a 5/14 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Wilder Theater, Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Shabbatai**—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John. F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, plus special performances 5/3, 5/13, and 5/20 at 2. Opens 5/6. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

**Sylvia**—$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Begins previews 5/2 for a 5/23 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

**Twelve Dreams**—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his infant daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Levine. Previews begin 5/11 for a 6/1 opening. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater , 150 W. 65th St. ( 239-6200).*

### *Now Playing*

**All in the Timing**—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**Camping With Henry and Tom**—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

**The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)**—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Until 4/17, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3; after that date, Sat. shows change to 6 and 9, a Mon. show is added at 8, and everything's dark on Thurs. $35 Tues.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

**The Cryptogram**—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. "Mamet is up—or down—to his usual verbal games. The form is dramatic fetishism: fussy, boring monologues that, merely because they occasionally connect—and not even connect so much as encroach on one another—pretend to be dialogue. It's really about Mamet's infatuation with himself: He is the man who mistook the hat he was talking through for his muse." (Simon; 4/24/95.) With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

**Dancing on Moonlight**—A play by Keith Glover about growing up in Harlem in the fifties. Terry Alexander, Anna Maria Horsford, and Andre De Shields share star billing with an original score by Max Roach. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/30. *The Public Theater (Anspacher), 475 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

**Death Defying Acts**—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

**Dog Opera**—Having survived high school, Catholicism, and Queens (the borough) together, Peter and Madeline search for romances as good as their friendship. Constance Congdon's play is directed by Gerald Gutierrez, currently represented uptown by *The Heiress.* $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater (Martinson), 425 Lafayette (260-2400).*

**Ecstasy**—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. 5/7 at 3; Sun. 4/30 and 5/14 at 7. Through 5/14. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

**The Family Business**—A comedy about deterioration, both professional and personal. $22–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8:30, Sun. at 3. *New*

*York Theater Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-6989).*

**The Fantasticks**—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

**Grandma Sylvia's Funeral**—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

**Incommunicado**—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Jelly Roll!**—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

**London Suite**—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

**Mrs. Warren's Profession**—A daughter and mother come to know each other for the first time in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of George Bernard Shaw's groundbreaking (1902) look at the then-radical notion that women might have something to say about their place in society. Directed by Alex Dmitriev. $20–25. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat at 5 and 9. Through 5/7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

**Night and Her Stars**—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

**Party**—Truth-or-dare hijinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-4321).*

**Perfect Crime**—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

**The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me**—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's "Frasier." $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

**Phaedra**—A contemporary adaptation of Euripides' tragedy by Elizabeth Egloff. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

**Swingtime Canteen**—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**Three Tall Women**—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

**Three Viewings**—Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. "Finally, what we have all been waiting for: a new, true, idiosyncratic voice in the theater. Someone who has poetry in his language, wit and pathos in his characterization, and sees the overarching whole as clearly as the telltale detail. Who has that slightly skewed vision with which to see around the corners against which lesser visions bang and knock themselves silly. Who can construct patterns out of his wild imagination and make life conform to them—and, more amazing, make us concur in them. And what performances from Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton! *Three Viewings* is essential viewing." (Simon; 4/17/95.) $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; Through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

**Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding**—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Place,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

**Travels With My Aunt**—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knock-about stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. "An exercise in high camp so inspired as to be quintessential theater. There is Jim Dale, with gestures and inflections suggestive but never obvious; there is Brian Murray, surely one of the supreme comic actors of our day. Add to this Giles Havergal's magisterial direction, the ingeniously ecumenical set by Stewart Laing, extravagantly lit by Gerry Jenkinson, and you can have yourself a ball at this ballsiest, totally uneffete evening of sky-high camp." (Simon: 4/24/95.) $27.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

## Previews

## Putting On the Dog

*Sylvia, A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspishness, focuses on a New York City couple (Blythe Danner and Charles Kimbrough) whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small canine (Sarah Jessica Parker). Previews, also starring Derek Smith, begin Tuesday at the Manhattan Theater Club.*

## Off-Off Broadway

**Chikamatsu's Forest**—In Edward Sakamoto's stage fantasy, a famous Japanese playwright finds himself doing battle with his own imagination, which turns out to include Samurai warriors, Bunraku puppets, fairy-tale characters, and the odd Kabuki superstar. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, special Sun. mat. 5/6 at 2. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (332-0278.)*

**Happy End**—In Bertolt Brecht's fantasy Chicago (based on the Hollywood gangster movies he grew up with in Germany), tough Edward G. Robinson-style guys illustrate the corruption of capitalist society by sporting machine guns, smoking cigars, and singing Kurt Weill's jagged, lovely songs. $8 is the suggested donation; through 5/14. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249).*

**The Players Club**—The response of Premium Bob, a comedy team a.k.a. Paul Boocock and David Latham, to the Republican Contract With America. Sat. at 10:30, through 5/20. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

**Richard III**—The play by Shakespeare, in a production by the Salamander Repertory Theatre. $12; TDF accepted. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/14. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**She Stoops To Conquer**—The 1995 graduating class of Juilliard's Drama Division presents Oliver Goldsmith's play 5/4-6 at 8, 5/6 at 2. All performances $10; TDF accepted. *Juilliard Drama Theater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

# Ray Johnson and Pals...John Newman

## Openings

**"Way Cool"** features paintings, sculptures, installations, and photography by 31 young and emerging artists whose works investigate American society (opens May 6 at Exit Art/The First World, 548 Broadway).

## Galleries

### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Arshile Gorky**—Drawings from the thirties that trace the artist's transition from figuration to Abstract Expressionism; through 5/26. Mazoh, 67 E. 93rd St. (289-0606).

**Ray Johnson**—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art from the fifties through the late eighties, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, the Warhol Foundation, and others; through 6/16. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

**John La Farge**—A survey of floral still lifes by this artist (1835–1910), who studied with William Morris Hunt and Thomas Couture and saw the still-life genre as a subject through which to explore modern color theories; through 6/9. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

**Tomie Ohtake**—An exhibition of large-scale abstract paintings celebrating the eightieth birthday of this artist who is a leading figure in postwar Brazilian art; through 6/30. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

**Pablo Picasso**—Paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate that he made in his studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, a former palace on Paris's Left Bank, where he worked throughout the Second World War; through 6/24. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

**Lorraine Shemesh**—Paintings of the artist and other figures swimming in pools; through 5/27. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

**David Smith**—Early figurative works from the thirties; paintings of female nudes from 1964; and abstract sculptures from the fifties; through 5/20. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

*57th Street Area*

**Josef Albers**—Paintings and works on paper from the Josef and Anni Albers Foundation; through 6/2. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

**Raymond Booth**—Recent botanical paintings and watercolors by an English artist; through 6/30. Paine Webber, 1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6.

**Burgoyne Diller/Charles Seliger**—Paintings, drawings, and constructions from 1935 through 1963 by this abstract artist who is considered a forefather of the sixties minimalist movement./Small-scale paintings and watercolors from the forties and the nineties that illustrate the artist's lifelong exploration of organic abstraction. Through 6/3. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

**Richard Estes**—Eighteen realist paintings of New York City executed over the past four years; through 6/3. Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. (541-4900).

**Philip Geiger**—Though the artist is using a brighter palette than in earlier works and mingling light from both natural and artificial sources, these new paintings continue to depict figures involved in enigmatic activities; though 5/26. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

**Lawrence Gipe**—The artist's latest paintings of industrial landscapes and bucolic rural scenes are based on "approved images," or photographs that passed the ideological restrictions of Nazi censorship and later appeared in the publication *Das Deutsche Lichtbild*, the German annual of fine-art photography, during the years 1934 to 1939; through 5/27. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

### Ground Rules:

**Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

**Philip Guston**—Paintings and drawings from the fifties; through 6/3. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

**Keith Haring**—The late artist's first show with this gallery includes drawings, collages, and gouaches from 1989; 5/4–6/9. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

**Alfredo Jaar**—An installation of black archival boxes arranged in rows, stacks, and grids, each of which contains an eight-by-ten-inch Cibachrome that cannot be seen but is described on the box's exterior, and a related audio-visual presentation titled *Rwanda* that will be shown on Saturdays at 4:30; through 6/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

**Odd Nerdrum**—Recent figurative paintings by this Norwegian artist who is known for his apocalyptic themes; through 5/26. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

**John Newman**—Recent sculptures; through 6/2. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

**Pablo Picasso**—Drawings from all periods of the artist's career arranged chronologically from 1898 to 1970, through 6/2, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292)./Sketchbooks from 1900–1905, from the Marina Picasso collection, through 6/17, at Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

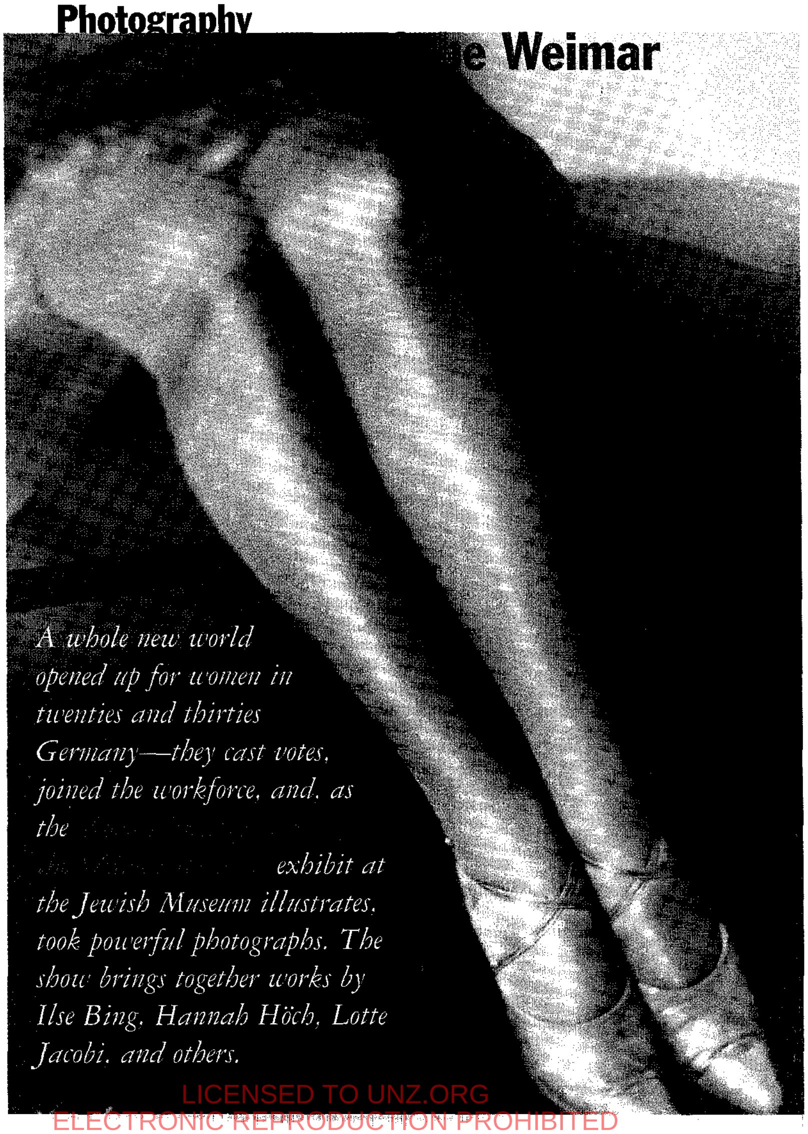
**Alberto Savinio**—Books, film footage, and nineteen paintings executed between 1926 and 1948 by this artist (1891–1952) who played a pivotal role in the development of metaphysical art; through 6/9. Baldacci Gallery, 41 East 57th Street (826-4210).

**Jeff Wall**—Large-scale Cibachrome transparencies mounted on light boxes that depict human subjects engaged in day-to-day social activities or in psychological dramas; through 6/10. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

**Andy Warhol**—Paintings and drawings of nudes from the fifties, seventies, and eighties, through 6/16, at Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454), and selected works from 1961 to 1986, through 6/3, at O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

**Timothy Woodman**—New polychrome reliefs in hand-cut aluminum that depict themes from literature, mythology, history, and everyday life; through 5/27.

## Photography [illegible] e Weimar



*A whole new world opened up for women in twenties and thirties Germany—they cast votes, joined the workforce, and, as the [illegible] exhibit at the Jewish Museum illustrates, took powerful photographs. The show brings together works by Ilse Bing, Hannah Höch, Lotte Jacobi, and others.*

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they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. . . . "Projects: Tom Friedman." Through 5/18. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms*." Through1 7/11. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection"; 5/4–8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

**Museum of the City of New York**—"New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation"; through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**National Academy of Design**— "Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection." Through 6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from The National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 students, seniors, and children.

**New Museum of Contemporary Art**—"Human/Nature." Works by more than 150 emerging and established artists. Through 5/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222).

**New York Public Library**—"e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 5/20. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

**Studio Museum in Harlem**—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

**Whitney Museum**—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11–9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

## Auctions

**Christie's**—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 5/3 at 7: "Contemporary Art, Part I." On view from 4/28. 5/4 at 10:30 and 2: "Contemporary Art, Part II." On view from 4/28. 5/5 at 10: "Important Tribal Art." On view from 4/29. 5/9 and 5/10 at 10 and 2: "Old Master, American, and Modern Prints and Illustrated Books." On view from 5/6. 5/9 at 2: "Prints by Jean Dubuffet from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin." On view from 5/5.

**Christie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 5/2 at 1: "Contemporary Art." On view from 4/29. 5/3 at 2: "Ancient Coins." On view from 4/29. 5/6 at 11: "Antique Toys and Collectibles." On view from 4/29. 5/9 at 1: "Impressionist and Modern Art." On view from 5/5.

**Doyle**—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/3 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 4/29. 5/4 at 1: "European & American Paintings & Sculpture." On view from 4/29.

**Phillips**—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 5/2 at 1: "Antique and Modern Jewelry and Watches." On view from 4/29.

**Sotheby's**—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/3 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary Art, Part II." On view from 4/28. 5/4 at 10:15 and 2: "Tribal Art." On view from 4/29. 5/8 at 7: "Stralem Collection." On view from 5/5. 5/9 at 7: "Impressionist Paintings." On view from 5/5.

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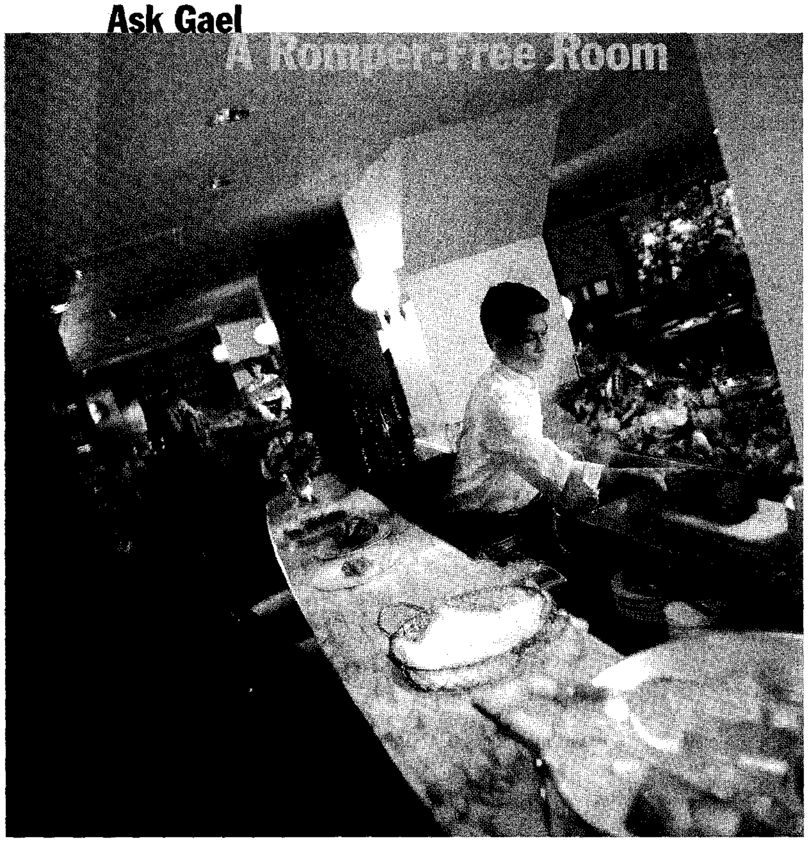
# restaurants

## Hot Downtowner...Cool Uptowner...Salami

## Ask Gael

### A Romper-Free Room



*What's new for grown-ups on the Upper East Side?*

**At last, an alternative to mozzarella madness: The Lenox Room—smart-looking, casual, and already a must in this Zip Code. Partner Tony Fortuna (Lespinasse, Monkey Bar) directs traffic. Aureole's Charles Palmer coaches the kitchen. Stop at the raw bar or take a table for tasting-size starters on a tiered stand; citrus-and-tarragon-basted chicken from the rotisserie; seared salmon in shellfish broth and wonderful risotto. With a pride of good wines and desserts decked out in pastry "bonnets." (1278 Third Avenue, at 73rd Street.)**

# Manhattan

### *Lower New York*

**Acappella**—A cherrywood bar, tapestries, and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner where food is prepard tableside. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Amici Miei**—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Arqua**—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Baluchi's**—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Boom**—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

**Bouley**—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Cascabel**—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Chanterelle**—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Donald Sacks**—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Ecco**—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the gilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Filli Ponte Ristorante**—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**5 & 10 No Exaggeration**—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Pactole**—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Pescadou**—This inovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

**Le Streghe**—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. *331 W. Broadway at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Montrachet**—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

**Nick and Eddie**—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Nobu**—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted

## Ground Rules:

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.**

**Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Ilan Averbuch**—New monumental sculptures in wood, stone, lead, and copper; through 5/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

**Miquel Barceló**—Recent paintings and bronze sculptures; through 5/20. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (4312-5160).

**Christopher Brown**—Large-scale paintings whose imagery is derived from the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination; through 6/10. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

**Scott Burton/Joyce Pensato**—Sculptures constructed from granite, steel, and limestone that were made between 1986 and 1989, the year of his death./Paintings, drawings, and wall drawings that use Walt Disney cartoon characters as a vehicle to express the various neuroses of our times. Through 5/20. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

**Ronnie Cutrone**—Computer-generated cybererotica; through 5/17. Special Projects, 160 Mercer St. (343-0230).

**Mark di Suvero**—New sculpture; through 5/27. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

**Sean Landers**—New paintings, sculpture, and videos; through 5/20. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

**Annette Lemieux**—A survey of works made between 1987 and 1992; through 6/15. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

**Michael Lucero**—New ceramic sculptures from the "Reclamation Series" that incorporate salvaged found objects; through 6/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

**Creighton Michael/Nancy Olivier**—Wood-and-steel sculptures in which forms from nature are suspended in architectural grids./New abstract paintings that comprise layers of marks applied in grid formations. Through 5/27. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

**Catherine Murphy**—Works on paper from the past fifteen years; through 5/27. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

**Elizabeth Olbert**—Paintings that depict a constantly shifting world of art-historical and religious imagery; through 5/26. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

**Nam June Paik**—A new video wall sculpture in the form of a map of the United States; through 6/3. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

**Roxy Paine**—The artist's first solo show at this gallery comprises several new sculptures, among them "Dinner of the Dictators," a glass-encased table with place settings for twelve dictators and freeze-dried versions of what they ate; through 6/3. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

**Elaine Reichek**—An installation that uses enlarged reproductions of Walker Evans photographs and knitted replicas of those images to explore how Americans attempt to record and understand their country through images; through 5/26. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

**Carole Seborovski/Michelle Charles**—Small-scale drawings and constructions with a fetishistic aura./Paintings of containers that hold fluids. Through 5/27. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

**Serge Spitzer**—A series of works on paper that examine the use and function of will-and-testament forms; through 5/26. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

**Jennifer Steinkamp**—Site-specific video projections of representational and abstract motifs that involve the use of 3-D computer-graphic animation; through 5/27. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

**Terry Winters**—Works on paper in a variety of media from the past three years; through 5/20. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

**Paul Winstanley**—Paintings of bleak abstracted landscapes and claustrophobic interior spaces that allude to the feelings of paranoia and isolation inherent in contemporary living; through 6/2. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

**Yukinori Yanagi**—An installation titled "The Chrysanthemum Carpet" that explores identity and nationality in postwar Japan and whose central piece is a red wool carpet imprinted with the imperial chrysanthemum crest, scattered with brass petals, and woven with the saying S/HE LOVES ME, S/HE LOVES ME NOT translated into thirteen Asian languages. Also on view is "Asia-Pacific Ant Farm," an ant farm comprised of the flags of the 42 nations that were included in "The Great East Asian Co-prosperity Sphere," the conglomeration the Japanese army once dreamt of ruling in the prewar era; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

**Hyun-Mi Yoo/Gary Stephan**—Suspended from the ceiling, these white sculptures of oversize dresses, eggs, birdcages, and other materials refer to dreams of flying./New paintings. Through 6/10. Cristinrose, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

**Ton Zwerver**—Large-scale Cibachrome photographs of on-site installations created by the artist in abandoned spaces in New York, Holland, and Brazil; through 5/27. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

*Other*

**Mike Berg**—Paintings whose elaborate patterning of imagery suggests nineteenth-century decorative motifs; through 5/23. Arthur, 7 Bond St. (473-3842).

**Richard Serra**—An installation titled "To Whom It May Concern" that is the largest indoor work the artist has shown in New York since 1981 and consists of nine freestanding Cor-Ten steel plates which are spaced at regular intervals across the gallery; through 6/25. Marks, 522 West 22nd Street. (861-9455).

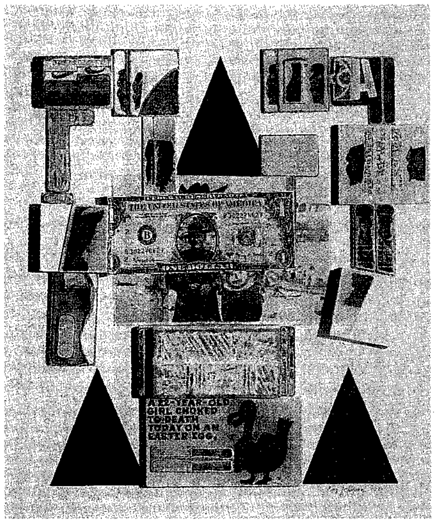
**George Stoll**—Cast beeswax sculptures of Tupperware; drawings of paper towels, plywood, and newsprint; paintings of fast-food sandwiches, and sculptural and two-dimensional re-creations of holiday decorations; through 6/4. Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

**Retrospective**

## Magic Johnson

**Like other friends of the late Ray Johnson, Frances Beatty is still mulling over her last conversation with the enigmatic artist, which took place ten days before his suicide in January. "He called me up, and he said, 'Frances, I really think you're going to be able to do your show now.' I said, 'Great, Ray, nothing would please me more,' " recalls Beatty, who, as vice-president of Richard L. Feigen & Co., had been trying in vain to give the artist a show at that gallery for the past fifteen years. "On one occasion, he'd told me he wanted to have a show of nothing, so I was enthusiastic, but also a little skeptical. And then he said, 'Yes, I think I'm finished doing this nothing I've been involved with, and I'm going to do'—and he laughed that wonderful, mysterious laugh of his—'something. . . .' "**

**That show never happened. Instead, Richard Feigen and Beatty decided to honor Johnson with a memorial exhibit of collages, constructions, paintings, mail art, and memorabilia. "The idea was to borrow things from people who were Ray's friends," says Beatty, who, with Sam Trower, the gallery's director, got in touch with artists (Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jeanne-Claude and Christo, Armand and Corice Arman, and others), collectors (Linda and Morton L. Janklow, Lois and Georges de Menil, and others), and close friends of Johnson's. The biggest surprise was not the diversity of Johnson's friends, says Beatty, but the breadth of works they owned, like artist Robert Warner's thirteen boxes of mail art (letters, gifts, and his famous "Thank you" or "Please Return to"/"Please Send to" collages/letters) given to him by Johnson in 1990. "Every time we went to visit someone it was a mini-revelation," says Beatty. "These people became part of Ray's life—they became involved with him. And it was hard not to get involved with Ray."**



**Undoubtedly, the show will stir memories of Johnson. Feigen, who gave Johnson a show in his Chicago gallery in 1966 (and shows in New York in 1968 and 1970), is still pondering an early conversation with the artist. "Once he called me to ask if I would pay to have a plane drop 100 pounds of link sausages on Rikers Island," says Feigen. "A lot of artists might have done that for effect. With Ray, it wasn't an effort to seem strange. He was a poet."**

**Edith Newhall**

## Group Shows

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**China Institute**—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Chinese Porcelains of the Seventeenth Century: Landscapes, Scholars' Motifs, and Narratives"; through 8/5.

**Hirschl & Adler**—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition of works on the subject of entertainment—vaudeville, dance, theater, opera, burlesque, and the circus—by nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American and European artists, among them Calder, Cassatt, Degas, Demuth, Henri, Hopper, Picasso, and Shinn; through 6/2.

**Salander-O'Reilly**—20 E. 79th St. (879-6606). Paintings by Arnold Friedman, Marsden Hartley, and Alfred Maurer; through 6/30.

*57th Street Area*

**St. Etienne**—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "On the Brink 1900–2000: The Turning of Two Centuries," with works by Azaceta, Beckmann, Corith, Ensor, Finster, Fischl, Mann, Panter, Schiele, Sherman, and others; through 5/26.

**Spanierman**—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Art of the Old West," with paintings by Benton, Bierstadt, Dixon, Farny, Moran, Remington, Russell, Whittredge, and others; through 6/30.

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Drawing Center**—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Drawings from the Albertina: Landscape in the Age of Rembrandt"; through 6/3.

Photograph courtesy of Richard L. Feigen & Co.

**I.C.**—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). Drawings and wall works by Andre, Darboven, LeWitt, Weiner; through 6/3.

**Marcus**—578 Broadway (226-3200). “Sculpture as Objects: 1915–1995,” with works by Acconci, Beuys, Bourgeois, Breton, Calder, Cornell, Duchamp, François, Ernst, Hesse, Horn, Jean, Lennon, Lipski, Mapplethorpe, Pettibone, Samaras, Warhol; through 5/27.

### *Other*

**White Columns**—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. The works by the six Brazilian sculptors in “The Education of the Five Senses” invite viewers to explore their own bodies’ sensual responses; through 5/21.

## Photography

**Tina Barney**—New color photographs on the subject of couples; through 5/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

**Sally Gall**—Black-and-white landscape photographs taken over the past seventeen years that appear in her new monograph, *Water’s Edge* (Chronicle Books); through 5/20. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

**I.C.P.**—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. “PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith.” Large-format photographs of the Rolling Stones, David Byrne, Carly Simon, Sting, and others; 5/5–7/16. “Ruth Orkin: Retrospective.” The photographer’s early assignments for *Life, Look,* and other publications; portraits; and scenes of Central Park shot from her apartment window; 5/5–7/16.

**I.C.P. Midtown**—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. “Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado”; through 5/26.

**Dale Kistemaker/Charles Christopher Hill**—Unsentimental black-and-white photographs of the individual buildings that comprise the plastic toy village the artist played with as a child./Paintings. Through 5/27. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

**Inge Morath**—A retrospective of photographs from the past 40 years by this Austrian-born Magnum photographer who began her career as an assistant to Henri Cartier-Bresson; through 5/20. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

**Robert Riger**—Black-and-white sports photographs from the fifties and sixties; through 5/20. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

**Sebastiao Salgado**—Photographs from his “Workers” series that narrate the stories of workers in 28 different industries; through 5/27. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

**Michael Spano**—Landscape photographs and abstracted images of the “Atlantic Wall,” a series of reinforced concrete fortresses on Denmark’s western coastline that were part of Germany’s strategic defense line against the Allied invasion during World War II; through 5/26. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

**Joel-Peter Witkin**—In his latest works, the photographer has endowed the seemingly grotesque with dignity and beauty, as in *Glassman,* an image of a corpse whose hands are turned upward in a gesture of release, symbolizing the spirit at peace; 5/4–6/24. Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

## Museums

**Alternative Museum**—“Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A”; “Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled.”; “Bjarne V. H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes.” Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tue.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

**American Craft Museum**—“Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley.” Through 6/25. . . . “Jewelry From the Permanent Collection.” Through 6/25. . . . “Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection.” Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**American Museum of Natural History**—“Images of Power: Balinese Paintings.” Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

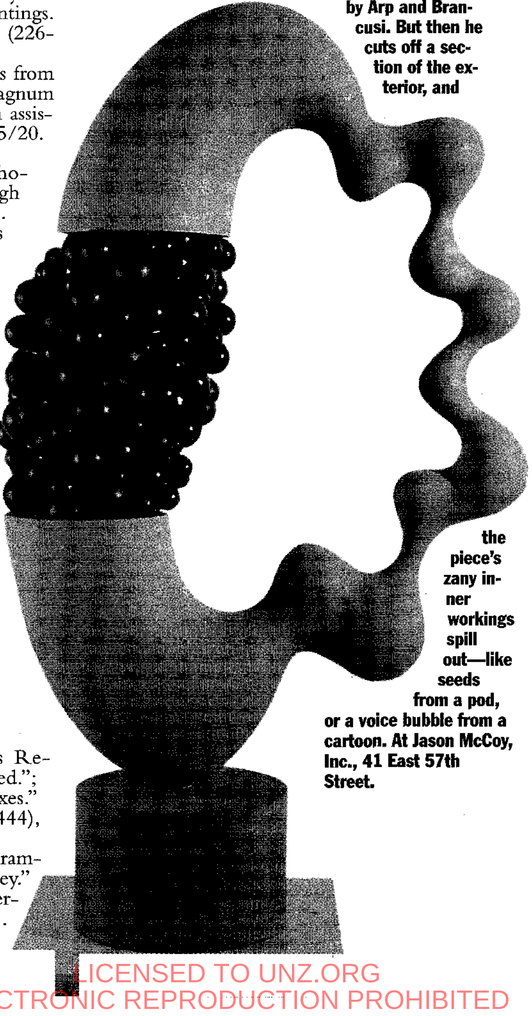
**Asia Society**— “Monkey.” Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . “New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection.” Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

**Bronx Museum of the Arts**—“Division of Labor: Women’s Work in Contemporary Art.” Through 6/11. . . . “The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana.” Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

**Brooklyn Museum**— “A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker”; 5/5–7/9. . . . “The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb.” The first in-depth examination of the artist’s pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . “Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation.” Through 9/10. . . . “Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992.” Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum**—“Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s.” Through 8/27. . . . “Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum.” Through 9/3. . . . “Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer.” Through 5/23. . . . “The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930.” Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

**On View** At first look, the elegant, vaguely familiar organic shapes of John Newman’s sculptures appear to have something in common with works by Arp and Brancusi. But then he cuts off a section of the exterior, and the piece’s zany inner workings spill out—like seeds from a pod, or a voice bubble from a cartoon. At Jason McCoy, Inc., 41 East 57th Street.



Photograph courtesy of Jason McCoy, Inc.

**Dia Center for the Arts**—“Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*” An ongoing work that the artist began in 1962, when he decided to put together photographs that had been or could become pictorial sources for his paintings. Through 6/18. . . . “Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings.” Through 6/18. . . . “Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned.” Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

**Frick Collection**—“Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art.” Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Guggenheim Museum**—“Ross Bleckner.” Through 5/14. . . . “Felix Gonzalez-Torres.” Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

**Japan Society**—“Gems of the Floating World: Japanese Ukiyo-e Prints from the Dresden Kupferstich-Kabinett.” Through 6/4. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tue.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

**Jewish Museum**—“Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic.” Works by 52 women photographers who were working in Germany in the twenties and thirties, among them Ilse Bing, Florence Henri, Hannah Höch, Lotte Jacobi, and Lucia Moholy. Through 7/30. . . . “Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists’ Eyes”; through 7/30. . . . “Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator.” A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—“Nadar.” The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . “Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin.” Through 8/13. . . . “Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum.” Through 8/13. . . . “An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art.” Through 10/15. . . . “R. B. Kitaj: A Retrospective.” Through 5/14. . . . “Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection.” Through 7/4. . . . “Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries.” Through 8/6. . . . “The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995.” Through 9/3. . . . “Bloom: Fashion’s Spring Garden.” Through 8/20. . . . “Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts.” Through 6/4. . . . “Lucie Rie/Hans Coper.” Through 5/21. . . . “The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970.” Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—“Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts.” Through 8/27. . . . “In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition.” Through 5/7. . . . “The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550.” Through 5/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

**Museum of African Art**—“Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous.” Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—“Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show.” Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tue.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**El Museo del Barrio**—“Reaffirming Spirituality.” Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works

Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Pierino**—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Raoul's**—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.*

**SoHo Kitchen and Bar**—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Tennessee Mountain**—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC,*

**Two Eleven**—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### South Street Seaport

**Cafe Fledermaus**—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Fulton Street Cafe**—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Gianni's**—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Harbor Lights**—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

**Liberty Cafe**—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverly moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Macmenamin's Irish Pub**—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**North Star Pub**—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Pedro O'Hara**—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Roebling's Bar and Grill**—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

**Sequoia**—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Sgarlato's Cafe**—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### Below 14th Street, East

**Baby Jake's**—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

**Gotham Bar & Grill**—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Grotta Azzurra**—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

**Knickerbocker Bar and Grill**—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**L'Udo**—On a broad and blossoming stretch of Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls and outdoor seating welcomes warmer weather. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

**Rose Cafe**—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

### Below 14th Street, West

**Caribe**—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

**El Charro Español**—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also, 58E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mary Lou's**—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Rincon de España**—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Salaam Bombay**—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Villa Mosconi**—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

### 14th–42nd Streets, East Side

**Bolo**—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Brew's**—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Cafe Beulah**—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Campagna**—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that? . . . Despite the frenzy of having become media central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Institutions**

## The Tavern Gets Serious (Again)

**Sure, Tavern on the Green is the Statue of Liberty of restaurants—every New Yorker knows it exists, but precious few bother to visit. And for good reason: owner Warner LeRoy's insistence on Christmas lights year-round, for one. A garish souvenir stand full of postcards, T-shirts, and baseball caps plastered with senseless, glittering slogans. A hostess station with all the warmth of a Continental ticket counter. Recently—perhaps in an effort to atone for these sins—LeRoy has actually gotten serious about food, and to prove he means business, he has put his $30 million restaurant in the hands of celebri-chef Patrick Clark.**

**"I'd heard all the horror stories," admits Clark, whose menu debuts this week at New York's top-grossing restaurant. "They say, 'Tavern's a factory; you can't do this, you can't do that; the food will never be good.' "**

**Clark, who ran the kitchen at the Odeon when it started up in 1980 and then opened his own short-lived venture, Metro, in 1988, skipped town to head up Bice in Los Angeles in 1990. When he was snatched up by LeRoy, he was running the kitchen at the Hay-Adams Hotel in Washington, D.C. (where, last year, he won the James Beard Award for Best American Chef). "Just because it's big doesn't mean the food can't be great," he says, repeating the mantra of so many chefs before him as he sits at a desk in the inner sanctum of a kitchen that is bigger than most of New York's headlining dining rooms. "There's enough fantasy to go around at Tavern," he says. "We just have to keep it simple and concentrate on the flavor."** **MANNY HOWARD**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

**Crystal Fountain**—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that seems to move magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Il Mare**—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

**La Colombe d'Or**—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Les Halles**—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Live Bait**—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

**Mesa Grill**—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Patria**—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Rossini's**—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Union Square Cafe**—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Water Club**—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, West Side*

**Cal's**—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Da Umberto**—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

**Foro Italico**—A casual and intimate, rustic dining room serving traditional Italian fare. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Man Ray**—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Moran's**—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

**World Yacht**—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, East Side*

**Ambassador Grill**—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Brasserie**—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE.*

**Bull & Bear**—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Burke & Burke**—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Fresco**—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Giambelli 50th Ristorante**—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Lespinasse**—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

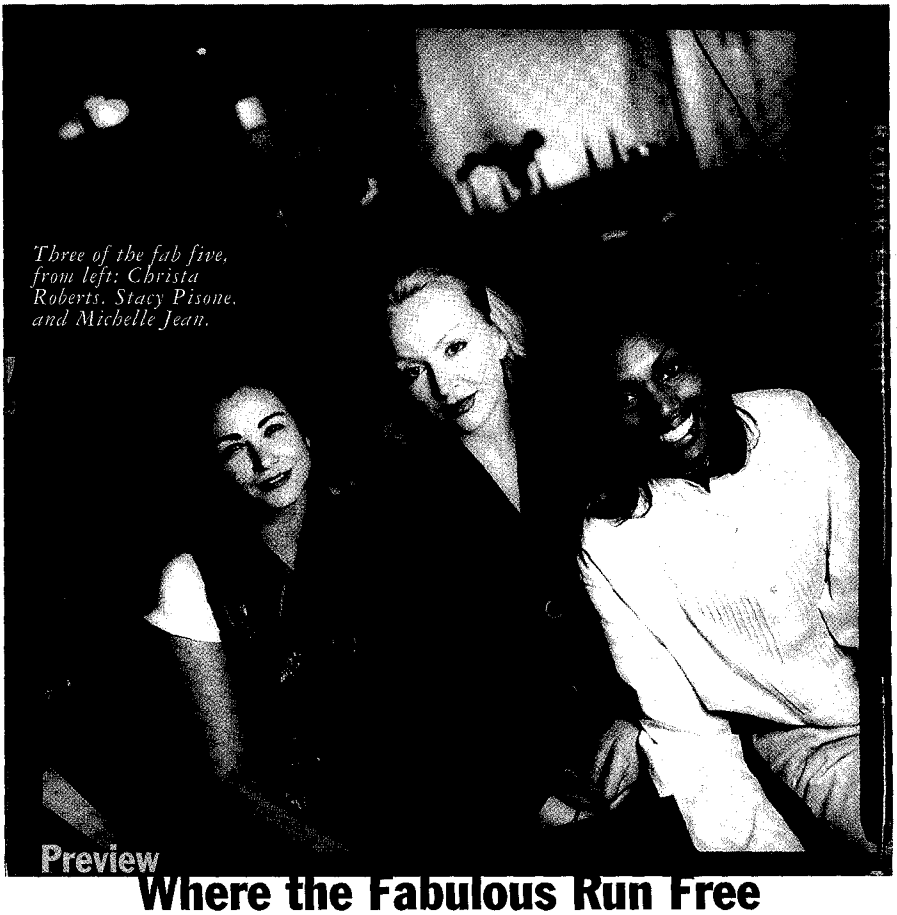
**Lutèce**—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner ran this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody did it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Montebello**—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Oceana**—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Otabe**—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Roma di Notte**—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around for more than a quarter of a century. *137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



*Three of the fab five, from left: Christa Roberts, Stacy Pisone, and Michelle Jean.*

**Preview**

## Where the Fabulous Run Free

*Five owners, each one younger and more fabulous than the last, cruise the floor of Circa, the white-hot downtowner that has taken over the space—psychic and otherwise—that Jerry's 103 (and before that 103 Second Avenue) used to inhabit. Three-deep crowds at the bar and oversize glam banquettes make this a people watcher's paradise and—as the kitchen isn't up to snuff just yet—precious little else. At 6th Street.*

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

**San Martin's**—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Shinbashi-An**—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Smith & Wollensky**—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tatou**—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

**The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace**—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. *111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**The Four Seasons**—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Vong**—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**Adrienne**—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Algonquin**—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**American Festival Cafe**—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Broadway Joe**—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Charlotte**—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Cité**—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Darbar**—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Dish of Salt**—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**'44'**—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse**—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Halcyon**—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Hurley's**—An original 1892 saloon now serving American seafood classics. This midtowner was once frequented by radio and television stars from yesteryear like Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. When Mayor John Lindsay and Henry Kissinger had a party here, they had such a good time they were asked to leave. *1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (765-8981). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Jewel of India**—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Keewah Yen**—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. *50 W. 56th St. (246-0770). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Koyote Kate's**—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**La Bonne Soupe**—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**La Reserve**—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**La Veranda**—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Langan's**—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Lattanzi**—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

**Le Bernardin**—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Rivage**—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V*

**Les Pyrenées**—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Marriott Marquis**—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. *1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Olive Garden**—A chain serving basic Italian fare but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater-district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. *201 W. 47th St. (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Pasta Lovers**—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic

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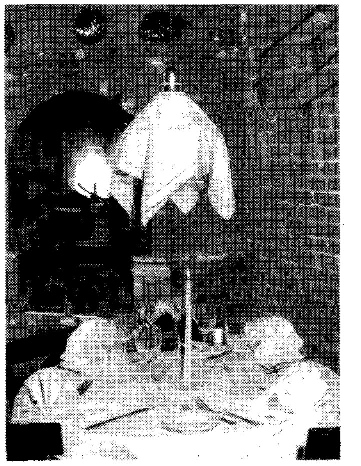

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*361 W. 46th* STREET *(8th & 9th* AVES.*)*
RESERVATIONS: *212.315.0980*

Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. *158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M.) AE, MC, V.*

**Patsy's**—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Pierre au Tunnel**—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Pig and Whistle**—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Rainbow Room**—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ruth's Chris Steakhouse**—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Samplings**—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Shaan**—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Siam Inn**—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Stage Delicatessen**—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**The Sea Grill**—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**'21' Club**—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Victor's Cafe 52**—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

### *57th–60th Streets*

**Akbar**—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**California Pizza Kitchen**—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Contrapunto**—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Dawat**—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Fantino**—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Fifty Seven Fifty Seven**—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Fontana di Trevi**—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. *151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

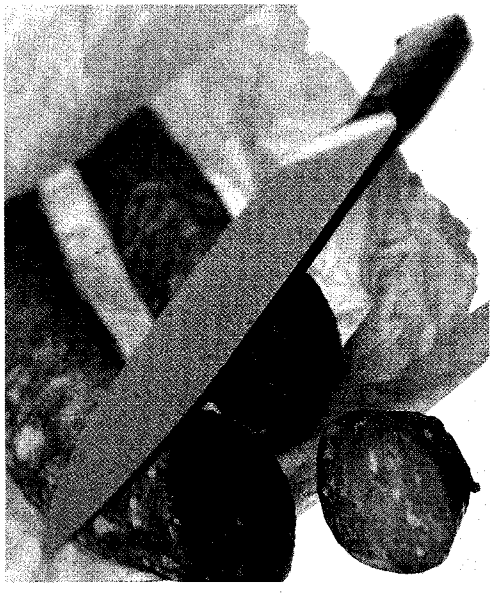
**Gauguin**—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Le Veau d'or**—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Les Célébrités**—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Mitsukoshi**—The elegant midtown tatami room and sushi bar on the mezzanine of the Manhattan satellite of Japan's oldest department store is the genuine article. A port in the storm for homesick Japanese businessmen and a topflight curio for European tourists. *461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (935-6444). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tastings** **David Page of Home restaurant (20 Cornelia Street) is a bit of a fanatic about doing things in-house, and recently, he set his sights on making his own salami. Page requisitioned three rows of precious space in the tiny wine cellar that is the purview of his partner, Barbara Shinn. The traditional black-pepper-and-mustard-seed pork salami is a big hit, as are the tweaked-up duck-ginger, the wild-boar, and the venison-pistachio. Now, Page is thinking of retooling the entire cellar and making a salami emporium. "Maybe I'll run a sale on wine," sighs Schinn.**



Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

**Petrossian**—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Plaza Hotel**—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. *Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**The Manhattan Ocean Club**—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**The Russian Tea Room**—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**The Townhouse American**—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**Alexis**—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Baraonda**—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

**The Boat House Cafe**—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Cafe Crocodile**—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

**Cafe Equense**—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. *1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe Grazie**—A small Italian café that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. *26 E. 84th St. (717-4407). (M) AE only.*

**Cafe Nosidam**—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe Pierre**—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. The Kathleen Landis Trio hosts after dinner dancing starting after nine on the weekends. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Campagnola**—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Demarchelier**—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Elaine's**—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**540 Park**—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge**—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Isle of Capri**—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**JoJo**—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Le Bistro de Maxim's**—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Cirque**—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

**Mo's Caribbean**—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Park Avenue Cafe**—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-knowyous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Primola**—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M.) AE, MC, V.*

**The Restaurant at the Stanhope**—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Sign of the Dove**—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Toraya**—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Trois Jean**—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Velvet Room**—Late-night kitchen open until 4 A.M.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. *209 E. 76th St. (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**Hi-Life Bar & Grill**—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Hunan Park**—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Royal Canadian Pancake House**—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

**Santa Fe**—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Scaletta**—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. *50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Upstairs at Jack Sprat's**—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speak easy and an airport lounge. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. *169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS ,MC, V.*

**Wells**—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**West 63rd Street Steakhouse**—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicefied steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

## Brooklyn

**Peter Luger's**—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

**The River Cafe**—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Two Tom's**—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

## Queens

**Ralph's Italian Restaurant**—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

**Water's Edge**—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

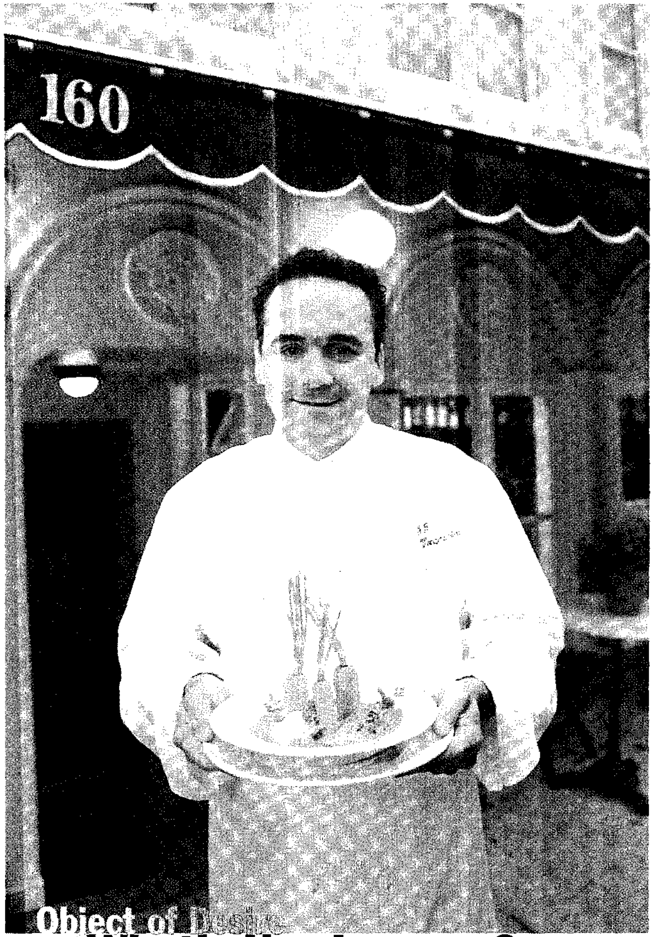
## Bronx

**Cafe Sevilla**—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant**—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

## Staten Island

**Aesop's Tables**—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



**Object of Desire**

## What's Up, Jacques?

*Jo Jo's chef-owner Jean-Georges Vongerichten has prepared his poached lobster in carrot broth for nearly five years. But recently—influenced by annual trips to the spice markets of Bangkok and Singapore—he gave the dish a Thai-style renovation, and yielded a crisp masterpiece. "We used to make it with cinnamon and nutmeg, but it tasted a bit like carrot cake," he says. "Now, with chopped lemongrass, Thai lime leaf, chili, and fresh coriander, it is much cleaner." At 160 East 64th Street.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

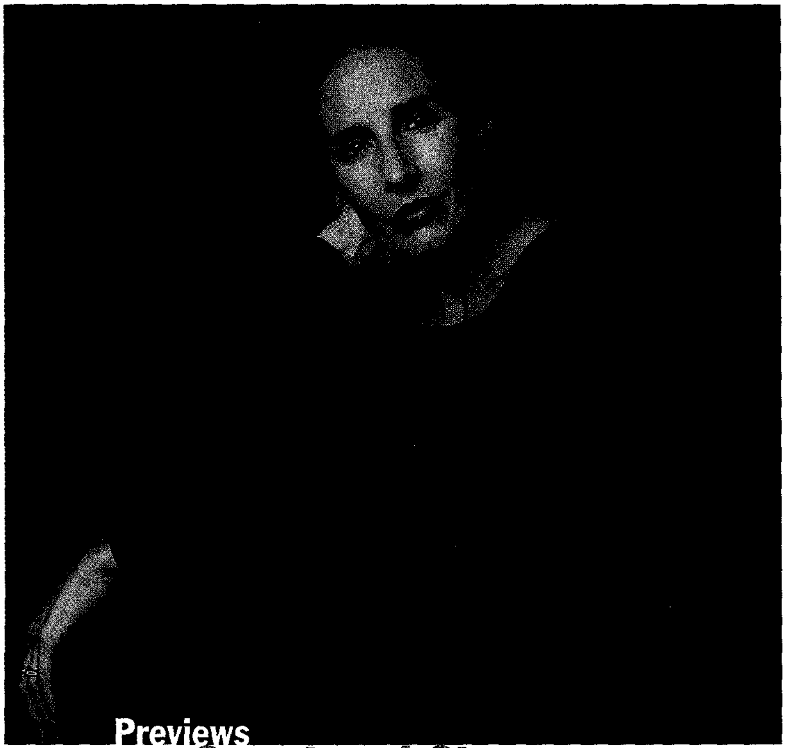
# nightlife

## Connick...Royal Trux...A Sax Chang

## Concerts

**Mary Black**—Those who missed her at Joan Baez's last visit are now blessed with another chance. Widely considered Ireland's premier female singer (sorry, Sinéad), Black offered such folksy and soulful evocations on the title track of *Only a Woman's Heart* that they helped the compilation sell more copies in her homeland than even U2. Her new *Looking Back* is a mix of lingering doubt and wistful revelations that only improves with age. She sings with special guests the Rankin Family. 5/7 at 7:30 p.m. *Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St. (997-1003). $25–$30.*

**"Return of the All-Star Jam Session"**—Pianists Barry Harris and John Hicks, saxophonists Frank Wess and Gary Bartz, bassist Ray Drummond, drummer Jimmy Cobb, Brazilian trumpeter Claudio Roditi, singer Jeanie Bryson, and tap dancer Jimmy Slyde join forces in a concert that celebrates Jazz Forum, a club that hosted similarly explosive meetings in Greenwich Village from 1979 to 1983. 5/6 at 8 p.m. *Town Hall. $18–$30.*



**Previews**

### Smart and Steamy

*Witty, subtle sexuality overlaid with shades of world-weary experience is the trademark of Andrea Marcovicci, possessor of the most throbbingly irresistible voice in cabaret. She brings it to Symphony Space, May 9.*

**Harry Connick**—The fresh-faced neo-Sinatra returns and this time out, it seems that he's . . . er, funky. With contributions by Meter's drummer Ziggy Modaliste, Connick's latest *She* couldn't fail to evoke New Orleans bayou funk *somehow.* Still, he's no Professor Longhair. 5/9–5/11 and 5/13 at 8 p.m. *Beacon Theatre, (496-7070). $29–$39.*

**"Interfaith Celebration Through Music"**—The Boys Choir of Harlem joins the choirs of Corpus Christi Church, Trinity Church, and Temple Emanu-El in classics, spirituals, and psalms set to music. 5/7 at 4 p.m. *Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave at 65th St. (744-1400).*

**Toad the Wet Sprocket**—5/5 at 7:30 p.m. *Roseland. $15.50–$17.*

**Michael Leeb**—5/5 at 8 p.m. *Town Hall. $35.*

**Midtown Jazz at Midday**—Pianist Bill Mays. 5/3 at 12:30 p.m. *Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington at 54th St. (935-2200). $5.*

**Knitting Factory at the Whitney**—Accordionist Andrea Parkins leads a trio of contrabassist Reuben Radding and drummer John Hollenbeck as the Knitting Factory goes uptown on 5/5 at 6 p.m. *Whitney Museum, 945 Madison at 75th St. (570-3676).*

**Papa Jube**—The Haitian born, U.S.-raised multi-instrumentalist fuses reggae, rock, hip-hop, and Haitian ritual drumming with his rambunctious Jubelation Band. 5/3 at 8 p.m., *Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway, Ste. 402. (226-2158).*

## Club-land

**Academy**—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of "Memories," being sung two blocks away. 5/4: Ned's Atomic Dustbin blows in. Shows at 7:30 p.m. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

**Blarney Star**—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 5/5: Mattie Connolly, who has got quite a set of pipes (uilleann, of course), sings and plays. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

**Bottom Line**—Pete and Maura Kennedy met as members of Nanci Griffith's Blue Moon Orchestra, Pete playing lead guitar and Maura singing harmony. Alone together, they play an amiably Celtic-tinged strain of jangly country-pop, doing so with Acoustic Junction on 5/4. 5/5: As if a part in the Gen-X urtext *Slacker* weren't enough, Kathy McCarty has wrought the ultimate work of twentysomething obscurantism: an entire album of songs by the psychologically disturbed cult figure Daniel Johnston. On *Dead Dog's Eyeball,* the bespectacled siren from Texas's Glass Eye gives a lush, atmospheric reading to such Johnston chestnuts as "Walking the Cow" and "I Am a Baby (in My Universe)." Removed from Johnston's own tortured solo treatments, these songs remain quite lovely, like chapters in some haunting Thorazine-inspired cabaret. She sings them with Pete Anderson. 5/6: Bible Women Ensemble. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

**Ground Rules:**

***In clubland, promptness is* not *next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.***

**Brownie's**—Led by the bottle-blond bassist Erik Sanko (moonlighting from the Lounge Lizards), Skeleton Key specializes in the sort of clattering, ramshackle pop aesthetic defined by the likes of Captain Beefheart and Tom Waits. Sonically, the band's contemporary peers include the Latin Playboys and Soul Coughing (both of whom were greatly assisted by ambience magic of producer Tchad Blake), but their artfully simple and lasting pop melodies set them in their own art-damaged garage. Expect tin-pan percussion, twangy guitars, and smart, hookful songwriting when they play here on 5/5. 5/7: Butt Trumpet; San Francisco's lesbian punk terrors, Tribe 8. 5/8: Butt Trumpet; Molotov Cocktail. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

**CBGB & OMFUG**—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**—A newish, big-budget blueserie, dedicated to the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. 5/3–5/4: Eddie Burkes and Delta Blue. 5/5–5/6: Howard Scott and Kid Dynamite. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

**The Cooler**—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. Monday nights are curated by the thunderous Rollins drummer Sim Cain. 5/2: The D.J.-led ambient music salon "Egg" features Liminal. 5/5: Repercussions, a breezier, poppier answer to neighboring soul-revivalists like Groove Collective and Brooklyn Funk Essentials, play their savvy hip-hoppified reconstructions of the Stevie Wonder era. They're joined by like-minded jazz-funksters Tuba and Jay Rodriguez and the Rainpeople. 5/6: Bobby Sichran; Black- and pop-culture critic Greg Tate leads the band Women In Love; Screaming Headless Torsos. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

**Fez**—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 5/5: Blue. 5/6: The martini-dry singer and mighty, roots-soaked pianist Mose Allison holds forth, with Parlor James and Amy Allison, and Lone Justice's Ryan Hedgecock. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

**Irving Plaza**—Chicago's Royal Trux, a blues-drunk combo once so loose it made the Rolling Stones sound martial, has lately morphed into a *slightly* more streamlined quintet. Their latest *Thank You* is filled with junkie-rock of a more focused and melodic bent, and onstage, singer Jennifer Herema—whose shaggy blonde bangs are an indie-cult fetish all themselves—doesn't seem quite as

Photograph by Barbara Bordnick.

likely to nod out mid-set. They play with Motocaster on 5/4. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." Saturday nights, the trendily decadent party "Grey Gardens" fills the hall with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day: "Savoy Sundays," a weekly swingfest of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

**Knitting Factory**—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 5/2: Trendy alternarock comes from Velocity Girl and Tuscadero, while saxophonist Mark Whitecage and the Glass House Ensemble—in which Whitecage plays his own homemade sound sculptures—provoke and astound. 5/3: John Zorn's action-packed Xu Feng, an explosive game piece sequel to Cobra, holds its Wednesday night residence. 5/4–5/6 and 5/9: Allen Ginsberg performs a cycle of collected poems and songs. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

**Manny's Car Wash**—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, there for Ladies Night. 5/4: Little Charlie and the Nightcats. 5/6: Mike Dugan and the Blues Mission. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

**Maxwell's**—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 5/4: The Irish solo guitarist and singer Luka Bloom, whose winning cover of the L. L. Cool J ballad "I Need Love" is but one of the treats he pulls out for his always engaging live performances; Catie Curtis. 5/5: The Poster Children; Small Factory. 5/6: K. McCarty. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

**Mercury Lounge**—Once a headstone parlor, latterly one of the most happening venues for now-ish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 5/2: Radney Foster. 5/3: Seam. 5/5: Tribe 8; Halcion; Cheater; Barbie Complex. 5/10–5/11: The Bogmen. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

**Sidewalk Cafe**—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 5/3: The ongoing one-woman performance piece, The Heather Woodbury Report. 5/6: Lach and the Sextet Offensive. 5/8: The Antihootenany. 5/10: Steve Carter sings the songs of the late Phil Ochs. *94 Avenue A at 6th St. 473-7373.*

**Sounds of Brazil**—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 5/2: Dub poet Oku Onoura. 5/3–5/4: Senegal's Ismael Lo, with special guest Vieux Diop. 5/5: French Carribean dance music by Tabou Combo. 5/10–5/11: John Lucien. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

**Tramps**—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 4/3: Algeria's superstar of *rai*—a flamboyant, Arabic variation on disco—Khaled holds forth. 5/6: Jerry Jeff Walker; Beat Rodeo. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

**Wetlands**—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 5/5: Ska diehards The Toasters. 5/7: Butt Trumpet plays with two of San Francisco's punk-rock variations on Act Up, the gay Ramones wannabes Pansy Division and the grunge-sapphic Tribe 8. On 5/10: The drum-bashing, mud-slinging, flame-spitting, tribal-rock demolition squad Crash Worship tears in from San Diego. Do *not* wear your Sunday best. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. This week it's definitely worth it when, on 5/5–5/6, the inventive and polyrhythmic journeyman drummer Pete LaRoca Sims leads his group Swing Time, joined by the great saxophonist Dave Liebman. 5/7: No-No Nonet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

**Blue Note**—By bringing bebop to the vibraphone, Milt Jackson made an already spectacular jazz instrument even more so. By specializing in a curious instrument, he distracted many from the fact that he's probably the greatest blues player alive. With Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and, especially, Thelonious Monk, "Bags" wove luminous, mesmerizing novellas out of those twelve bars, something he's still doing in his seventies. The well-heeled are well-advised to catch this week's double bill, as Jackson joins the Monk-inflected pianist Cedar Walton, bassist David Williams, and the thrilling drummer Billy Higgins, *and* the blazing tenorman Griffin, who'll be celebrating his fiftieth anniversary as a professional musician. They play 5/2–5/7. 5/9–5/14: Bob James Band, with guest Kirk Whalum. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

**Bradley's**—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 5/6: Javon Jackson, who reigns with James Carter and Josh Redman as one of the new young turks of the tenor, leads a trio with pianist Stephen Scott and bassist Peter Washington. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

**Cajun**—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style early jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

**Fat Tuesday's**—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 5/2–5/7: Scott Hamilton, the breathy-toned tenor saxophonist who has famously forgone latter-day giants like Rollins and Coltrane in favor of smooth Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and the like. 5/9–5/14: Benny Golson Quartet. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

**Five Spot**—A palatial *Dick Tracy*-looking ballroom and regular host to smoothed-out jazz musicians. 5/3–5/4: Jazz singer Naoko Honda. 5/5–5/6: Trumpeter Ted Curson's Quartet. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

**Iridium**—The artfully wacky restaurant near Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its decor and hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. 5/2–5/7: Bobby Watson Electric Sextet. 5/9–5/14: Donald Harrison Quintet, with Mark Whitfield on electric guitar. Sets Sat. nights at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

**Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)**—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

**Red Blazer Too**—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 5/5, by pianist Vladimir Shafranov. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

**Small's**—A feisty club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's right around the corner from the Vanguard, so you can head over after the last set. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 5/2–7: Carl Allen Quintet. 5/9–5/14: Sonny Fortune Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

**Tavern on the Green**—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 5/7: Frank Sinatra Jr.—yes the son of Old Blue Eyes, the junior Chairman of the Board—croons with a twenty-piece orchestra. 5/9–5/14:

### Talent

## Women With Horns With Attitude

**When saxophonist Billy Tipton died in 1989, he left three wives, three adopted children, a 50-year jazz career, and one rather big surprise. As doctors discovered shortly after his death, the quiet Washington–based musician was, in fact, a woman. Née Dorothy Lucille, Tipton adopted a male identity in the mid-thirties to work in a demimonde that was unaccommodating to nonsinging females. Sad, odd, and inspiring, Tipton's story also served one more invaluable good: delivering a freewheeling quartet of Seattle saxophonists from the unfortunate moniker of Phlegm Fatale. "The minute we read about [Tipton], we knew that was our new name," says Amy Denio, 33, cofounder of the Billy Tipton Memorial Saxophone Quartet (at the Dance Theater Workshop, May 10). "It's perfect because we're about ability and perseverance, whether you're a boy or a girl, or both, or . . . neither." As it happens, all five Tiptons (drummer Pam Barger joined two years ago) are women, and they're unique among sax quartets in other ways too. All members show an obvious jazz fluency—covering Sun Ra and Ornette Coleman, among others—but the BTMSQ also thrillingly manages African music, klezmer, Led Zeppelin, and enough quirky, adventurous genre-splicing to do any alterna-snob proud. They're even true to their Seattle roots. "Yeah, we're about 5 or 10 percent grunge," says soprano saxophonist Marjorie de Muynck, laughing. "We do like to mix our plaids."**

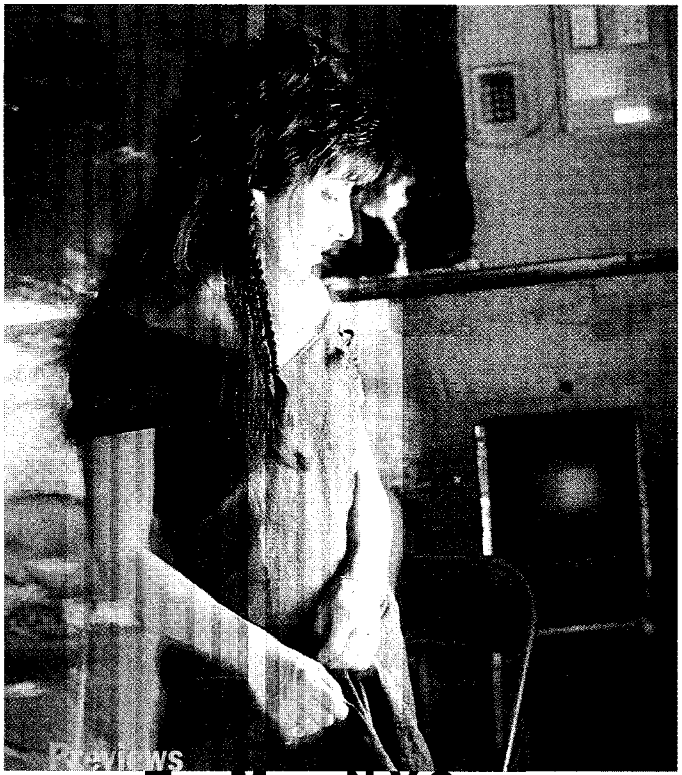
**CHRIS NORRIS**

Photograph by Charles Peterson.

Jimmy Scott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

**Village Vanguard**—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 5/2–5/7: Saxophonist David Sanchez leads a quartet. 5/9–5/14: Bill Frisell, one of the most influential guitarists of the last decade, holds forth with his regular cohorts bassist Kermit Driscoll and the stunning drummer Joey Baron. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

**Visiones**—Spanish food and surprisingly avant-ish jazz guests. 5/2: Bassist Dwayne Burno, a graduate of the University of Betty Carter, plays standards and originals, with his quintet. *West 3rd St. and McDougal. (673-5576).*



Previews

## Tex-Mex, N.Y.C.

*Tish Hinojosa celebrates the Mexican holiday Cinco de Mayo May 5 at Irving Plaza. She sings a lovely "Espérate," a moving "Noche Sin Estrellas," and a decent honky-tonk too.*

## Comedy

**Boston Comedy Club**—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno—who we're told was once funny—and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

**Caroline's Comedy Club**—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 5/3: "Check It Out," with Angel Salazar. 5/4–5/7: Allan Havey. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

**Comedy Cellar**—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. 5/8–5/14: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Jeff Ross; William Stephenson; Dave Attell; Darryl Hammond. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through Through 5/7: Ben Creed; Quentin Heggs; Danny Curtis; Sean Donnellan; Mike Robles; Rich Ramirez; Scott Bruce. 5/8–5/14: Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Al Romero; Sean Donnellan; Quentin Heggs; Ben Creed; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

**Jane's Comedy Club**—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 5/6: Eric Deskin; John Marshal; Sharon Huston. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

**New York Comedy Club**—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 5/5: Dave Attell; Todd Barry; Sam Greenfield. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

**Stand-up New York**—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 5/5–5/6: Billy Jaye, Susie Essman, Glenn Farrington, Dave Attell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—Julie Wilson emphasizes the sassy, high-spirited side of cabaret in her new show, "Are You Having Any Fun?" Through 5/6. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—Beginning 5/2, the pianist/singer Bobby Short returns to his accustomed seat at this elegant rendezvous, blithely crooning standards by Noel Coward, Cole Porter, and other such sophisticates. Through 6/24. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

**Cafe Pierre**—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

**Danny's Skylight Room**—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

**Don't Tell Mama**—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

**Le Figaro**—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

**Michael's Pub**—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

**Rainbow and Stars**—It's Lorenz Hart's 100th birthday, and parties are being held all over town; one of the more promisingly festive is "This Funny World," that fine singer Mary Cleere Haran's one-woman tribute to the great lyricist. Begins 5/2; through 5/27. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

**Sardi's**—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely , playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

## Bars

**Bar 5757**—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

**Brooklyn Inn**—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

**Café at Grand Central**—The real regulars at this way station start every day here with a cup of coffee and then end it with a few for the track. The view is spectacular, and tossing a few back below the terminal's arching heavens is as close as anyone gets to human flight. *Grand Central Terminal, E. 44th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (883-0441).*

**Decibel**—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese night-crawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

**Fanny's Oyster Bar**—The live music in the basement makes this place a never-fail. If you're not picky about your Creole cooking, the four-table dining room in the back of this funky storefront is a peerless first-date destination. There's nothing wrong with the food; in fact, if you consider that it's all prepared on a hot plate, it's miraculously pretty okay. *765 Washington St., nr. 12th St. (255-5101).*

**The Liquor Store**—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

**Peter's Waterfront Ale House**—Beef jerky on the bar and a regular crowd that actually eats it. Great beer selection complete with weekly specials and a hip, if harried, wait staff—don't let their silly red uniforms fool you. Hold off until after Wednesday; the bar is closed on Mondays, and the comedy night on Tuesdays is tragic. *136 Atlantic Ave., nr. Clinton St. (no phone).*

**The Rainbow Promenade**—Head Bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

**Shenanegans**—If the help wasn't dominated by anorectic, downtown, art chicks and buffalo girls from the boroughs, the seedy elegance of this threadbare basement club would make it one of the best strip bars in the city. In fact, you wouldn't be at all surprised to find Jimmy Hoffa handing out hundred-dollar bills from a booth in the back. *125 E 47th St. (978-0000)*

**The Vodka Bar**—"Na Zdorov'e." Caught between SoHo's Eurocentric local crowd and the comfy-chic ethic in TriBeCa and a little too slick for both, the green granite bar offers out-of-the-way elegance and more fruit-infused vodka than you'll know what to do with. *American Renaissance Restaurant, 260 W. Broadway (343-0049).*

**The Watermellon**—Leave the guns at home. The two handsome monsters at the door conduct a weapons check that verges on a cavity search. Great dance-hall music and more traditional reggae from a D.J. that turn a get-drunk for old-timers into a late-night, always-room-for-one-more dance party. 1 OUT OF 79 WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY HAS AIDS reads the big yellow sign plastered across the condom machine in the men's room next to a handwritten reminder: DON'T FORGET TO WASH YOUR HANDS. *1302 E. Gunhill Rd., Bronx (no phone).*

Photograph by Peter Nash.

# in concert

## The Harmfulness of Tobacco...KREMERata

## Classical Music

### Monday, May 1

**KREMERata Musica Ensemble**—Violinist Gidon Kremer leads performances of Mozart, Schnittke, Lourie, and the New York premiere of Gubaidulina's *Rope Dancer. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $12–$45.*

### Tuesday, May 2

**A Performance for the Kitchen**—Philip Glass leads a benefit performance featuring Eric Bogosian, Robert Ashley, Dana Reitz, John Moran & Ridge Theater, and others. *Grand Ballroom at Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171 or 255-5793); $35–$125.*

### Wednesday, May 3

**New York Philharmonic**—Zdenek Macal conducts Mozart, Strauss, and Schoenfeld. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

### Thursday, May 4

**Cleveland Symphony Orchestra**—Robert Shaw conducts 500 singers from four major choruses in Mahler's Eighth Symphony as a benefit for Carnegie Hall. Gala tickets, including a black-tie post-concert dinner, are $1,000. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $25–$125.*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 5/3.

**New York Symphonic Ensemble**—Joined by the Count Seinow Orchestra in jazz classics by Monk, Gillespie, Yamaki, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $25–$30.*

### Friday, May 5

**Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra**—Dennis Russell Davies conducts an evening of twentieth-century Russian music, featuring Martinov, Prokofiev, and Suslin. With soloists Gidon Kremer and Tatyana Gridenko. *Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100), at 8; $15–$30.*

**Cleveland Symphony Orchestra**—See 5/4. This performance at 8.

**New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra**—Kimbo Ishii-Eto conducts Bizet, Tchaikovsky, and others. With pianist David Korevaar. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), at 8; $10.*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 5/3; this performance at 11 A.M.

### Saturday, May 6

**Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra**—See 5/5.

**New York Philharmonic**—See 5/3.

**Orchestra of St. Luke's**—Raymond Leppard conducts De Falla, with soloist Marilyn Horne; Hindemith; Vivaldi; and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

### Sunday, May 7

**Met Orchestra**—James Levine conducts the New York premiere of Lowell Liebermann's *Concerto for Flute and Orchestra,* with soloist James Galway, and other works. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15-$70.*

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**

## Dance

**New York City Ballet**—Performances Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

**Battery Dance Company**—5/4 at 7:30, 5/6 at 8, and 5/7 at 3: Premieres Jonathan Hollander's *Songs of Tagore* and *Testimony,* as well as repertory works. On 5/5 at 8, Indian dancer Mallika Sarabhai performs her one-woman show *Sita's Daughters. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $18.*

**Chen & Dancers**—5/4–5/6 at 8, 5/7 at 3; 5/11–5/13 at 8, 5/14 at 3: Performs Chen's *Red Spot. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

**Dance Collective**—5/5–5/7 at 8: Performs Carol Nolte's *The Wilder Shores of Love,* an evening of ten new dances. *Westbeth Courtyard Gallery, 55 Bethune St. (627-4275); $10.*

**Eva Dean Dance Company**—5/5, 5/6, 5/12, and 5/13 at 8: Performs *Feet On, Forks Off,* an evening of new and repertory work. *The Brooklyn Music School, 126 Saint Felix St., near BAM; (718-857-8368); $10.*

**Mimi Garrard Dance Theatre**—Through 5/14: Two premieres and numerous revivals. Fri. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Theatre of the Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr. (864-2929); $12.50.*

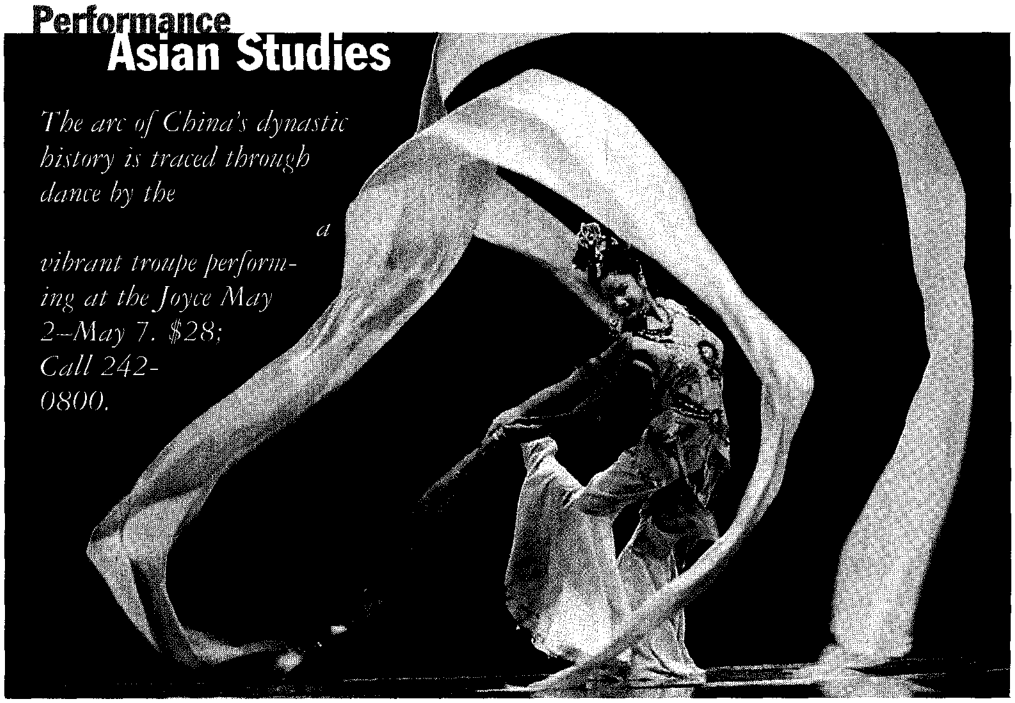
**Rae Dance**—5/5 and 5/6 at 7; 5/7 at 5: Premieres *A Modern Step* and *Pisces Landing. Harlem School of the Arts Theater. 647 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. (926-4100, ext. 307); $10.*

**Jeanette Stoner & Dancers**—5/5 at 9; 5/6 and 5/7 at 8: Performs a new piece, as well as *Long, Long Time Ago...,* and others. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor, (226-1576); $10.*

**Wyoming Dance Theater Project**—5/4–5/7 and 5/11–5/14 at 8: Pat Cremins's company performs *Solo/Duet/Quartet* and a reworked *Cassandra. Squid Dance Performance Space, 127 Fulton St. (566-8041); $7.*

### Performance

### Asian Studies



*The arc of China's dynastic history is traced through dance by the a vibrant troupe performing at the Joyce May 2–May 7. $28; Call 242-0800.*

## Opera

**Amato Opera**—5/6 at 7:30 and 5/7 at 2:30: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro. Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

**Center for Contemporary Opera**—5/4 at 8: Richard Marshal conducts two humorous short works, including Tom Johnson's *The Four Note Opera* and Martin Kalmanoff's *The Harmfulness of Tobacco. St. Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (308-6728); $15.*

**Harlem School of the Arts**—5/1 and 5/2 at 7: The Opera Theater Workshop, under the direction of mezzo-soprano Betty Allen, performs selections by Britten, Handel, Mozart, and others. *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. (926-4100, ext. 307); $10.*

**La MaMa E.T.C.**—5/4–5/7 at 7:30: The premiere of composer-librettist David First's fully staged opera *The Manhattan Book of the Dead,* a work about living in the age of AIDS that features baritone Thomas Buckner. *La MaMa's Annex, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710); $15.*

**Opera Orchestra of New York**—5/8 at 8: Eve Queler conducts Vinchenzo Bellini's *I Puritani. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $19–$80.*

**Regina Opera Company**—5/7 at 4: Soloists are joined by the Brooklyn Chamber Orchestra for the Eleventh Annual Community Concert. *Regina Hall, 65th St. and Twelfth Ave., Brooklyn (718-232-3555); $5.*

the mix

# Garden Suburbs...Five Boro Biking

## John Leonard's Television Notes

**The Possession of Michael D.** (5/2; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) requires Stephen Lang, with the help of a wife (Sheila McCarthy), a parapsychologist (Michael Riley), and a hypnotherapist (Roger Rees), to forgive his traumatized inner child, against the wishes of a shrink (Phylicia Rashad), before he can exorcise the evil demon who doesn't show up on any CAT scan even as it sets fire to the haunted farmhouse and pitchforks the family dog. There are also pigs.

**Cagney & Lacey: Together Again** (5/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is hard on both of them. While tracking down the killer of a neighborhood psycho that everybody in the nearby (uncooperative) condo was more than willing to see safely dead, Lacey will worry about her job and smoke cigarettes, Cagney will worry about her marriage and drink wine, Harvey (John Karlen) will have lots of angry things to say about health care and homelessness, and fans of the only liberal-feminist dramatic series left on television will get a precious gem in our Crackerjack box.

**Homicide: Life on the Street** (5/5; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) concludes its season with a Barry Levinson–directed episode, "The Gas Man," in which Pembleton (Andre Braugher) and his wife (Ami Brabson, who is also married to Braugher in real life) are stalked by ex-con Bruno Kirby in the middle of a seemingly unrelated Gypsy-decapitation case. It's a strong hour, both edgy and jokey, with the bonus of soul food at the cop-owned tavern. If this series doesn't return in the fall, Braugher certainly will. Television needs him, and so does the culture.

**Freaky Friday** (5/6; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC), a Disney remake in which an anxious teen (Gaby Hoffman) switches bodies with her harassed divorcee mother (Shelley Long), rouses itself from the wholly predictable only with a surprise appearance by Michael Eisner himself, self-promoting and self-aggrandizing. Much more agreeable are supporting players Eileen Brennan, Carol Kane, and Alan Rosenberg.

**Cross Town Sabbath** (5/6; 9:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) stars Frederic Morton as himself in a Curt Faudon film version of Morton's meditation on being a son in Vienna and a father in New York and a critic of everything from agriculture to factory work to status scrambling to Judeo-Christian civilization. From the window of a magical-mystery crosstown bus, the New York present is frantically technicolored. Through the bathysphere of memory, the Vienna past is elegiac black-and-white. Morton, a nomad of the Diaspora for whom factories are in business to manufacture cufflinks, hobnails, shoehorns, and swastikas, dreams out loud of the primordial hunt, after which, in a cave at Lascaux, they daubed the first graffiti. Cranky and moving.

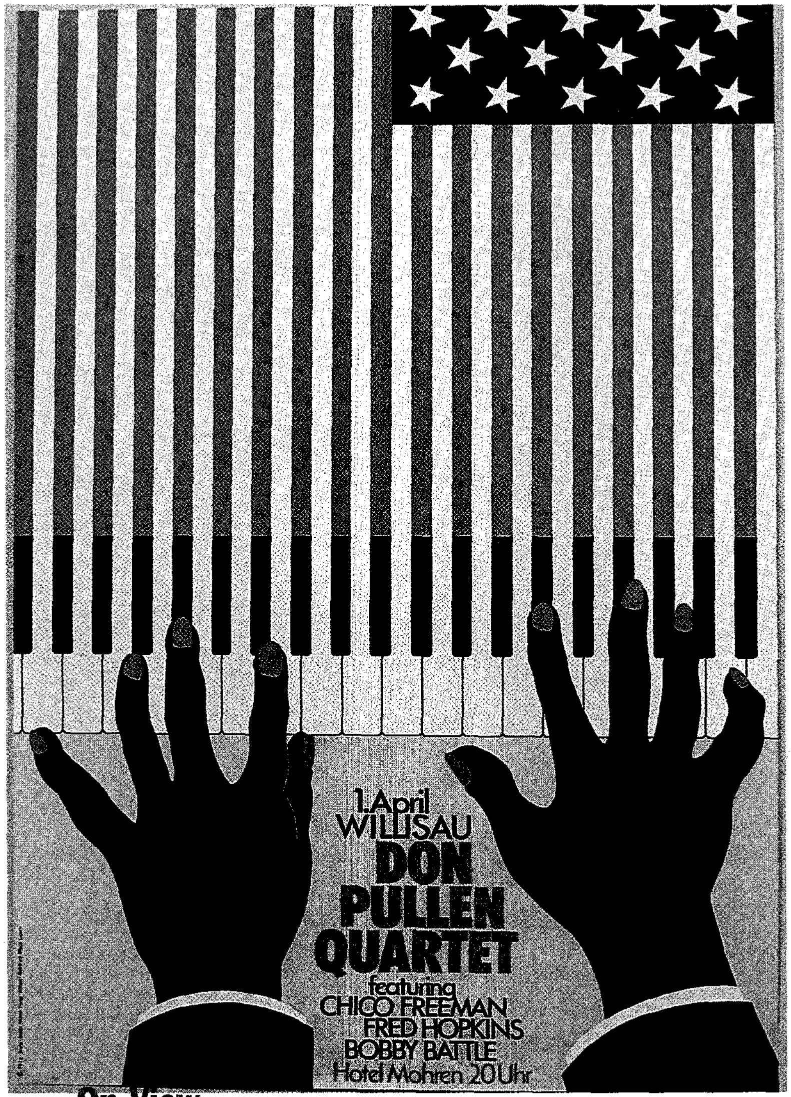
**Columbo: Strange Bedfellows** (5/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) brings back an aging Peter Falk in a listless racetrack murder case, where he is outweighed not only by George Wendt, as a crooked horse breeder, but also by Rod Steiger, as an overacting mob boss.

**One Survivor Remembers** (5/7; 10 to 10:40 P.M.; HBO) is Gerda Weissmann's own story, from house arrest by the Nazis in Poland in 1939, through slave-labor at four different camps, through a months-long death march into Czechoslovakia, to liberation by the American soldier who would marry her and to whom, on her first day of freedom, she would quote Goethe: "Noble be man, merciful and good." A luminous video document.

**Nile: River of Gods** (5/8; 8 to 10 P.M.; Discovery) is a magnificent argument, produced by Michael McKinnon and narrated by F. Murray Abraham, on the interrelationship of mythology and ecology. The reason why the ancient Egyptians were so kind to birds and cats in everyday life and Pharaonic art is that they hoped the ibis and the lion would accompany them into an afterlife rather than the terror of oblivion. A documentary that dreams its way back to the beginnings of civilization, as rich as date palms as a source of sugar, wine, medicine, and symbol.

**The Last Days of World War II** (5/7; 8 to 11 P.M.; The History Channel and A&E simulcast) is most absorbing in its middle hour, devoted to the Nuremberg war crimes trials and the surprise suicide of Hermann Goering. Before that hour, on the last year of the Third Reich, and after it, on the plundering of art treasures by both Nazis and Soviets, the footage is more familiar, but the script nevertheless intelligent, coherent, and digressively curious.

**The Way West** (5/8 and 5/9; 8 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) tells the same story Ted Turner has already told, and Kevin Costner too in 500 Nations, of expansive Europeans and victimized Native Americans, of gold rush, land grab, Gatling gun, Ghost Dance, and Wounded Knee. But Ric Burns tells it this time, with a narration by Russell Baker, voice-overs by the likes of Holly Hunter, Graham Greene, Amy Madigan, E.G. Marshall,



On View

## Poster Boy

**To be produced by multitalented jazz impresario Niklaus Troxler is also to have him as the creator of your promotional poster—which inevitably turns out to be a peerless specimen of graphic design. Lately, Troxler's been busy with commissions (Swatch wanted a watch from him, and the Swiss government came calling, too), but we can see the work that started all the fuss at the Reinhold-Brown Gallery from May 7 to June 24.**

Photograph courtesy of Reinhold-Brown Gallery.

Frances McDormand, George Plimpton, Frances Sternhagen, Eli Wallach, and M. Emmet Walsh, and a dreamy mix of art and literature. According to Tecumseh: "We gave them forest-clad mountains, and valleys full of game, and what did they give us? Rum, and trinkets, and a grave."

## Radio Highlights

**"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"**—5/7 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

**"Symphony Hall"**—5/2: Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A. 5/3: Schaffrath's Overture and Allegro and R. Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* 5/4: Mendelssohn's Trumpet Overture in C and Reznicek's Symphony in f. 5/5: Salieri's *Il Taliamo* Overture and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 in b. 5/8: Paisiello's Piano Concerto No. 4 in g and Gottschalk's *Cakewalk Suite.* 5/9: Schumann's Manfred Overture and Mozart's Symphony No. 39 in E-flat. 5/10: Haydn's Symphony No. 98 in B-flat and Liadov's *Eight Russian Folksongs* and *The Enchanted Lake.* Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

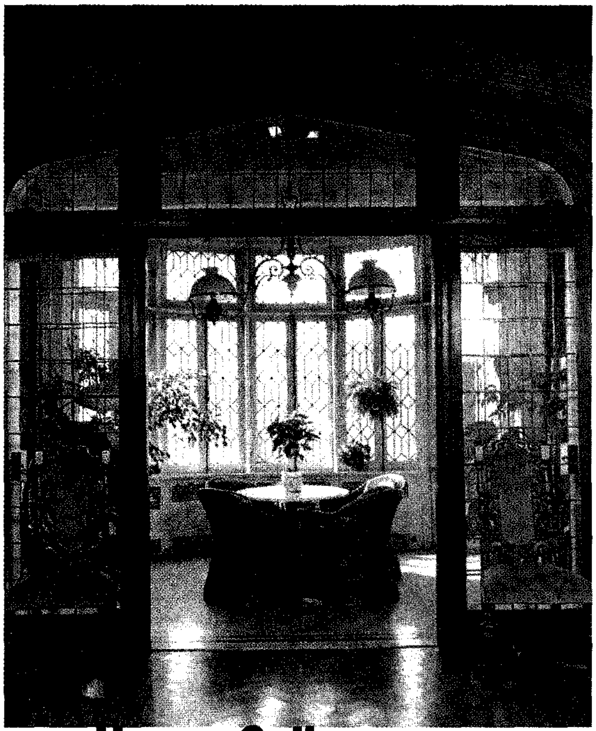
**"New York and Company"**—5/1: Thomas Looker on the history of National Public Radio; Ken Siman on *The Beauty Trip;* Michael Gross on his book *Model;* Katharine Weber on *Objects in the Mirror are Closer Than They Appear.* 5/2: Sally Goodgold on City Hall shenanigans; Martin Amis on his new novel; Charles Rosen on nineteenth-century music and *The Romantic Generation;* Jean-Jacques Annaud on *Wings of Courage.* 5/3: Gennifer Flowers on Bill Clinton; Gregory Millman on rebel currency traders and the world's central banks; Patrick McCabe on his novel *The Dead School;* Lois Gould tells why winning the lottery is a losing proposition. 5/4: John Hess on "the world at large"; sculptor Mark di Suvero, Allen Ginsberg on his *Journals Mid-Fifties;* choreographer David Parsons. 5/5: William Adler on one family's quest for the American dream in the age of crack; the Guerrilla Girls on feminist art; open phones on topics of the day 5/8: Bibi Andersson on her career with and without Ingmar Bergman; Jeffrey Meyers on Edmund Wilson; Jenna Joselit on Jewish culture from 1880 to 1950. 5/9: Deborah Meier on educating children in Harlem; Russell Banks on his novel *Rule of the Bone;* Dr. Paula Caplan on the world's most powerful psychiatrists. 5/10: Alexander Stille on the mafia and the death of the first Italian republic; Harvey Klehr on American communism; Lars Lih on *Stalin's Letters to Molotov;* Dr. Alan Cooper on the most frequently misspelled words. Every weekday at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

**"Soundprint"**—On the 5/1 episode of this program, "A Bridge of Voices," Tom Morton examines the condition of autism and the progress that's been made in recent years in helping patients improve their lives. At 7:30; WFUV, 90.7 FM.

**"Casper Citron"**—5/6 at 10 P.M.: David Fisher, author of *Hard Evidence,* talks to the former district director of the FBI during the World Trade Center bombing; K.T. Sullivan and Karen Prunzik talk about *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes;* Lord George Weidenfeld talks about his autobiography, *Remembering My Good Friends;* Debra Monk talks about *Death Defying Acts.* WOR; 710 AM.

## Recorded Music

**Madder Rose *Stop* (Seed)**—This new EP is from a scrubby girl-fronted East Village outfit who've released a couple of atmospheric, moody albums that are the perfect accompaniment to sitting around one's apartment pretending to be a heroin addict—or at the very least a mild NyQuil abuser. This release, intended to tide the band's fans over until their next full-length album is released next winter, isn't much to behold: the songs aren't as inspired as the band has proven they can be, and Mary Lorson's ethereal, near-perfect voice is the only thing that saves a couple from abject drabness. The only real reason to pick up *Stop,* and it's easily worth the price of admission, is an inspired cover version of the Jackson Five's "The Love You Save," which Lorson slows way down and sings as though it were a lullaby. (Kim France)



## House Calls

**Few walking tours take you beyond the front door of any stop, and few interiors are fertile territory for the student of history. The Brooklyn Heights Association's annual Landmarks House and Garden Tour, however, exists just to let us inspect (at our own pace) private homes that have preserved the architecture, art, furnishings, and landscape of another era. (May 13; call 718-858-9193.)**

## One Shot
### Garden Partyers

*On plenty of festive occasions, guests graze and nod and never quite bother with the main attraction, be it art or an author or a bride. Gardeners, we suspect, are a more attentive species. They'll kick off this year's plant sale and rare-plant auction with a party at the New York Botanical Garden on May 11. (Call 718-817-8700)*

## The Written Word

**"Selected Shorts"**—5/10 at 6:30: Marian Seldes reads Saki's *The Schartz-Metterklume Method*; Keir Dullea reads Thomas McGuane's *War and Peace*; Mia Dillon reads Alice Munro's *Walker Brothers Cowboy.* Reader of Alice Schell's *Kingdom of the Sun* is to be announced. 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

**"National Writer's Union Benefit"**—5/5 at 8: The Union's Community Writing Project presents this reading with Katha Pollitt, Jacqueline Woodson, Helena Mulkerns, and others. Eureka Joe's, 168 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St. (741-7500); $6.

**"Discovery/*The Nation* Contest Winners"**—The winners of this 21-year-old award for poets who have not yet published a book will be announced—and will read—at the 92nd St. Y on 5/8 at 8:15. At Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $6.

**George Plimpton**—Reading from *The X-Factor* on 5/5 at noon at St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Church, corner of Fulton and Broadway; free.

**Gabriella De Ferrari**—Reading from her memoir *Gringa Latina: A Woman of Two Worlds* on 5/3 at 8. Three Lives Bookshop, 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

## Lectures and Panels

**"45 at 50: The Anniversary of Almost Everything"**—The Nation Institute sponsors this 5/1 forum on the epochal year that saw the closing events of World War II, labor unrest in the automobile industry, Kandinsky and Mondrian exhibitions, the formation of the League of Arab States, the integration of baseball, and the introduction of many postwar products (ballpoint pens, frozen orange juice, silly putty). Studs Terkel hosts the event, and participants include Robert Jay Lifton, Cornel West, Molly Ivins, and *Nation* columnists Christopher Hitchens and Katha Pollitt. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824), at 8; $15.

**"Japan and the United States: 1945-1995"**—A series of lectures and panel discussions at the Japan Society commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II. 5/1 at 6:30: "The Politics of Change: One Congresswoman's Perspective," presented by Yuriko Koike, member of the House of Representatives. 5/4 at 6:30: "Fifty Years Later: The Mindsets of Japan and the Untied States," a panel discussion with Masataka Kosaka, Tetsuya Chikushi, Henry Rosovsky, and Daniel Yankelovich, moderated by Carol Gluck. (Another lecture will follow in June.) The society is located at 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

**Pete Hamill**—The writer addresses the topic of "What's Next for New York" on 5/7 at 8 at the 92nd St. Y. Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

**Francesco Clemente**—A lecture/slide presentation by

Photographs: top, Judith Angel; bottom, Sara Cedar Miller.

## Solutions to last week's puzzles

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and on-stage interview with the artist on 5/4 at 8:15. 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

**"State of the Critic—State of the Art"**—5/4 at 6:30: New Republic art critic Jed Perl discusses contemporary art criticism and the Whitney Biennial at The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, 51 Astor Place, room 21 (353-4195); $10.

## Events

**"Crafts on Columbus"**—The Avenue will be filled with a marketplace of American handcrafts on 5/6-7 from 77th to 81st Sts. More than 150 exhibitors will be on hand, admission is free, and the fair is from 10 A.M. to 6 both days—rain or shine. Call 866-2239 for more information.

**New York Armory Antiques Show**—The last Wendy Management antiques event of the season opens to the general public on 5/3 at 4, and at 5 there will be a cocktail reception at the Armory to benefit the kids of NYU Medical Center. (The benefit then moves to the Waldorf Astoria for dinner and entertainment.) Through 5/7, more than 100 dealers will present furniture and decorative accessories from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The Armory is located at Park Ave. and 67th St. Hours are 5/3, 4 to 9; 5/4-6, noon to 9; 5/7, noon to 6. For benefit information, call 263-5870; for antiques show information, call 472-1180. Admission to the antiques show is $10.

## Tours

**"The Genius and Elegance of Gramercy Park"**—5/6 at 11 A.M.: Manhattan historian Joyce Gold presents a walking tour of the neighborhood that was once marshland and later the home of some of the country's greatest inventors, architects, actors, diarists, doctors, writers, painters, politicians, and witches. Among the stops are the nineteenth-century houses of Peter Cooper, Edwin Booth, and Stanford White. The tour meets in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Lexington Ave. and 21st St. and costs $12. Reservations are not required, but questions can be directed to 242-5762.

**"Trees, Grass, and the Working Class: Radical Central Park"**—A 5/7 tour encompassing Joseph Papp, anti-war rallies, Abbie Hoffman, John Lennon, gay rights marches, and (the working class appears at last!) the Women's Trade Union League. Meet at 1 at Columbus Circle; call 718-492-0069 for more information; $6 for the three-hour tour.

**"The Upper East Side"**—5/7 at 2: See the Colony Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Union Club and several historical landmarks while learning about the architectural and residential history of the neighborhood. Meet at the southwest corner of E. 58th St. and Park Ave.; call 979-2388 for further information. $10.

**"Labor and the Early 20th Century"**—5/6: Visit the sites central to this history and learn about the Rutgers Street Rallies, the *Forward* building, the Garden Cafeteria, the free milk stations, the settlement house movement, progressive advocates of women workers, and the pig market. Call 628-9517 for meeting place and time and reservations; $15.

**"A Tribute to Jackie"**—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

Cue

**Kim France**
*Editor*

**Barbara Ensor**
*Kids*

**Michael Giltz**
*Movies*
*In Concert*
*Dance*

**Linda Hall**
*The Mix*

**Manny Howard**
*Restaurants & Bars*
*Sports*

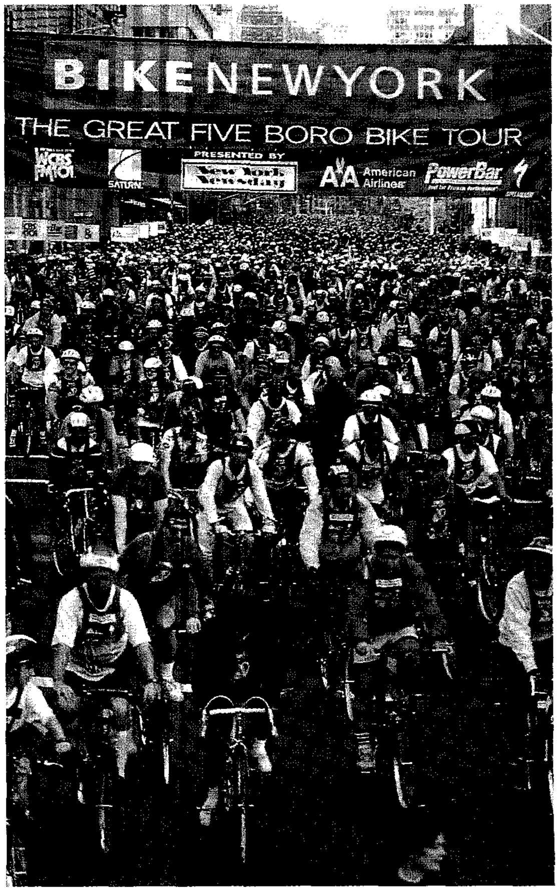
**John Leonard**
*Television*

**Edith Newhall**
*Art*

**Chris Norris**
*Nightlife*
*Popular Music*

**Randall Short**
*Theater*
*Cabaret*

**Happening** Since the entire 42-mile route of the Great Five Boro Bike Tour (May 7, see "Sports" for listing) is automobile-traffic-free, the only real obstacle participants will encounter is each other.



Photograph courtesy of Bike New York.

## Sports

### Basketball

A profoundly hungry Patrick Ewing leads the Knicks in the first leg of the playoffs against Cleveland. The action shifts from the Garden to Cleveland for game three on 5/1 at 8. Game four is also in Cleveland on 5/4 (time to be announced). Game five, and it will be necessary, will be back at the Garden on 5/7 (time to be announced).

### Cycling

The Great Five Boro Bike Tour begins on 5/7 at 8 A.M.. 20,000 cyclists will navigate the 42-mile route from Battery Park to Staten Island. Entry fee is $30 on the day of the event and includes the return ferry to Manhattan. Call 932-0778 for further information.

### Hockey

The New York Rangers host Florida on 5/2 at 7:30 at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd Street.

### Horse Racing

Hometown boy Talkin Man won both of New York's qualifying events—the Gotham and the Wood Memorial—and, considering the wide-open field at this year's Kentucky Derby on 5/6, our horse could be called a favorite.

# Kids

## Inflated and Elated…

## Children's Events

**Take Our Daughters to Work Day**—The idea, of course, is to show girls a thing or two about the working world. As earnest as it sounds, the day is still un-Hallmarked enough to be fun—and memorable. If you don't have a daughter yourself, consider adopting one for the day by calling the Ms. Foundation for Women at 742-2300. Other information, mostly on merchandise, can be obtained by calling 800-676-7780. April 27.◉

**Inflationary**—Smokey Bear, Pink Panther, Sonic the Hedgehog, and other Macy's Thanksgiving Day balloons can be seen close-up, and even poked at, at an event called **Macy's Balloon-a-Thon,** which benefits Prospect Park and several Brooklyn charities. See how the balloons move from sketch to reality; help pump air into them at "inflation stations." Park Slope Armory, 15th St. and Eighth Ave. (212-494-5249). 5/4 through 5/6, 10 to 8.; 5/7, noon to 6. $2.50.◉

**"Cirque du Soleil"**—Swirling paper snowstorms, and acrobatic feats that defy natural laws. Older children may want to run away and join up, but the evening will drag for most of those under 12. The big yellow-and-blue circus tent will be pitched in Battery Park City through June 4. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30; Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Place, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

**Walrus Weekend**—Three new baby-walrus arrivals are fêted in a weekend of narrated behavioral demonstrations, mask-making, and live entertainment dedicated to the wonder of walruses. 5/6 and 5/7 from 10 to 5. **The Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation,** West 8th St. and Surf Ave., Coney Island (718-265-3474). Admission is $3 for children, $3 for seniors, and $6.75 for other adults.◉

**School Fare**—**Calhoun Carnival** promises "squeals and deals" with an inflated castle walk, cupcake-decorating and hat-trimming booths plus "award-winning strawberry shortcake" and bargain shopping. 5/6 from 11 to 5, rain or shine. West 81st St. bet. West End Ave. and Riverside Dr. (877-1700). Snakes, rabbits and other animals will be at **Columbia Greenhouse Nursery School**'s fair 5/6 from 11 to 3 (rain date 5/7). Animal shows are at 1:45 and 2:15. Firefighters and a fire engine will arrive whenever they aren't putting out a fire between 1 and 3. 424 West 116th St. (666-4796.)●◉

**Virtually**—Slither through the human body, roam with dinosaurs, make musical instruments, fashion outfits for Ms. Frizzle—all on CD-Rom computer software at a weekend of new technology at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan.** 5/6 and 5/7 from 10 to 5. 212 West 83rd St. (721-1223). Free with $5 admission, $2.50 for seniors.◉

**Go Fly a Kite**—Celebrate the Japanese Children's Day Festival by designing kites and listening to stories told from stylized storyboards—*kamishibai.* Both activities are on offer at both the **Children's Museum of Manhattan,** where kite-making is 5/6 at 1 and 3 and storytelling is 5/7 at 1 and 3 (212 West 83rd St.; 721-1223; admission $5), and at the **Hudson River Park,** 5/6 from 1 to 3 (between Vesey and Chambers Sts. on the river; 267-9700).◉

**Ground Rules:**

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

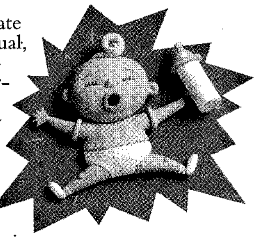
**Telling Tales**—All month long, natives of other countries tell stories from their homelands in **Queens Library Branches.** Stories this week are from Poland, Bangladesh, China For a complete schedule of stories, locations, and times, call 718-990-0781.◉

***From a Cow's Diary***—English dialogue is spoken live over headsets at the "Springtime in Sweden" children's film festival—unless children prefer to read subtitles. The three films on view this weekend are *Little Sister Rabbit,* an animated short about a big brother who is put in charge when Mom and Pop (Rabbit) go to work; *Brenda Brave,* a heartening story about a foundling girl, directed by Igmar Bergman's son Daniel; and *From a Cow's Diary,* starring a cow who yearns to sing in a concert hall and speak at the United Nations. **The Walter Reade Theater,** Lincoln Center, 165 West 65th Street, plaza level (875-5600). Tickets are $2.

**Suicide Prevention**—Samaritans of NYC, a 24-hour suicide-prevention hotline, presents a morning workshop for parents, teachers, guidance counselors, and others on the topic of "Preventing Teenage Suicide"—the leading preventable cause of death among that age group in this country. 5/4, 9:30 to noon. Hunter College School of Social Work, 129 East 79th St., Tenth Floor Conference Room (673-3041). Reserve.●◉

**Mind Over Matter**—ARTime tours for children with sketchbooks and adults in tow look at some art made of the unexpected this month: Chocolate is an exhibit of just that, at the Swiss Institute; Samm Kunce's sculptures at the John Gibson Gallery are made of hydroponic grass. Tours on the "Strange Stuff" theme are Saturdays at 11 through May 20. Reservations at least a day in advance are required (718-797-1573). $20 for an adult and child, $5 for each additional child.

**The Play's the Thing**—Family-oriented performances around town: **Snow White/Topeng** is performed with the seven dwarfs in Balinese commedia-like clown masks 5/6 at 2 at the Henry Street Settlement, Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400); $3.50 for children and seniors, $5 for other adults. **Real Courage,** at City Lights Youth Theatre—a fantasy about an inner-city community threatened by the movie industry—is performed by sixth-to-eighth-grade students 5/5 at 7:30, 5/6 at 3 and 7:30, and 5/7 at 5, 120 West 28th St. (262-0200); $2.50 for students, $5 for adults; reserve. A clown-college graduate and foolish individual, Pickles the Clown performs **Pickles in Paradise** at West End Gate 5/6 at 1:30, Broadway bet. 113th and 114th Sts. (662-8830); $7. The audience follows the players at the **Singers' Forum** performance of seven mini-musicals, where each fable takes place in a new setting; Friday and Saturday evenings at 7, Saturday and Sunday matinees at 2, through May 21; 39 West 19th St. (366-0541); $8 children and seniors, $15 other adults. ◉



**Voice Over**—Bring along a metal pot and spoon to bang your own noise at a Goliard Concert that's primarily devoted to song. Four a cappella voices (a soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) sing madrigals, part-songs, and rounds, including Renaissance and current jazz and blues songs. Recommended for ages 6 to 12. 5/6 at 11:30. **Brooklyn Museum,** 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-728-8927); $6. Reserve.◉

**Stomp**—Impress children over 10 that you are truly clued-in by suggesting this evening of knocking on wood and every other imaginable surface. The performers—dancers and clowns as much as percussionists—hold the audience in the palms of their hands. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100); $22.50-$37.50

**Batting Practice**—Practice your swing, whatever the weather, in the batting cage at **Hackers, Hitters and Hoops,** where you can choose between slow-pitch softballs and 50- or 70 mph hardballs. Open Sundays and Mondays from 11 to 7, Tuesdays through Thursdays from 11 to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays from 11 to 2 A.M.; 123 W. 18th St. (929-7482). Twelve pitches are $1.50, fifteen minutes is $17, a half-hour is $26, and an hour is $40. Reservations are encouraged.

**Coming Up**—Brooklyn Academy of Music sponsors its first **International Children's Festival of Theater and Music** chaired by Jim Henson's Kermit the Frog. Acts include Chuck Davis's African-American Dance Ensemble, Cirque Eloize from Quebec, De-ba-jeh-mu-jig Theater from Ontario, and Smala et Compagnie from Lyon; 5/13 and 5/14 (718-636-4100 for details). **The Big Apple Circus** brings mayhem and Mummenschanz to the outer boroughs 5/11-5/31 (268-0055 for details). **Ferdinand Faithful,** a new puppet opera based on the Grimm classic, is at St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn Heights 5/11-5/13; call for details (718-834-8794).

## Performance

## Bach to the Future

**At his "Follow The Leader" concert, warns Peter Schickele (below), kids won't learn anything about Mozart's life that will help them pass a test or compose a book report. Which makes sense, because the inventor of the satirical P.D.Q. Bach character has never let facts get in the way of a good joke. The second in his "Red, White and Bluejeans Music Machine" series with the American Symphony Orchestra (at Alice Tully Hall, May 6; call 721-6500 for information) is specifically designed, he says, to show grade-school-age children "a great time at a symphony-orchestra concert." He breaks out in a spirited rap song, for example, in the midst of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2. And to visually demonstrate how melodies snake through the orchestra in a selection of fugues, rounds, and canons, Schickele's musicians pop up and down like pistons in an engine. Ever the showman, Schickele won't reveal what other vaudevillian tricks he has up his sleeve—at his *last* concert, he "inadvertently" glued himself to his seat. Classical-phobic kids might be surprised to find themselves similarly riveted.**

**Barbara Ensor**

Photograph courtesy of American Symphony Orchestra.

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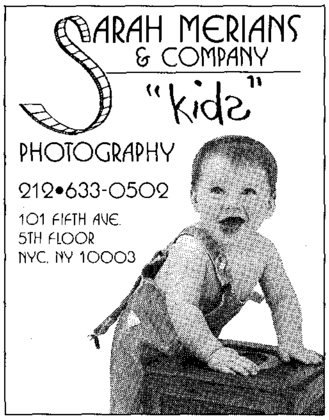
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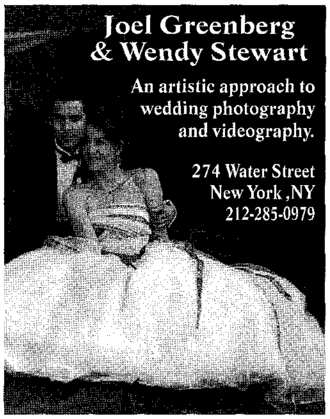
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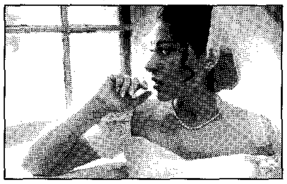

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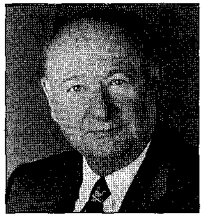

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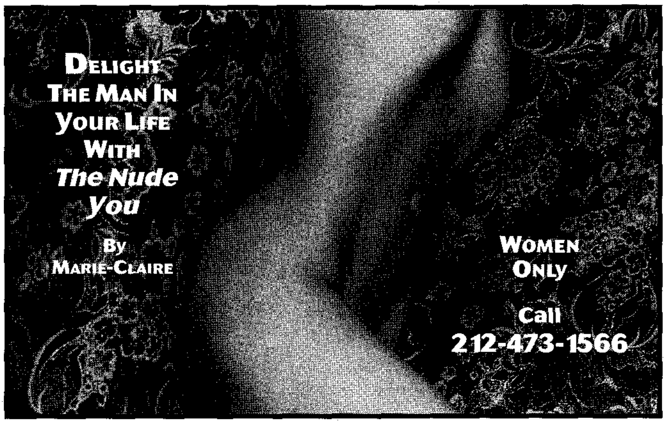
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**A Real Catch**—If you think all the good guys are taken, you just found one. A sensible and sincere guy with a great sense of humor; a 25-year-old, successful businessman - handsome, 5'10" and trim, a little shy. Enjoys skiing, movies, martial arts, boating, long drives and dining out. Seeks best friend, 18-25, Jewish, pretty, educated, trim, down-to-earth and willing to have fun. Nonsmokers only. Please send full photo and phone number. 7145 ✉

**Very Special Black Female**—Me: kind, loving, intelligent ex-model - now dentist, tall, thin. You: Jewish, tall, 35-45, honest, attentive, loving, kind, successful. Us: chemistry, kisses, love, family. Letter/photo. 7166 ✉ ☎

**Who's Looking?**—Successful, attractive, slender redhead, 45 - loves the arts, good conversation and travel. Seeks intelligent, compassionate man with a sense of adventure. 7225 ✉ ☎

**This Caring Man**—Respectfully requests the honor of filling in your dance card for life. Picture a generous, multifaceted, single, classy Manhattan gentle man, adept socially/professionally, who takes pride in being thoughtfully considerate to the delightful presence of a sensitive, aware, refined woman, 30 plus, who looks forward to a richly textured, balanced relationship. Behold: a very easy-on-the-eyes (blue), distinguished-looking face, set on a NordicTracked 5'10" frame, with (I'm told) Cary Grant's salt-and-pepper hair (and hopefully his playful Continental style), who is also never, ever taken for 58 chronological years. Some illuminating prose, accompanied by a Kodak moment, would be an ideal reply. 7224 ✉

**Charming International Banker**—Seeks angel ready to share paradise with him. This Renaissance man, 42, blond, blue-eyed, 6'1", Christian, attractive and fit, divides his time between office on lush Caribbean isle and country place in CT. You are intelligent, good-humored, beautiful (in both body and soul), outdoors oriented and also want a loving, committed relationship. If you can picture us strolling hand-in-hand on pristine beaches, indulging in burgers and Sam Adams as our eyes feast on vistas strewn with mountain laurel, birch and pine, or discussing the meaning of life late into the night, please write and tell me more! Photo appreciated (will reciprocate). 7195 ✉

**Traveling To Nepal**—And ballroom dancing are not incompatible. Attractive, blond, blue-eyed widow seeks equally enthusiastic sidekick, 58 plus. 7136 ✉ ☎

**What Type Of Man**—Are you looking for? If he's kindhearted, always fun to be with, open, honest, extremely flexible and creative, easy to communicate with, nonjudgemental and filled with joy and passion for living, a risk-taker, accepting, positive, with a unique and spontaneous personality, strong and sensitive, intelligent and yet not egotistical or dominant, a man who's not looking for a mother or Madonna, one who's not so insecure that his ego dominates his persona, not one to overreact, and yet commits his energy to exploring life and all of its wonders - has the right priorities, is not a workaholic, is charming yet has the childlike qualities of being forever excited by each new experience every day, has an insatiable curiosity, is mischievous, sensual and a classical romantic. Hey, it's not just in the movies. This is for real. So, if you want to meet and enjoy such a man, and if you're of similar nature as a woman, then drop me a line and photo. 7213 ✉

**Very Pretty, Successful Ad Exec**—32, 5'4", 115-lb brunette, nonreligious Catholic. I'm a fun-loving yet well-grounded woman who will appreciate the right man. Loves include scuba and rock music. Please be very intelligent, down-to-earth and compassionate. Reciprocal *information and photo required.* 7149 ✉

**Head For Surgery, Heart For Romance**—A sensible and solid guy with great sense of humor - good-looking, compassionate MD, 39, unusually successful. In quest of a warm female with heart of gold - tall, under 35, for fun, laughter, permanent relationship. Note/photo a must. 7227 ✉

**Tiny Waist, Gorgeous Smile**—And great big heart. Savvy and successful yet incredibly feminine and sexy, pretty, articulate, green-eyed blond, 47, with elegance, integrity, wonderful sense of humor, knockout figure and, most importantly, compassionate heart. Seeking high-powered, sophisticated, dynamic yet warm and genuinely nice, witty, impeccably dressed man who is comfortable at black-tie parties and is ready to be intrigued, willing to be adored and able to make that heart of mine turn handsprings. Photo appreciated. 7229 ✉

**Passionate Gardener**—Also loves travel, pets, bicycling, magic, psychology and economic botany. Attractive, intuitive woman in late 40s seeks warm, intelligent man with similar/compatible interests. Note and photo appreciated. 7171 ✉

**Jewish Cowgirl**—Mid 40s, seeks 50ish, tall, athletic, outdoorsy man to share love, laughs, intelligent conversation. 7207 ✉

**Extremely Attractive Female CPA**—27, seeks GQ man, 27-36. Photo. 7179 ✉

**Easy Pickins**—Wealthy, successful Jewish male, good-looking, spontaneous, sincere captain needs first mate for his yacht and co-pilot for his Ferrari. Seeking fun-loving, attractive, slender female, 22-32, who could enjoy the better things in life. Note and photo. 7155 ✉

**Healthy, Wealthy, Hot**—Very successful gentleman, 50, 5'11", 165, educated and handsome, seeks an outstanding lady with charm and style, to paint the town red. Photo please. 7142 ✉

**Woman Seeks Woman**—Very pretty, fun-loving doctor seeks good-looking, affectionate and humorous woman, 29-45, for romance. Photo/phone must. 7238 ✉

**Collector's Item**—Classy 1949 model, senior corporate executive. Professionally styled with customized interior. Sleek and sporty with contemporary design. Equipped with 66 inch frame and substantial body moldings. Engineered for steady performance and reliability. Standard features: honesty, sensitivity, romance. Optional features: marriage, family, paradise. Seeks open road companion for leisurely drives to the health club, concerts, theater, and sporting events, with frequent parking for candlelight dinners and stimulating fireside conversation, along with new and spontaneous adventure. If you are physically fit, financially secure, politically astute and culturally aware, send letter, photo and phone to arrange a test drive. All replies promptly answered and photo promptly returned. P.S. If I described myself as a dark and lovely African-American princess, perhaps I'd be conceited. However, if I didn't describe myself this way, perhaps I'd be lying. Let's meet and you be the judge. 7260 ✉

**Bad Jewish Boy!!!**—I'm 30, 5'9", new to town, athletic, adventurous, entrepreneurial, sometimes wild and always fun. You are attractive, fun, slightly crazy and very self-confident. Write today for more details. 7192 ✉

**Pretty, Artistic Asian Lady**—Intelligent, professional, traveled - likes music, art, sailing and outdoors. Seeks compatible male, 37-45. 7140 ✉ ☎

**Green-Eyed 29-Year-Old**—Cute, *single, Jewish - nonreligious female,* brown hair, 5'2", outgoing. Enjoys music, biking, Central Park, Manhattan skyline at night. Looking for a down-to-earth, nice, single, Jewish - nonreligious male, 28-35, nonsmoker, for friendship and romance. Note/photo. 7237 ✉

**SEND**

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE**
**Here's How:**

**STRICTLY PERSONALS**
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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**Pretty And Feminine Woman**—Late 30s, with class, wit and intellect, seeking sensuous female counterpart. Must be emotionally healthy, self-assured and a music lover. Photo/note. 7131 ✉

**West Seeks East**—Attractive, fit, professional, single white male, European ancestry, 33, lives (914), works (212). Interests: film, fashion, music, Zen. Seeks Japanese female, 25-35, simple beauty, thin, intellectual. Photo please. 7172 ✉

**Too Romantic, Too Sensitive**—Too emotional, smoking (not drinking) Russian blond (34, 5'4") is looking for single father who is dreaming about close friend, lovely wife and caring mother. *Note/photo/phone, please.* 7190 ✉

**Seeking Manhattan Senior Citizen**—Healthy, wealthy and wise, for a lady who knows how to appreciate quality. 7214 ✉

**Attractive, Fit, Intelligent**—Very funny and friendly, wealthy, creative entrepreneur, late 40s, seeks very smart, attractive, slim, caring, irreverent woman, 20s-40s, with a great sense of humor and a taste for romance, travel and a lot more. Send note, phone and photo. 7236 ✉

**Scintillating, Sui Generis**—And sensual woman, seeking a connoisseur who will *properly appreciate a voluptuous,* vivacious, bright brunette. You have the power, prestige and wherewithal to make *it happen.* 7241 ✉ ☎

**Intelligent, Very Attractive**—Successful woman seeks financially independent, handsome, loving single male, 35-50s, for committed relationship. Photo/phone. 7228 ✉ ☎

**Widower**—59, successful, kind, down-to-earth, enjoys finer things in life: travel, theater, dining. Seeking attractive, slim, warm, sincere woman, 40-50. NY/NJ. Note/photo. 7180 ✉

**Tired Of Aunt Sara's Blind Dates?**—Contact this slim, jeans-to-lace, 36, Jewish gal with small ego, huge heart. 7151 ✉ ☎

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**It's Your Turn**—Kind, warm, blue-eyed Jewish female, 42, with good looks, brains, compassion and grace, seeks a man to enjoy the summer with, and hopefully forever. Photo, please. 7211 ✉

**Upbeat, Honestly Pretty**—Slender, Manhattan Jewish woman, very young in appearance and attitude at 50. Love NY, enjoy the country and travel. Value honesty, friendship, sincerity and a good sense of humor. My male counterpart is 48-62, attractive, serious and funny (of course, successful). Photo/note. 7218✉

**Pretty, Attractive Asian**—32, professional, feminine, cultured, affectionate, seeks well-educated, professional white male, 30-39, who is ready for love. 7185 ✉

**Secure, Successful Jewish Male**—Wants to meet bright, attractive, personable and spirited woman, 45-55. Somerset County, NJ and vicinity. 7184 ✉

**Attractive, Fun-Loving**—Professional Jewish female, 30, with warm smile, sincere heart, affectionate spirit, and full of life, seeks male, 30s, who also loves to laugh, enjoys good conversation and romantic moments. Photo/note. 7170 ✉

**They Say I Don't Exist**—5'8", 135 lbs, attractive woman, athletic - accomplished sailor and swimmer, 45 years on this planet. Actually gets along and enjoys people. Spiritual but not religious. Now, do you exist? ...40-55, know yourself, like what you see, both inside and outside. Financially secure because you love what you do and you're great at it. Note/photo. 7246 ✉

**Super Single Mom**—42, slender, green-eyed teacher, PhD, parent of one. Enjoys films, music, travel. Seeks fit, caring single man for romance. Photo. 7220 ✉

**Quick-Witted, Slim, Sensual**—Compassionate, fit, fun-loving and formerly married female writer, 48, seeks man seeking the above - and a loving relationship. 7204 ✉

**Sexy Female Dentist**—With gentle touch and knockout physique, 35, Jewish, seeks handsome, fit, successful, caring man, 33-45, Jewish. Photo required/note. 7182 ✉

**Be My Best Friend**—Partner and the love of my life. I'm a widower/professional, mid 60s, 5'11". I enjoy most cultural and culinary pursuits. I'm seeking that beautiful, slender Jewish woman who would be my counterpart. Note/phone/photo, please. 7152 ✉

**Prepare To Jibe!**—Pretty exec/sailor seeks proper course with tall, prosperous Christian gentlemale, 35-45. Photo required to round first mark. 7133 ✉

**Attractive Italian Female**—50, never married, Rubenesque, loves cooking, family and travel. Seeks honest, sincere man to make a home with. Note/photo. 7154 ✉☎

**Handsome Exec**—Will not settle for anything less than being in love. Slim, 6', Anglo-Saxon, 48. Net worth .92M. Looking for permanent equal - attractive, slim, 5'6"-5'11", 35-45, Anglo-Saxon. No smokers please. Photo. 7129 ✉

**Searching For A Love And A Friend**—To have a family. Truly an attractive and athletic blond, with a Midwest heart and an international soul, wanting a successful and handsome partner with similar interests. Note and phone. 7189 ✉

**Mankind Has Directed Me**—Towards qualities and values of others. Contrarian viewpoint in today's material world. I am male, Jewish, 41, 6'1", slim, handsome. Seeking marriage with a lady who radiates her internal warmth and love. 7176 ✉

**Beautiful Widow**—Exciting, warm, charming, educated, great fun, great style, independent, active in business. Seeking special man with joie de vivre to share travel, the arts, friends, family, parties and an occasional argument, 55-65, good appearance, intelligent, sophisticated, grown-up (not too), slightly wicked, warm, lovable. I am Jewish - you need not be. 7231 ✉

**More To Life Than Work**—Jewish man, 38, 5'10", slim, lawyer, seeks Jewish professional woman, 5'3"+, smile a plus, for jazz, travel, tennis and love. Photo. 7254 ✉☎

**Attractive Artist, 24**—Jewish, 5'10", Master's in art, seeks good-looking female, 18-23, sincere - enjoys art, NYC, the Hamptons. Note/photo/phone. 7183 ✉

**Untitled**—Soul-searching Italian-American lawyer, 36. Pretty, smart and sexy. Rebellious spirit/conventional lifestyle. Down-to-earth. Looking for the right man, early 30s to mid 40s. Photo/note. 7143 ✉

**Jeopardy-Smart?**—Funny guy? Yes to both wins my heart. Warm, sexy man - nonsmoker, lover of the arts - desired by this 40, very attractive Jewish woman, MBA, fine food and jazz fan, who's learning to draw and paint. For love, marriage. Photo please. 7191 ✉

**Well-Balanced Male**—Handsome, confident, cool, health conscious, educated, successfully creative professional, very fit, 40, 5'11", 170 lbs, seeking bright, brainy, very slender and petite female, around 30s, for possible serious relationship. Phone/photo/note. 7168 ✉☎

**Brilliant, Handsome**—Witty, fit, Ivy Wasp, 31, investor, seeks smart, sexy, adventurous older woman. 7219 ✉

**Vibrant Green Eyes, Delectable Size**—42, 5'4", bright, pretty, fit, creative professional woman - values honesty, compassion and communication; loves animals, outdoors, travel, and the arts. Seeks connection with adventurous man who is fit, self-assured, articulate, intelligent, and possessed of a keen wit. Please be nonsmoker, light drinker. Note/phone. Photo optional. 7216 ✉

**Single White Male**—Nonsmoker, professional, 5'6", 30s, handsome, honest, hopeless romantic, Marco Polo type with various interests - seeks soul mate with an appreciation of music, food, travel, movies, city strolls and country drives. Books, antiquing and running are a few of the things I enjoy. Let's explore the world together and enjoy each other's company. Sensitivity and a keen sense of humor earn bonus points! 7137 ✉

**Adventurous MBA**—Wants to steal your heart. Single man, young 48, 6', sincere, likes jazz, travel. Seeks romantic, trim Christian lady, nonsmoker, for mate and family. Note/photo. 7240 ✉

**Handsome, Sincere**—Divorced Jewish male, early 50s, seeks a warm, caring, petite female for a lasting, permanent relationship. Nonsmoker. Enjoys travel, theater, movies. Photo a must. 7193 ✉

**European Lady**—Blond, 50, seeks gent, 48-68. Photo. POB 588, NYC 10159-588

**Asian Male**—Mid 30s, 5'6", intelligent, handsome and strong, seeks an attractive white female. Photo/note, please. 7119 ✉

**Botticelli's Venus Rising**—Awaits Renaissance suitor. Must be 35-49, 5'10" plus and take good care of health. A note describing how you would celebrate my 42nd, May 8 birthday, along with a photo, will receive heavenly attention. 7203 ✉☎

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**Blading, Biking Brunette**—31-year-old, single Jewish female, who enjoys sports - tennis to golf, days at the beach to nights in NY, plus movies, music and more. Seeks 28-38-year-old, single Jewish male with similar interests. All it takes is 32 cents. Note/photo/phone. 7158 ✉

**Seeking Growth And Fun**—I'm outgoing, funny, petite, full of life, love to dance, attractive (41), dark-haired and emerald-eyed. I'm on the path of spiritual growth and would like to meet a man with sense of humor, sensitivity and willingness to work on himself (nonsmoker/nondrinker). No Peter Pans need reply. Photo. 7232 ✉

**Spring Is Here**—An accomplished NY chef, 33, is hoping to find the main ingredient for romance. Would like to meet an attractive, stylish Asian-American beauty, 22-35, for a meaningful, balanced relationship. Photo appreciated. 7124 ✉☎

**Teacher With Class**—Attractive, warm, fit and fun - seeks educated, successful, upbeat male, 58 plus. Photo. 7156 ✉

**One Very Attractive**—Worldly, successful professional (female) seeks another very attractive, worldly, successful professional (male, 36-46). Me: a green-eyed blond, born/bred in Europe. Career in a creative field. What about you? Note/picture. 7169 ✉☎

**Ready To Take A Chance Again**—Pretty, slim, sexy, funny, intelligent, successful 40s lady seeks terrific, tall, athletic, successful Jewish intellectual, 45-59, with soft heart, sense of humor, to share permanent love affair. Note/photo/phone. 7200 ✉

**Smarter Than The Average Bear**—40 and glad of it, red hair, blue eyes, not slim, makes a decent living in the writing dodge, likes a Gershwin tune. Seeks confident, cosmic, companionable first husband. (Your kids are enough.) How about you? 7258 ✉

**Handsome, Fun, Sweet**—Intelligent, caring, fit, 6', 30, professional, white Christian man seeks attractive, nice, slim, 23-32, over 5'3", nonsmoking woman for romance. I enjoy music, comedies, dining. Photo. 5721 ✉

**Vacancy**—Room in my heart available to a kind, polished, handsome male with a competitive edge. Petite, spirited professional, 33, Catholic, with model looks and excellent taste, offers lifetime lease of mutual love and respect. Nonsmoker. RSVP - phone/photo. 7230 ✉

**Seeking Man With "The Right Stuff"**—Pretty, slim, Ivy grad, sexy mom. Handles well: skis, tennis, own office and Nikon. Seeks Jewish professional, 44-55, with a zest for life, family-oriented and "true blue". Note/photo. 7208 ✉

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# Strictly Personals

## ENCORE, ENCORE

**New York Magazine's Strictly Personals**
**returns to the fabulous**
**Copacabana,**

**Thursday, May 18, 5:30-midnight,**
**for a springtime celebration.**

*We had a blast at our Valentine's celebration and want to give a repeat performance.*

Admission includes a great buffet (still two food stations and no lines!), the ever-popular 25%-off Strictly Personals coupon - and a few other surprises too. So join us for a night of dancing, possible romancing and...who knows what!?

## COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (easy parking and lots of cabs)
$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash bar.
Mail check or money order by May 12th to:
**New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.**
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

**For more information, call 212-545-3668.**

**Catch Of A Lifetime**—Very beautiful, slim, fit, ultra-feminine lady, 30s, with long dark hair, passion and a warm heart, seeks handsome, successful, intelligent male, 30-50. Note/photo. 7233 ✉ ☎

**Playful And Passionate**—31 years young, single Jewish male with unique sense of humor. I'm creative, down-to-earth, open-minded, easygoing and love outdoor activity (skiing, biking, blading, hiking), indoor activity (guitar, cooking, working out), romance, intelligent conversation and the Knicks! Looking for beautiful, brainy, active soul mate to consume life with. Note/recent photo, please. 7210 ✉

**Ruggedly Handsome**—Professional, Jewish (if it matters), 37, 5'11", 180 lbs, sincere, bright, successful, outgoing and athletic, seeks an irresistible, affectionate, affable, Italian/Jewish female who enjoys partner dancing, dining, tennis, sports, cooking, boating and the outdoors. Photo/will exchange. 7197 ✉

**Modern Orthodox**—Jewish professional male, divorced, 38. Me: intelligent, loving, passionate. You: slim, attractive, feminine. Us: perfect together. 7174 ✉ ☎

**Christian Male**—Good-looking, slim, mid 40s, MBA, successful, unencumbered, many interests - seeks female for good times and hopefully forever. 7248 ✉ ☎

**Handsome Black Male**—Charming, 38, 6', athletic, Ivy MBA, real estate investor - seeks a beauty in mind, body and spirit. Photo appreciated. 7150 ✉

**Very Attractive, Warm, Vivacious**—Slender lady - seeks tall, successful gentleman of substance (50-60) to love, laugh and fully enjoy life with in a committed relationship. 7249 ✉

**European Aristocrat**—And title owner (verifiable) seeks lady. 7186 ✉

**Reality Bytes**—Tired of egocentric hyperbole and perfect people seeking flawless mates to indulge narcissistic lives? Up to the challenge of a mature relationship with a real woman? Successful, petite professional, 42, seeks intellectual equal, soul mate, creative spirit - thrives on community/political involvement and the arts. You must be a secure "doer", concerned with earth and its creatures, have an open mind, big heart and sense of humor. "Tall, dark and handsome" a plus! Metro NJ. Note/photo. 7167 ✉

**Mature, NYC-Based**—Attractive Jewish widow, financially secure, seeking quiet, kind, compatible man, 60s. 7198 ✉ ☎

**Handsome Doctor**—Adventurous and athletic, seeks pretty, petite, marriage-minded Christian female, 22-32, who enjoys romantic evenings, laughing and all that NYC has to offer. Photo. 7162 ✉

**Pretty, Bright, Charming**—Woman, 45, warm, professional, good sense of humor. Enjoys movies, dining, dancing, getaways, nature, walking and sharing the interests of my honey. Seeks a committed relationship with a kindhearted professional man. Photo appreciated. 7235 ✉

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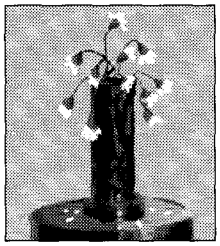

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**Five Degrees, Four Cars**—Three acres, two fireplaces, one heart. Pretty, slim, intelligent, sophisticated woman, 46, medical profession, grown children. If you are an upscale, secure Jewish man, 50-65, of formal simplicity, as established as Sutton Place, self-confident, tired of kissing cold lips, and are ready for the dessert of your life, call - but be ready to play it to the end. Photo/note/phone. 7251✉

**A Heart Needs A Home**—How about you? Successful professional male, 40, a mensch with great humor, sensitive and shy - loves good movies, great books, music, NYC. Seeking compatible lady with intelligence, humor and warmth. Note/phone. 7226 ✉

**Caregiver, 52**—Seeks (212) lady for relationship. No smokers/cat/kids. 7201 ✉

**Pretty Brazilian Lady**—Well-educated, looking for professional gentleman, 50-63 years old, for serious relationship. POB 164, Boca Raton, FL 33429.

**A Little Sarcastic, A Little Shy**—Male, 34, seeking partner for permanent relationship, family. 7163 ✉

**Trim, Attractive Jewish Lady**—40s, looking for a true friend to share my zest and energy for life - someone who is intelligent, with a sense of humor, and enjoys stimulating conversation, museums, theater and long walks in the woods. Note or phone. 7134 ✉ ☎

**With Love And Kisses**—From a tall, smart, beautiful and slim, single Jewish female, 27, to a sincere, athletic, expressive, self-aware male with Jewish values and a warm heart. Photo please. 7244 ✉ ☎

**Successful, Witty**—40, 6', blue-eyed, handsome financial professional, Jewish, nonreligious, nonsmoker. Interested in sports and health-oriented. Seeks intelligent, pretty pal with similar interests. Photo. 7247 ✉ ☎

**Sexy, Smart Banker**—40s, very cool life, seeks man, 44-54, smart, funny, honest, for...whatever happens. 7146 ✉

**Handsome And Funny Jewish Male**—27, 5'11", enjoys Central Park, movies, comedy, walks, Seinfeld. Seeks attractive and sweet female. Photo/note. 7215 ✉

**Sexy, Warm, Petite Jewish Female**—Loves life and laughter, seeks successful, attractive, down-to-earth male, 35-48, with sense of humor. Smoker okay. Photo optional. 7135 ✉ ☎

**Beautiful, Kind Psychologist**—32, slim, sandy blond, witty, cultured, sincere. Seeks financially and professionally successful male, 30-40, with passion, maturity and a heart of gold, for love/marriage. Photo/phone. 7209 ✉

**Handsome, Successful Professional**—49, 6'1", 180 lbs. Interested in travel, music, movies and running. Seeking very attractive, fit, slim woman, 35-45, who is also happy and secure. Note/photo/phone. 7157 ✉

**Leaps Tall Buildings, Etc.**—Handsome Jewish MD, 34, athletic, sensitive, insightful - into tennis, scuba diving, playing the piano and working out. Seeks a warm, affectionate, slim woman, 25-35, who is physically, emotionally and intellectually attractive, to share life's adventures. Photo/note, please. 7173 ✉

**Gay Male**—46, upscale, looking for a sweetheart with warmth, joy and enthusiasm, 28-? Note/photo, please. 7127 ✉

**Guy Next Door**—Sensitive, laid-back, devotee of sports, books and rock 'n' roll forever, seeks down-to-earth, slender and humorous young lady. Looking for late 20s or early 30s, not consumed by her job. No tattoos, please. 7212 ✉

**Great Guy**—Very attractive, good-natured, interesting executive career, who loves golf, tennis, skiing, good books, museums, art shows or just hanging out. Seeking an emotionally down-to-earth, intelligent, beautiful, sensuous, caring, introspective, kind (Christian) lady, 42-48, with an inner joyousness and loveliness, who wants to take it as far as it will go. North NJ/CT/Westchester preferred. Note and photo a must. 7132 ✉

**Better, Not Bitter**—And looking for a new lover/best friend. Lots of insight and an intact sense of humor. Petite blond, attractive, 50, divorced professional woman. Let's pool what we've learned. 7243 ✉

**Looking For A Wife**—I'm 58, 5'8", kind, nice-looking, financially sound, seeking pretty, fit nonsmoking lady, 45-55. 7222 ✉

**Riddle Me This, Batgirl**—Why are New Yorkers too busy to fall in love? If you're an intelligent and sexy woman who enjoys red roses, hand-holding and midnight sweet talk, please send this handsome, green-eyed Jewish attorney, 32, a brief note and photo. 7242 ✉ ☎

**Never Too Old For Love**—Special woman, attractive, Jewish, 56, would like to meet special man counterpart (60ish) to share families, friends, and lives. Note/phone. 7147 ✉

**LI Lady**—Who enjoys life to the fullest, seeks sincere, honest, fun-loving gentleman (60s). My interests include exotic travel to faroff continents and easyoing fun at home - theater and all NYC has to offer, plus a little duplicate bridge. If our interests mesh, I'd love to hear from you. The second act of life can win the Tony. Let's give it a try. 6987 ✉

**Gay Woman**—33, creative professional, smart, very pretty, adventurous and fun, with varied interests, seeks like-minded woman. Note/photo. 7164 ✉

**Gay White Man**—36, 5'10", handsome, fit, warm, Ivy MBA, likes outdoors, travel. Seeks fit, handsome, emotionally available man, 30-42. Note/photo/phone. 7177 ✉

***Interracially Inclined Entrepreneur***—Single, professional black male, 33, very handsome, fashionable, successful, well-traveled, athletic - seeks same qualities in a liberal, outgoing, uninhibited female counterpart. Photo/phone please. 7128✉☎

**The Last Blind Date**—Was short, fat and full of himself. The last tennis romance couldn't make me laugh. The last true love wanted children. Please keep this 5'2", smart and pretty, 45-year-old Jewish journalist from turning into an old grump. Don't need your picture, DOB or resume - but, yes: looks, money and success count. A kind soul and brilliant mind count even more. 7181✉☎

**Sensational Blue-Eyed Brunette**—40, feisty, fun, fit exec and mom - likes tennis, internet surfing, adventure and good conversation. Seeks upbeat, upscale guy, 35-52, for lasting relationship. 7202 ✉☎

**34-Year-Old, Attractive**—Secure female, looking for a life partner. Must be sincere, accomplished and interesting, Catholic or Protestant, age 27-47. Enclose photo and handwritten letter stating your most enjoyable day and why. 7178 ✉

**Sexy, 48, 5'8"**—Professional Jewish woman seeking an attractive professional, 50-60, who loves people, nature, movies, music and all of life. Note/photo. 7223 ✉

**Legs, Brains, Beauty, Charm**—(Inside and out), compassionate, caring, 40ish Jewish female wants communicative, supportive, emotionally strong Jewish male who is successful in life and now wants to enjoy the fruits of his labor with someone special. 7153 ✉

**Attractive, Slim, Well-Educated**—Spiritually centered, single white female, 42, health professional and musician, seeks financially and emotionally secure, single white male, 38-48, nonsmoker, health conscious, no children. North Shore LI residents. Bio/photo. 7165 ✉

**Not Looking For Commitment**—But authenticity a must. Pretty, romantic, somewhat shy, spontaneous, divorced lady, 42, enjoys country drives, city walks, long talks, dining and concerts...but everything is more fun when shared. Looking for someone, 37-47, who is financially and emotionally stable, to enjoy same and maybe more. Note/photo please. 7122 ✉

**Attractive, Great Figure And Funny!**—Single Jewish female, sports marketing exec, seeks athletic, tall, handsome male, 30-42, to share quiet dinners and more. Photo/note. 7187 ✉

**Latin Prince**—Tall, dark and handsome, well-educated professional, 35, born in the USA, of Latino heritage. Seeks exotic princess, 21-32, with smarts, warmth and beauty, for friendship leading to lasting commitment. Race unimportant. Note/photo/phone. 7196 ✉

**Bright, Attractive Jewish Male**—Successful professional - 41, 5'11", 185 - is seeking a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warmhearted, introspective, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares a desire for marriage and children. I enjoy movies, long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis, and can charm both senior citizens and kids alike! While work is important, I also know a balanced life with family and friends can be so much richer. Photo, note. 7144 ✉

**Don't Go Any Further**—You've just met your match! Single Jewish female, 37, 5'2", eyes of blue, petite, warm, sensitive, down-to-earth, with a good sense of humor - loves travel, theater and romantic dinners. Seeking male counterpart to share friendship as well as romance. Note/phone/photo. 7221 ✉ ☎

**The Unusual Man I Seek**—Is 45-55, smart, funny, kid-friendly and able to connect. I'm very attractive, stylish, politically aware, funny and fun-loving, comfortable and (PhD) smart. 7234 ✉☎

**Special Someone**—Looking for that special someone who could enhance what is already a great life. I am looking for an attractive, kind, sensitive, dynamic and successful man, 36-55. Ideally, you are at ease in any social situation - jeans to black tie - and currently lead an upscale lifestyle. You probably lead an active life but are hoping to find someone to share those quiet, intimate moments with. I am a very attractive, divorced Christian female, 5'4", 115 lbs - sensitive, caring, successful, spontaneous, independent woman who enjoys life. I am hoping to find a "best friend", leading to a serious relationship. Please be emotionally available and a nonsmoker. Children welcome. Note/photo. 7139✉

**40-Year-Old, Handsome**—Blue-eyed, divorced physician. I have recently lost the love of my life and am trying to recover. I am seeking my true love. Have made mistakes and trying to learn from them. I am seeking a relationship that will lead to marriage and family. Photo assures response. 7217 ✉ ☎

**Warmth, Beauty And Brains Wanted**—By kind Jewish physician, 40, athletic, romantic and handsome, who enjoys sports, dining and dancing. Seeks very intelligent, attractive woman for marriage and family - together. I know how to treat a woman like a lady. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7245 ✉

**Never Answered One...**—I'm counting on you. You: tall, dark, handsome, successful Jewish male, 40-49, kid-friendly or single dad. Funny, sexy, vital, adventurous and slightly off the beaten path even better. Me: very pretty, sweet, high energy, comfortable, creative exec, mom of terrific 7-year-old son, ten minutes to 40 years old. Interested? Let's meet. Note/photo/phone number. 7250 ✉

**The Real Thing**—Classy, warm, very slim, athletic, 5'7", dark blond, 38 female, Jewish, very successful attorney - who enjoys skiing, sports, travel, opera, theater and all fun things. I seek a kind, fun, successful, smart and secure gentleman with integrity, 36-52, who will be proud of an accomplished total woman and become her best friend, lover, husband, and dad of our kids. Note/phone/photo please. 7205 ✉

**Angel Or Devil?**—No, just human. I am a caring, attractive, sincere, intelligent, single Hispanic female, 30, 5'6", with a sense of humor and a zest for life. Music, movies, sports, quiet evenings at home and getaway weekends are just a few of my various interests. If you are an emotionally mature, financially secure, single white male, 28-42, with similar qualities, looking for a possible long-term relationship, and are intrigued by what you've read, let's meet and see what develops. 7206 ✉ ☎

# Assortments

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**Single Booklovers** - A nat'l group getting unattached people together since 1970. Box 117, Gradyville, PA. **215-358-5049**

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**QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY**
**SAT, MAY 6: Lee Mazilli's Sports Club**
9:30pm. 208 W 70 St, NYC **212-213-0508**

**Discerning Jewish Professionals**—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy: **212-877-5167**

**Warwick Hotel Super Gala!** Sat, May 6, 65 W. 54 @ 6 Av, 6-12pm, 2nd fl blrms, $20, *28-39, 40-52, DJ,* dssrt **212-249-3636**

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**JOIN 1,000 YOUNG JEWISH PROF'LS** in their 20s and 30s, on 5/10...as **Utopia Events** again takes over all of **Le Bar Bat.** Great live music on one floor, DJ/dancing on another. See our ad on page 125!

**Fort Lee!!! Affinity Dress-Down Singles Party** (26-49 Only) at **Harbor House,** Fri, 5/12, Buffet - Save $5. **201-825-8881**

**NY Gourmet Society** invites you to a free wine tasting, to introduce you to our fine dining events and wine tastings. Taste over 100 wines. Gala NY Harbor Wine-Tasting Cruise w/dancing, June 28 - Just $39! Singles welcome. **212-592-0777**

**Tropical Dance Party at GAUGUIN**
at The Plaza Hotel, May 15, 7-11pm. Tix $50 at door. Cash bar, snacks. Benefits **Jewish Guild for the Blind.** **212-769-6240**

**LIFE EXISTS AFTER FORTY!**
Sat, 5/6, 7pm, **2nd Power Pasta Party, Lost & Found,** 329 Lex Ave. **212 779-0642**

**FATHERS' RIGHTS IN DIVORCES**
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**Douglas, 6', With Model Looks**—Who responded to box 6646... Number got cut off. Please call: 7130 ✉ ☎

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## TWO WEDDINGS...
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If you are looking for love (or have already found it), you won't want to miss New York's newest romantic comedy: **FORTUNE'S FOOLS.** It's the very funny story of when Jay met Bonnie (and Chuck met Gail)...and they all discover the true meaning of "for better and for worse." Starting Tues, May 9, at the Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St
Call **212-989-2020**

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## Dance For Heart
**DANCE FOR HEART!!!**

Fifth Ave. Ballroom (319 5th Av/32nd St) is holding a Dance For Heart Party on Sat., May 13th at 7:30 PM. The faculty will be dancing with guests for $5/dance - with all proceeds going to the American Heart Association. Dance cards / bachelor dance auction / door prizes. **212-532-6232**

**DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE** Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

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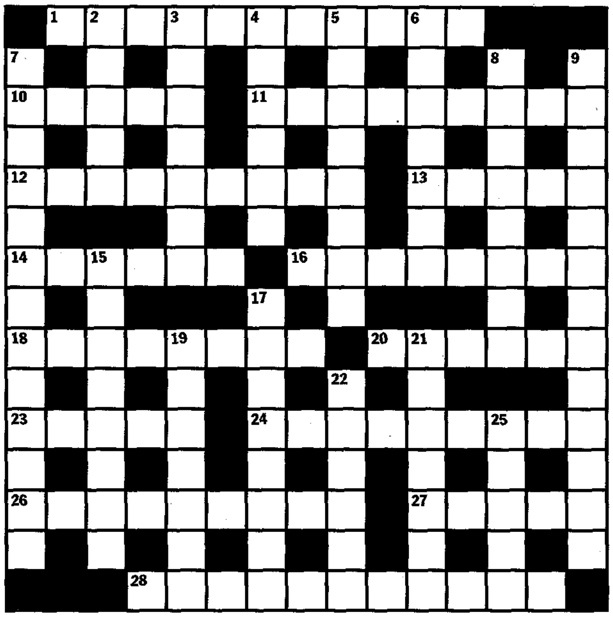
To Advertise in **ASSORTMENTS**
**Call 212-779-7500**

# ‘Sunday Times’ of London Crossword

**ACROSS**

**1** One main dump explodes—panic ensues. (11)
**10** Nothing likely to cause a shock—just fruit. (5)
**11** Needing to fill up again, traveller’s given boy his change. (9)
**12** Trial meant alteration of will. (9)
**13** Trees replanted in the compound. (5)
**14** Ballet front. (6)
**16** Congregation may bless converts. (8)
**18** Two turns, then circle around in fancy twist. (8)
**20** The heroic sort—he’s one who succeeds. (6)
**23** Increased gratuity required to secure these seats. (3, 2)
**24** Hurl rock into the charabanc—get this insect! (9)
**26** Her actors replaced some other players. (9)
**27** Note book Her Majesty put down. (5)
**28** Prisoner back on the run pinching a pound—full of bile. (4, 7)



**DOWN**

**2** Ram to sire a new variety. (5)
**3** Won’t change hide-out by a little path. (3, 4)
**4** Will out? (6)
**5** Points me out? That’s favouritism. (8)
**6** Luke Lee awkwardly plucking it? (7)
**7** Great humiliation if I can’t moor it up the creek. (13)
**8** Secure list to gaming board. (3-5)
**9** Play with fruit or vegetable. (6-7)
**15** Shell—and the vehicle moves so fast. (8)
**17** To summarize—whip the Spanish fruit! (8)
**19** Coat of arms featuring a devil with twisted ears. (7)
**21** A row going badly on Dee—upset by plants in the water. (7)
**22** The writing that takes a second a stroke. (6)
**25** Hill-dweller about to uncover cave. (5)

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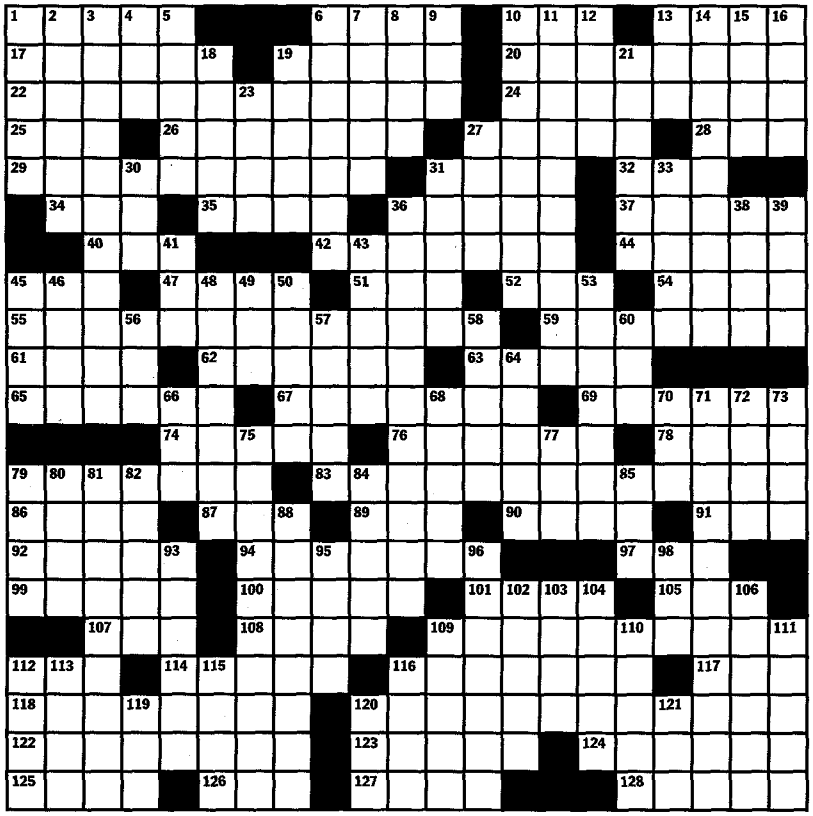
# ‘Taurus People’: ‘Cue’ Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

**ACROSS**

**1** Neckerchief
**6** Kin of a barge
**10** Neuter pronouns
**13** Toodle-oo
**17** Nova ——
**19** Flora and fauna
**20** Captain Nemo’s submarine
**22** 4/26
**24** 4/25
**25** Pub serving
**26** Lockjaw
**27** Basketry twig
**28** Gown’s go-with
**29** 5/3
**31** Unconscious state
**32** “—— Gotta Be Me”
**34** Depot abbr.
**35** Romanov title
**36** Gray: Lat.
**37** Less than a quart of liquor
**40** Rainbow shape
**42** Digestive organ
**44** Signal rocket
**45** Flak sound
**47** Apex
**51** Abode, to ’Arry
**52** Where to shoot from
**54** Spuds’ buds
**55** 4/23
**59** Keep down
**61** “A ——clock scholar”
**62** Venetian-blind feature
**63** Wide-awake
**65** Sock pattern, Scottish style
**67** Have due as reward
**69** Golfer Arnold
**74** Dimension gauge
**76** Wintry
**78** Verdi opera
**79** Predecessor of judo
**83** 5/2
**86** Needing rain
**87** Three tsps.
**89** Sign off
**90** Waiting-room call
**91** Pt. on a compass
**92** A —— dozen
**94** Stormed over
**97** Detroit union: abbr.
**99** Glow of fame
**100** Physics Nobelist Bohr
**101** Speakeasy bust
**105** L.L. Cool J’s genre
**107** “Nightmare” street
**108** Dept. heads
**109** 5/8
**112** “—— du lieber!”
**114** Watch-company trademark
**116** Moroccan seaport
**117** Mauna ——
**118** 5/11
**120** 5/20
**122** Toothless
**123** Opposite of starboard
**124** Hard money
**125** Spanish muralist
**126** Like the “Wonderland” hatter
**127** Longings
**128** Virgil hero: var.

**DOWN**

**1** Tin Pan Alley acronym
**2** Weighing devices
**3** 4/27
**4** Pawnee’s neighbor
**5** Jousts
**6** Religious offenders
**7** Sacré-——, Montmartre church
**8** Mel and Ed of baseball
**9** Angkor temple
**10** —— as (to the extent that)
**11** 4/25
**12** Movie extra, familiarly
**13** Spasm
**14** 5/5
**15** Sushi fish
**16** Dripping wet
**18** As red as ——
**19** Actress Sonia
**21** Import tax
**23** Salt Lake City collegians
**27** Last Mrs. Chaplin
**30** Helping of corn
**31** Bumpy beast
**33** More contemptible
**36** Understands
**38** —— bien
**39** Myra or Rudolf
**41** President before Herb
**43** Heavy reading
**45** Colleague of Lassie
**46** 5/20
**48** Pablo Casals, e.g.
**49** Muscle: prefix
**50** Chopin opus
**53** Baffle
**56** Rogers of the range
**57** Navratilova’s rival
**58** Having a roof overhang
**60** Harper Valley org.
**64** Driver’s dud
**66** D-day boat
**68** —— Janeiro
**70** Chou En-——
**71** 5/9
**72** Adam’s address
**73** Respiratory rattle
**75** 4/29
**77** “We —— the World”
**79** Green gemstone
**80** Acid that causes gout
**81** 5/19
**82** Shining example
**84** Works a cure
**85** Eng. unit of heat
**88** Fished for eels
**93** Not more than
**95** Word with aloe
**96** Bees, often
**98** Indiana Jones’s first quest
**102** Worried feeling
**103** Author Murdoch
**104** Food regimens
**106** City of Illinois
**109** Runyon of Broadway
**110** Parisian pancake
**111** Appeases hunger
**112** Iowa campus town
**113** Spy’s message form
**115** Milady, shortened
**116** VCR insertion
**119** This is dynamite
**120** Leno (4/28)
**121** Skin bump



Solutions to last week’s puzzles appear on page 114.

## MARY ANN MADDEN #822
# NEW YORK COMPETITION

LAMONT SCRANTON—crime fighter who knows what evil lurks in the haters of Pennsylvanians.

SHERLOCK SHOLEM—Israeli detective in relentless pursuit of his nemesis, Professor Yom Tirra.

TABMAN—amateur sleuth who, with his companion, Borin', combats the evils of NutraSweet.

**Above, what's in a mean? Competitors are invited to sully by anagram one familiar name of fact or fiction and provide for it a brief description similarly altered by a one-word jumble.**

**Results of Competition 819,** in which you were asked to invent contiguous headlines which make sense when read, um, across as well as down.

**Report:** Harder to do than they seem. For a minute there, we thought we'd neglected to say "invent" a headline, as so many run-ons sounded both current and—well, boring. Ah (we reasoned), they are using REAL heads. But of course you weren't. Using real heads. No need to change the habits of a lifetime, right? Of course right. Speaking of heads, love your cap. How 'bout those Mets?

**First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

| | |
|---|---|
| BOUTROS' | MOST |
| FAVORITE | BOAST |
| WASN'T | CLOSE |
| BURMA | SHAVE |

*Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.*

| | |
|---|---|
| GEORGE E. | OH ARMANI! |
| AND THE NOVEL | T-STRAP BOOTS FOR |
| MIDDLEMARCH | APRIL. OH MY! |

*Miranda Fall, London, England*

**Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:**

| | |
|---|---|
| BRITISH | LABOUR LEADER |
| CROSS | DRESSES IN |
| STOLEN | CHANEL |

*Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.*

| | |
|---|---|
| CHUCK ROBB'S | PETER |
| TOUPÉE | PAUL AND MARY |
| FROM HAIR SALON | AT KENNEDY CENTER |

*Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.*

**And Honorable Mention to:**

| | |
|---|---|
| NUT BUSTED IN | BASEBALL CAP |
| NEW JERSEY | AND TEAM JACKET |
| OFFICIALS SAY: | SOME FANS LOVE BEING |
| ON RAMPAGE | LIKE TOP PLAYERS |

*Adrienne E. Gussoff, N.Y.C.*

| | |
|---|---|
| DEFEATED | ENGLISH |
| HEAVYWEIGHT | BOXER |
| LOSES TITLE, | WINS |
| TROPHY | AT DOG SHOW |

*Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.*

| | |
|---|---|
| BAN | FORMER |
| STAR OF | INDIANA FOOTBALL |
| DAVID | LETTERMAN |
| FOR | FIGHTING |
| H.S. GIRL | IN RENO BOUT |

*Richard Schwartz, Madison, Wis.*

| | |
|---|---|
| LANCE | ITO |
| BOILS | OVER |
| WITH | ATTACKS BY |
| PINHEAD | D'AMATO |

*Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.*

| | |
|---|---|
| FAT CAT | |
| FROM COL. | ROCKIES |
| DONATES FUR | BALL |
| TO CHARITY | GAME TONIGHT |

*Sarah Gay, Boulder, Col.*

| | |
|---|---|
| "OLIVER" | NORTH |
| RANKS AMONG | AMERICA'S |
| MOST WANTED | CRIMINALS MOVING |
| BOOTLEG FILMS | SOUTH |

*Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.*

| | |
|---|---|
| HOUSE PASSES | "UNKINDEST |
| TAX | CUT OF ALL" SAYS |
| BILL | CLINTON |

*Paula Doherty, Fall River, Mass.*

| | |
|---|---|
| MICHAEL | EISNER WANTS |
| TO APPEAR | CLEAN |
| FOR AIR | HEADS AT NEW |
| JORDAN | DISNEY PARK |

*Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.*

| | |
|---|---|
| MARTHA | WASHINGTON: |
| STEWART'S | THE |
| WORST | HOUSE |
| GUEST | TO VOTE |

*Joan McCann, Somerset, N.J.*

| | |
|---|---|
| CONTRACT WITH | MILLIONAIRES LEAVING |
| AMERICA PASSED BY | U.S. |
| CONGRESS | TO AVOID TAXES |

*Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.*

| | |
|---|---|
| WYOMING SENATOR | SIMPSON |
| SAYS HUD | DEFENSE |
| AND HHS MUST GO | CALLING FOR |
| | DONATIONS |

*Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.*

| | |
|---|---|
| J. EDGAR HOOVER | MIRACLE BRA |
| DISPLAY IS | SUMMER FASHION |
| (SURPRISE) | WINNER |

*Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.*

---

**Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY** should be sent to Competition Number 822, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998. It must be received by May 12. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the June 12 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

AGENDA FOR CHILDREN TOMORROW PROJECT

BENEFIT AUCTION

May 3, 1995

at

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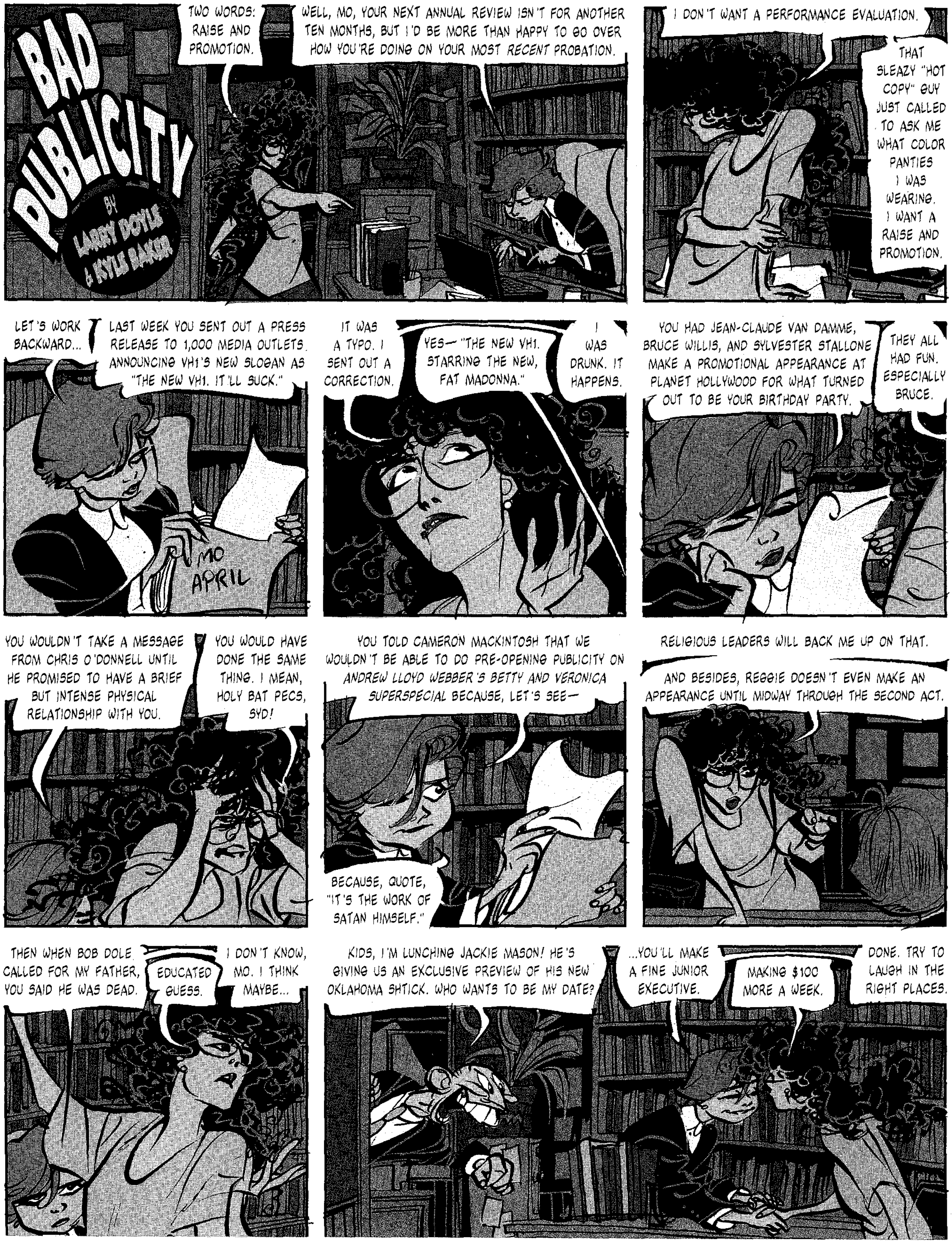
# Mo Money

Chez *Flacco, it's time for Sydney and her assistant to get down to brass tacks.*


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
TWO WORDS: RAISE AND PROMOTION.
WELL, MO, YOUR NEXT ANNUAL REVIEW ISN'T FOR ANOTHER TEN MONTHS, BUT I'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO GO OVER HOW YOU'RE DOING ON YOUR MOST RECENT PROBATION.
I DON'T WANT A PERFORMANCE EVALUATION.
THAT SLEAZY "HOT COPY" GUY JUST CALLED TO ASK ME WHAT COLOR PANTIES I WAS WEARING. I WANT A RAISE AND PROMOTION.
LET'S WORK BACKWARD...
LAST WEEK YOU SENT OUT A PRESS RELEASE TO 1,000 MEDIA OUTLETS ANNOUNCING VH1'S NEW SLOGAN AS "THE NEW VH1. IT'LL SUCK."
MO APRIL
IT WAS A TYPO. I SENT OUT A CORRECTION.
YES— "THE NEW VH1. STARRING THE NEW, FAT MADONNA."
I WAS DRUNK. IT HAPPENS.
YOU HAD JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME, BRUCE WILLIS, AND SYLVESTER STALLONE MAKE A PROMOTIONAL APPEARANCE AT PLANET HOLLYWOOD FOR WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY.
THEY ALL HAD FUN. ESPECIALLY BRUCE.
YOU WOULDN'T TAKE A MESSAGE FROM CHRIS O'DONNELL UNTIL HE PROMISED TO HAVE A BRIEF BUT INTENSE PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU.
YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING. I MEAN, HOLY BAT PECS, SYD!
YOU TOLD CAMERON MACKINTOSH THAT WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DO PRE-OPENING PUBLICITY ON *ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER'S BETTY AND VERONICA SUPERSPECIAL* BECAUSE, LET'S SEE—
BECAUSE, QUOTE, "IT'S THE WORK OF SATAN HIMSELF."
RELIGIOUS LEADERS WILL BACK ME UP ON THAT.
AND BESIDES, REGGIE DOESN'T EVEN MAKE AN APPEARANCE UNTIL MIDWAY THROUGH THE SECOND ACT.
THEN WHEN BOB DOLE CALLED FOR MY FATHER, YOU SAID HE WAS DEAD.
EDUCATED GUESS.
I DON'T KNOW, MO. I THINK MAYBE...
KIDS, I'M LUNCHING JACKIE MASON! HE'S GIVING US AN EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF HIS NEW OKLAHOMA SHTICK. WHO WANTS TO BE MY DATE?
...YOU'LL MAKE A FINE JUNIOR EXECUTIVE.
MAKING $100 MORE A WEEK.
DONE. TRY TO LAUGH IN THE RIGHT PLACES.

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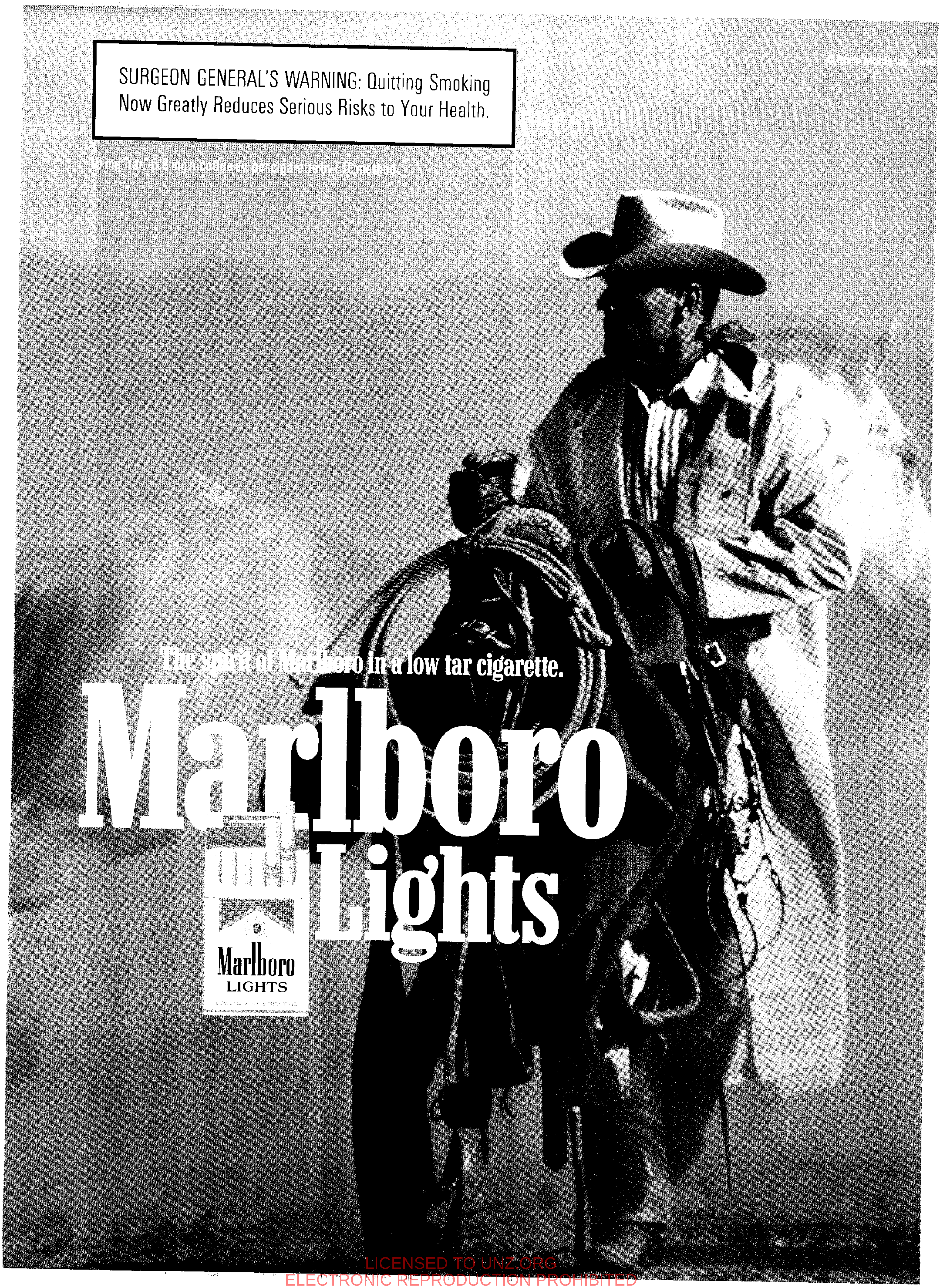

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